Jan - ~~March~~ 1944

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people with a PUNCH!

INSTALLMENT TWO*

A Reserve Guard platoon demonstrates a "Spear-head Wedge" formation used in crowd control

(below) Reserve Guardettes show their proficiency at semaphore drill . . . a useful means of emergency communication

A year ago we first told the story of Beechcraft employees. We told of their spirit of personal sacrifice and extra contribution to the war effort. Here is that story's continuation.

The production records of which they were so justifiably proud a year ago have been shattered. Voluntary investments in War Bonds have been increased to more than 22% of our total gross payroll. Hundreds of Beechcrafters with a supercharge of enthusiasm and energy and loyalty have maintained the ranks of the Beechcraft Reserve Guard, some of whom are shown in these pictures of their Second Annual Review. These men and women voluntarily drill and practice in their free time so that they may be ready to cope with any catastrophe or emergency that may arise, whether caused by fire, sabotage, or act of God. They have sworn to protect life, war material, and the plant, in the interest of the war effort. They come from all departments of the Beechcraft organization, serve without pay, and buy their own uniforms.

It's a grim slogan that these *people with a punch* have adopted. But war is a grim business. And their record proves that they mean it when they say,

"LET'S KILL 'EM WITH PRODUCTION"

**to be continued until Victory*

Beech Aircraft

CORPORATION

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WICHITA, KANSAS, U. S. A.

JAN. 1, 1944

VICTOR RECORD GUIDE

HEAR THE WORLD'S GREATEST ARTISTS ON VICTOR RED SEAL RECORDS

Vladimir Golschmann conducts the St. Louis Symphony Orchestra in a spirited performance of Milhaud's "Suite Provençale"—eight movements based on Provence folk melodies of the 18th century. They are jewel-like in simplicity, piquant and charming.

Album DM-951 (or M-951)..$2.50*

Richard Crooks sings two favorites of his radio audience—César Franck's devotional song, "Panis Angelicus" and Massenet's "Elégie." This is a recording of moving sincerity and warmth. With the Victor Symphony Orchestra, Charles O'Connell, Conductor.

Victor Red Seal Record 11-8490, $1.00*

Pierre Monteux directs the San Francisco Symphony Orchestra in a lovely French work that is too seldom heard in America, the Overture to Lalo's opera, "Le Roi d'Ys." This sensitive interpretation features a beautiful solo by Boris Blinder, the first 'cellist.

Victor Red Seal Record 11-8489, $1.00*

Hear this peppy pair by the Boston "Pops"!

The Boston "Pops" Orchestra, conducted by Arthur Fiedler, adds another jolly item to its long list of Victor Red Seal Records. It is Johann Strauss' "Tritsch-Tratsch Polka"—so merry and exuberant that your feet won't stay still (this orchestra is famous for its Strauss interpretations). On the other side is Lloyd del Castillo's humorous and melodious "Cuckoo Clock." It's music everybody loves!

Victor Red Seal Record 10-1058..75¢*

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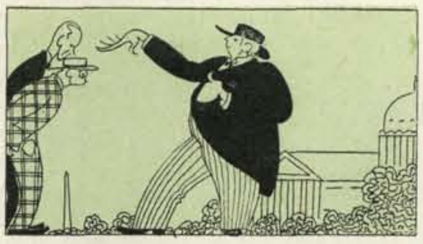
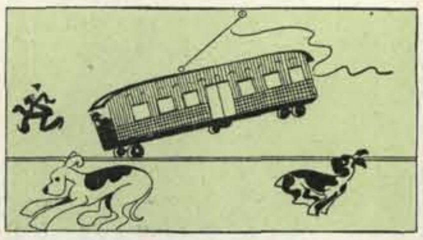
ANY WEEK

IF YOU'RE inclined (as we are) to periods of mental blackout, alternating with occasional seizures of rattlebrain, you'll understand our failure now and then to recall the names of the Four Freedoms Let's see: There's speech and want and fear . . and religion Guess we'll have to paste them up on the wall We just can't be going around like this—like a politician But just to show you how perverse we are, we have no trouble at all remembering a fifth freedom which a lot of our correspondents are stooging for—Freedom from Speeches.



WE DOUBT that this fifth freedom has a chance We've been spending a lot of time in Washington lately and assure you that it is dangerous to bide the time of day with anybody unless, of course, it's a speech you're hankering for. It is impossible for anyone in the capital to answer a simple question in a few words. The halls, the offices, the streets ring with oratory, most of it having to do with the great love all officeholders cherish for their fellow Americans and how hard the orator is striving to make the postwar era a happy and prosperous one. Once we brought to Washington the man who illustrates this column, Mr. George De Zayas Congress was about to adjourn. It was a beautiful morning, and large numbers of tourists were straggling around Capitol Hill. One of our favorite statesmen, then senator from Nevada, the Honorable Henry Fountain Ashurst, was emerging magnificently from the Senate Office Building. We introduced Mr. De Zayas to the senator. "I suppose," said Mr. De Zayas to Mr Ashurst, "that you will be glad to go home" The senator stopped in his tracks, threw back his fine head, swelled his capacious bosom and replied, "Home, home, HOME—be it ever soooooo humble—" The senator then paused. The tourists hearing his clarion voice rallied around, awed, charmed. "There is nooooo place like hoooome," continued Mr. Ashurst, and on that theme, he gave out with as fine a speech as we've ever heard before. Nevertheless, Mr. Ashurst was defeated in the next elections, which may indicate that, although that was before the days of Freedoms, the fifth freedom was already getting a firm clutch on the affections of the people.

NOR would we be surprised if this Fifth Freedom sneaked into your radio programs. Already, we understand, many war-born commentators are scurrying around seeking to cement themselves somehow to their microphones. We had a few beers with a group of them the other night. There was a great deal of tart criticism of commentators who were not present. One of our party had to leave about eight-thirty to keep his date in the studio. He left somewhat reluctantly. But finally: "Well, my friends," said he, "I shall now hurry over to be as wrong as any of you, but much more beautifully."



WE'VE gone into this postwar business at some length because our mail is heavily tinctured with the subject. Otherwise, it's normal. Here's one from a gentleman who wants that issue of this magazine which included a story "about a man who got satisfaction out of driving a trolley car." His letter has aroused much interest in these offices, although nobody seems to remember this particular hero. Our associate, Mr. James Nicholas Young, has dropped all other duties in his search for the tale. Mr. Young has wanted for years to drive a trolley car and confesses that he vaguely remembers that he once did—once.

(Continued on page 61*)*

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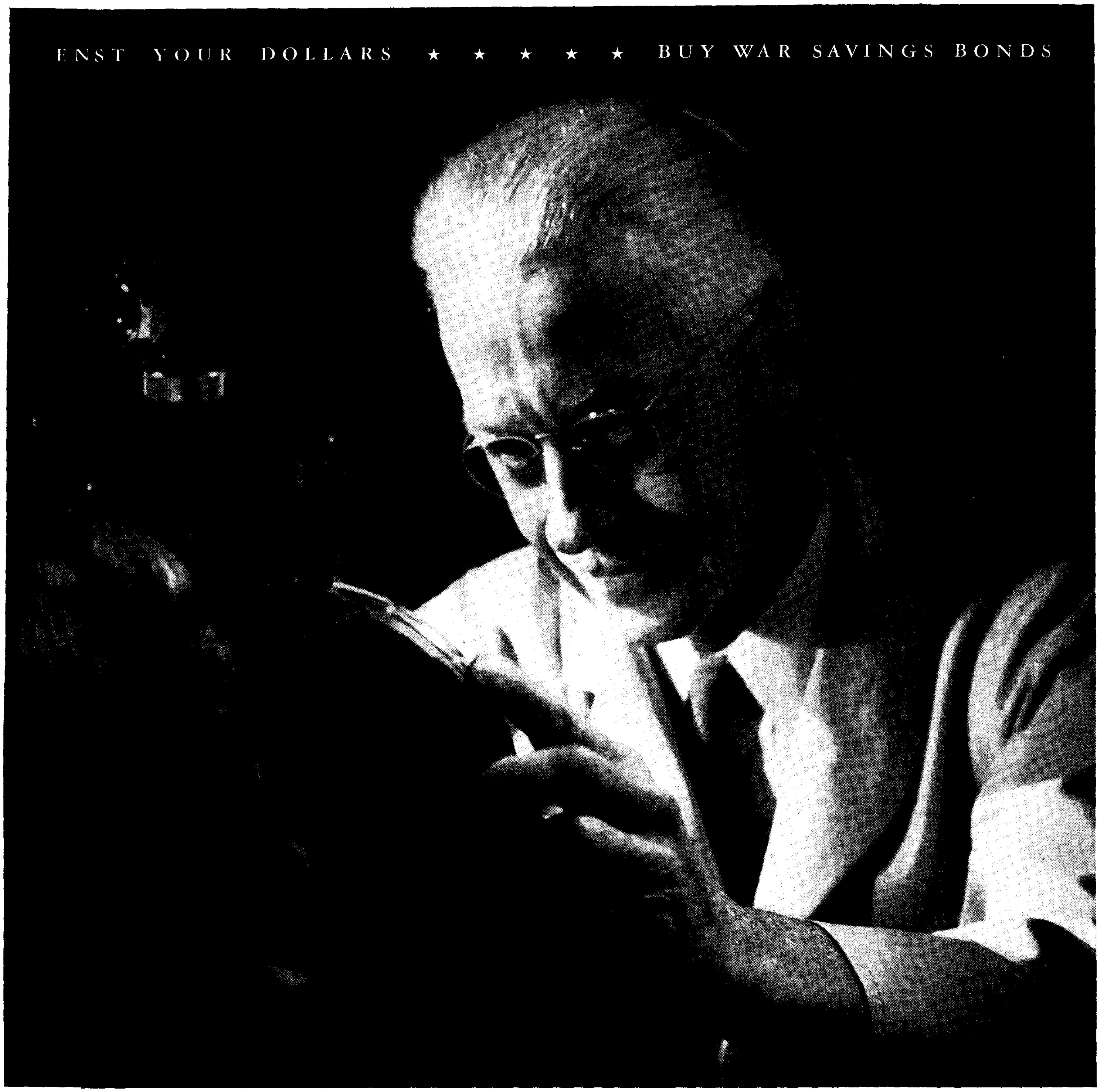
COVER TONI FRISSEL

ENST YOUR DOLLARS ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ BUY WAR SAVINGS BONDS



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This man is guardian of a priceless treasure—the eyes of you, youmily, your neighbors. He has earned his place ospect in your community through his contribns to healthful and useful living. His speciali skill is in the analysis of eyesight and the scific correction of visual defects.

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We are proud of our association with such men—proud of the privilege we have enjoyed for 90 years, in supplying them with precision instruments for eye examination and diagnosis, as well as the lenses, frames and mountings that make it possible for them to contribute keen, tireless vision to a working and fighting America.

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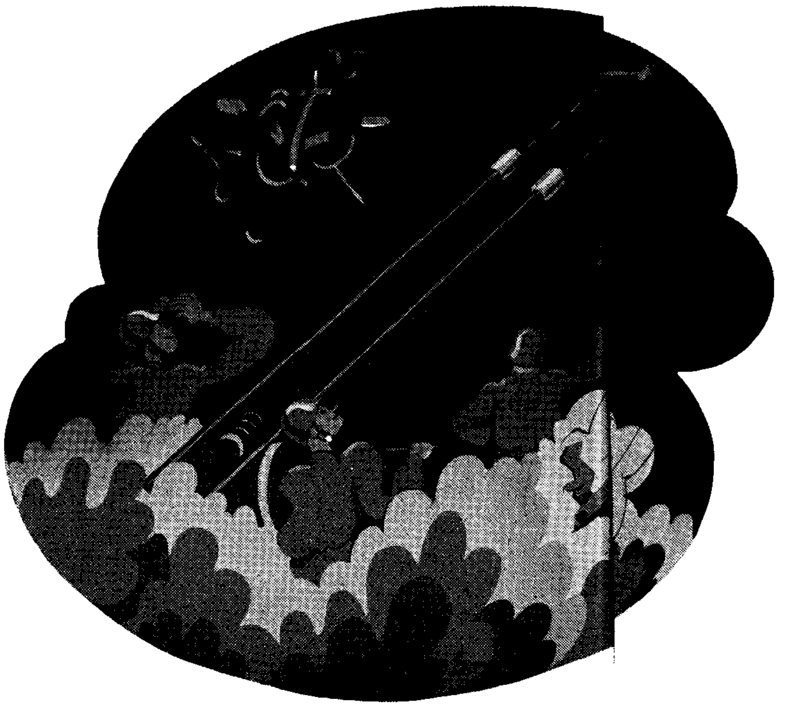
THE NATIONAL JOY SMOKE



KEEP UP WITH THE WORLD

By Freling Foster

The Army and Navy now use a method of training antiaircraft gunners which gives them the satisfaction of seeing their targets actually crash. These "enemy planes," fired at with guns up to 50-mm., are 20-inch toy gliders that are catapulted to a height of 300 feet where, after their folded wings have been opened and locked by a device, they give the illusion of real planes flying 300 miles an hour at 1,500 feet.

Among the first of the United States troops to set foot on the mainland of Europe, at Salerno last September, was a battalion made up entirely of American-born Japanese.

All 48 states now have laws requiring public schools to give a course in the nature and physiological effects of alcoholic beverages. In about a quarter of the states, the schools use the training methods and literature of the W.C.T.U., and allow its members to lecture before their classes. These states celebrate prohibition on special days, most of which are known as Temperance Day or Frances Willard Day.

The U. S. Division of Soil Survey in Beltsville, Maryland, has collected 200,000 samples of soil from 60 countries for study and classification into 4,000 standardized types.

Farm land in North Dakota can no longer be owned by corporations, and corporations acquiring such property through a mortgage foreclosure must now dispose of it.

The only book whose complete manuscript was cabled across an ocean is The Last Days of Sevastopol, which was sent from Moscow to New York a few pages at a time, upon translation, between August 15 and November 12, 1942. This unusual procedure, while it cost $1,800 in cable tolls, enabled the publisher of the book to have the story in type before the entire manuscript would have left Russia if it had been mailed in one package.

During 1943, ıerican hosiery manufacturers "ased" 1,600,000 pairs of nylon an700,000 pairs of full-fashioned sillockings. However, few actually ched regular retail outlets becaı owing to the small number ohese stockings, nearly all of thewere purchased and given as gifts people in the hosiery business.

Since 1600, som50 artificial languages have been vised and proposed as an intertional auxiliary tongue, but only sall created in the past 65 years, h achieved importance—Esperantdo, Interlingua, Novial, Occidenand Volapuk. —*By Julia McCar New York City.*

America's P-38 fig plane is so streamlined that neatwo thirds of its air resistance is he retractable landing gear.

Thirty-one vegetes were included in a recent st to determine which have the higt food values on a per acre and pean-hour labor basis, or which arae most "efficient" for consumpı. Among the leaders of the vegets studied were broccoli, cabbage, ıstard greens, spinach, sweet pot white potato and winter squash.

Latent fingerprinwhich are usually colorless and visible because they are made onlyth perspiration, have never yet beeund on human skin. Such prints, hever, have been discovered and "dloped" on fingernails and toenai

One of the shiplding firms on the eastern seabd now uses a bottle-swinging mine—which has been nicknamed 'ristine"—in the christening of its sıler vessels.

Five dollars will be pfor each interesting or unusual fact accd for this column. Contributions must becompanied by satisfactory proof. AddrKeep Up with the World, Collier's, 250 Avenue, New York (17), N. Y. This co is copyrighted by Collier's, The Nationaeekly. None of the items may be reproduwithout express permission of publisher

Guitar, bass, saxophone, drums and trombone from Fred Waring's radio program, heard Monday through Friday, over NBC.

ALL THE NOTES ARE IN "NATURAL COLOR" WITH AN FM RADIO

FM is an entirely new kind of radio! It compares with conventional radio as a full-color photograph compares with one in black and white.

It is the *only* radio that brings you music in "Natural Color"!

Conventional radio can receive broadcasts of 5000 vibrations per second — about 1/3 the number that the human ear can hear. FM (Frequency Modulation) radio receives all the high notes, the middle notes, the low notes, *plus* overtones that give music its color and beauty.

So amazingly realistic is FM tone that, in demonstrations, audiences have not been able to tell whether they are listening to the actual musical instrument or to an FM radio!

Your General Electric radio tomorrow will be FM at its finest! It will include famous G-E features, refined and improved — such as the Beam-A-Scope, and Feather-touch Tuning. Cabinets will be more beautiful than ever.

And for your selection, General Electric will offer radio-phonographs, table models, and a new self-charging portable with its own built-in storage battery and charger — all at modest prices.

Many of the new General Electric post-war radios will receive both FM and conventional broadcast and on either kind will give you finer reception than ever before! *General Electric, Schenectady, New York.*

• Tune in General Electric's "The World Today" and hear the news from the men who see it happen, every evening except *Sunday* at 6:45 E.W.T. over CBS network. *On Sunday evening* listen to the G-E "All Girl Orchestra" at 10 E.W.T. over NBC.

Every week 192,000 G-E employees purchase more than a million dollars' worth of War Bonds.

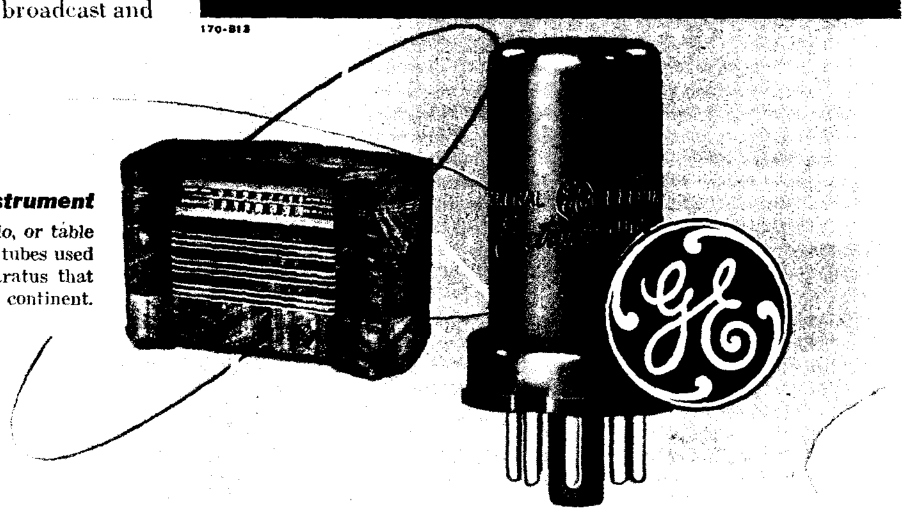
RADIO • TELEVISION • ELECTRONICS

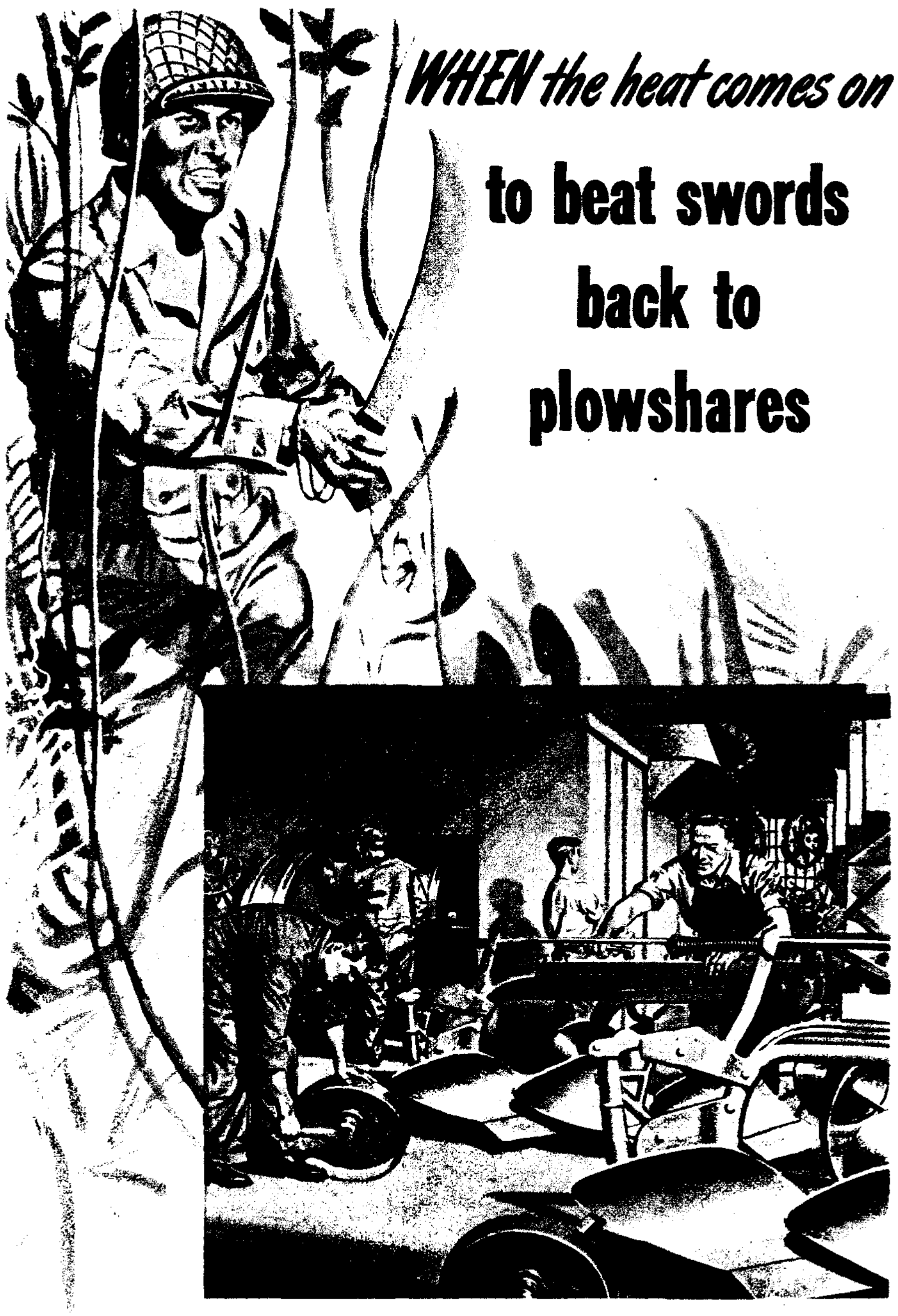
GENERAL ELECTRIC

170-812

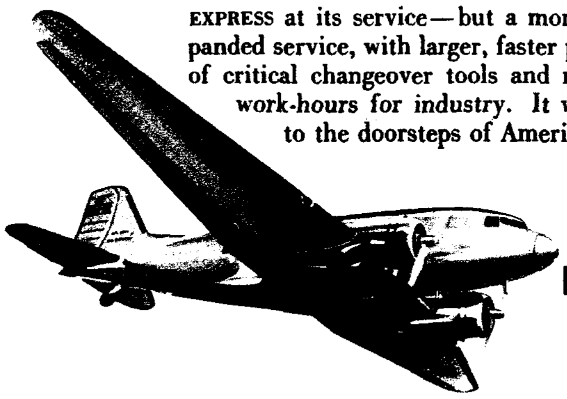
Every General Electric radio is an electronic instrument

The heart of every General Electric radio-phonograph, portable radio, or table model radio is the electronic tube. This tube is similar to electronic tubes used in G-E television equipment, and in amazing G-E electronic apparatus that speeds war output in thousands of industrial plants across the continent.





WE beat our plowshares into swords. And we did it so fast and so effectively that industry can plan for the day when we proceed to beat them back again—into goods the people want and need, giving work to the men who are fighting over there. And when the war is over, the nation will continue to find AIR EXPRESS at its service—but a more economical and greatly expanded service, with larger, faster planes. Its high-speed delivery of critical changeover tools and material will gain millions of work-hours for industry. It will bring new world markets to the doorsteps of American business.



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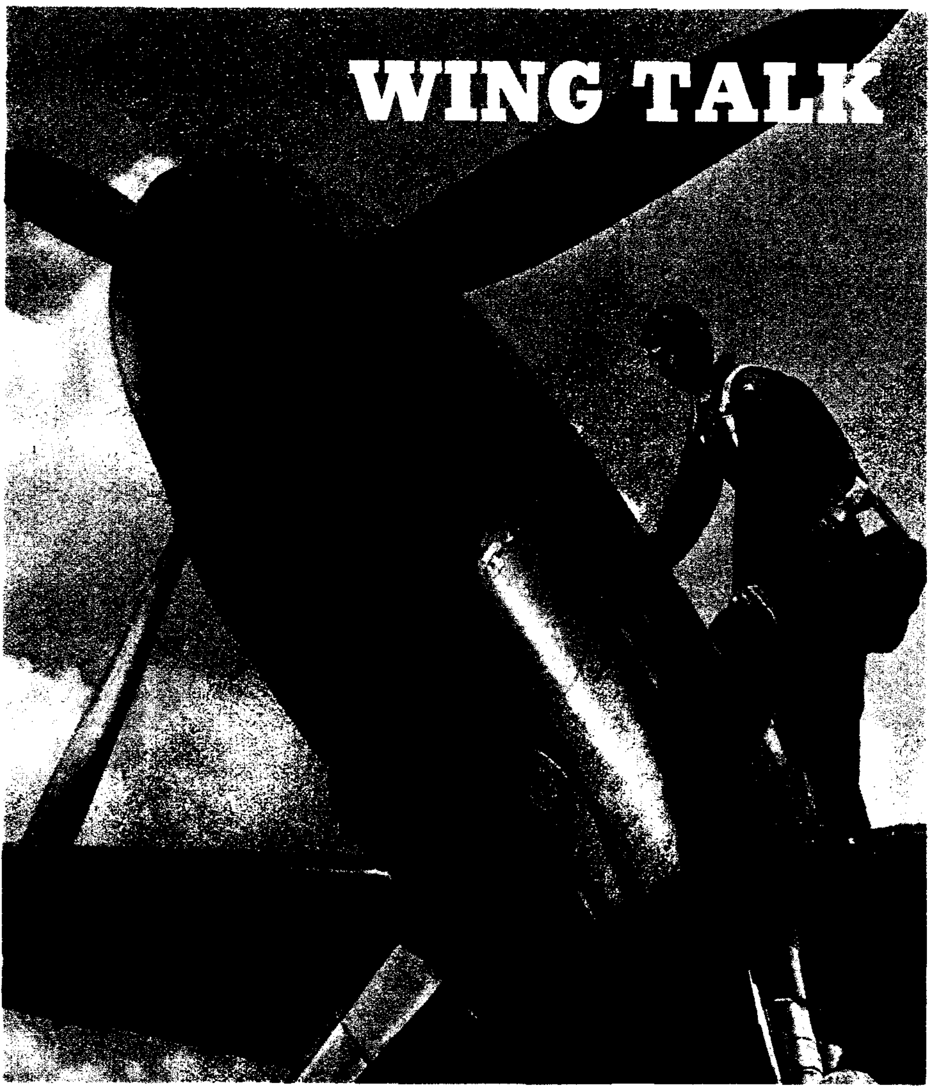
WING TALK



At Wright Field, where every kind of enemy equipment is analyzed, Test Pilot Capt. L. S. Johnson climbs into a captured ME-109F

DAILY onto the big station platform at Wright Field near Dayton, Ohio, long boxcars filled with shipments that have come thousands of miles from the combat zones are unloaded—freight consisting of enemy equipment sent here for study by Army Air Forces experts at the Matériel Command so they can learn what the enemy is using, how good it is, how it compares with our stuff, and what we can do to turn out something better, that will win in combat.

Part of the job is to study the enemy; to answer these questions: How fast will the newest Messerschmitt 109 fly? How does it compare with our own Lightning P-38? What kind of metal is going into Jap plane construction? What kind of bulletproof tanks does the enemy have? How good are German, Japanese radios and bomb sights? What are the enemy's weak points?

If structural experts, armament technicians, electricians, aircraft designers, metallurgists and test pilots can learn these answers on the ground and in the air, it may decide the outcome of many an air duel over some far-distant front. It can mean the discovery of some new important gadget that might be adapted to our own airplanes and that would make them even better fighters than they are now.

This is the job for all of Wright Field's ten laboratories of its Engineering Division, which covers everything pertaining to aircraft from the shape and style of a bombardier's glove to the contour of a giant bomber's wing or the blade on a helicopter's rotor. Each laboratory has its specific task, and the result is they probably know as much, if not more, about some German and Japanese planes and their auxiliary equipment than the men who built them.

It's not easy to get enemy equipment. For some reason, the Japs and Nazis are hesitant to let their planes and parts fall into our hands. That, in itself, is a difficult procedure. But long before the U. S. got into the thick of things, Wright Field men were setting the wheels in motion. They selected a specially trained Intelligence group, officers who went through a grinding, intensive training course, in which aircraft specialists taught them all about planes and what to look for in the enemy.

Then these men were sent to the various fronts, and each man's sole job was scrutinizing and inspecting every crashed enemy plane or piece of aeronautical equipment.

Reconnaissance of Matériel

Their trained eyes were quick to spot any new development of the enemy, and coded messages described it in detail. Then, too, they requisitioned some of the captured equipment, crated it, put a priority on it and sent it to Wright Field for actual evaluation tests. That's how it began—the never-ending line of enemy equipment that comes to the field—engines, radios, machine guns, cameras, gas tanks, clothing and complete enemy aircraft.

Since war came to the world in 1939, Wright Field engineers have received knocked-down German Messerschmitt fighters (models 1940 and 1943), a twin-engined Junkers 88, a Jap plane they call Oscar, and hundreds of engines and auxiliary equipment captured or salvaged. They have put them together, disassembled them, squashed them under giant hydraulic presses to see how tough they were, run the engines on big test stands for hundreds of hours in rain, snow and sleet, and put them through a grueling flight-test routine, no tougher, but longer-lasting than the flight tests given our own fighting planes by the same test pilots.

Most dramatic are the flight tests, although they do not always reveal the most, for what the enemy has that is best (his

(Continued on page 61)

This Is The Picture

Paramount Presents

"FOR WHOM THE BELL TOLLS"

Three years ago Paramount dedicated its heart, its hands, its hopes, to the creation of an heroic film. Now at last, filmed in superb Technicolor, every glory of the novel unfolds upon the screen.

These Are The Lovers

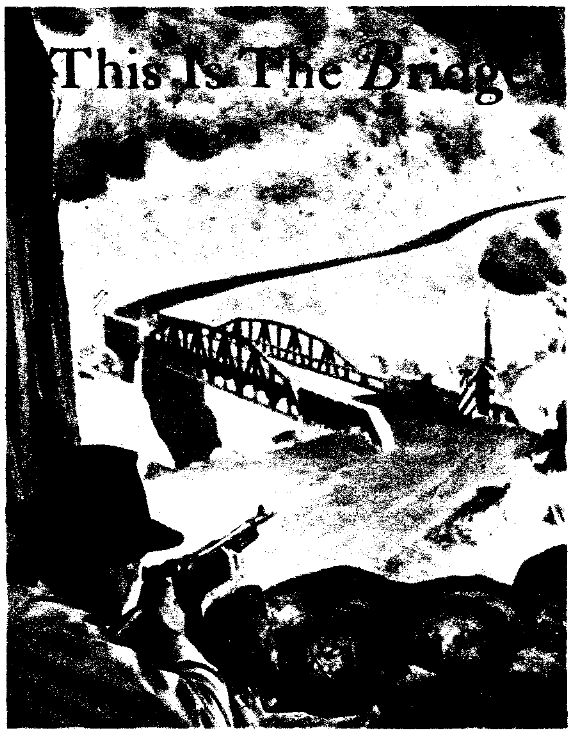
"In spite of the things that were done to me, I never kissed any man until you. And now there are but three days and three nights—and we must live all our lives in this time."

This Is The Story

FOR WHOM THE BELL TOLLS
Ernest Hemingway
Ernest Hemingway

Ernest Hemingway's masterpiece . . . the most exciting and important novel of our generation . . . has inspired performances of unparalleled power from this brilliant cast.

This Is The Bridge



For three breathless days their every thought and act was consecrated to its destruction. "Tingling action—as tense and vivid melodrama as anyone could normally stand."

AKIM TAMIROFF as PABLO
. . . superb as the man who was very much afraid to die.

KATINA PAXINOU as PILAR
. . . woman of iron . . . emerges as a new star of brilliant power.

starring

Gary Cooper · Ingrid Bergman

with *AKIM TAMIROFF · ARTURO DE CORDOVA*
JOSEPH CALLEIA and KATINA PAXINOU

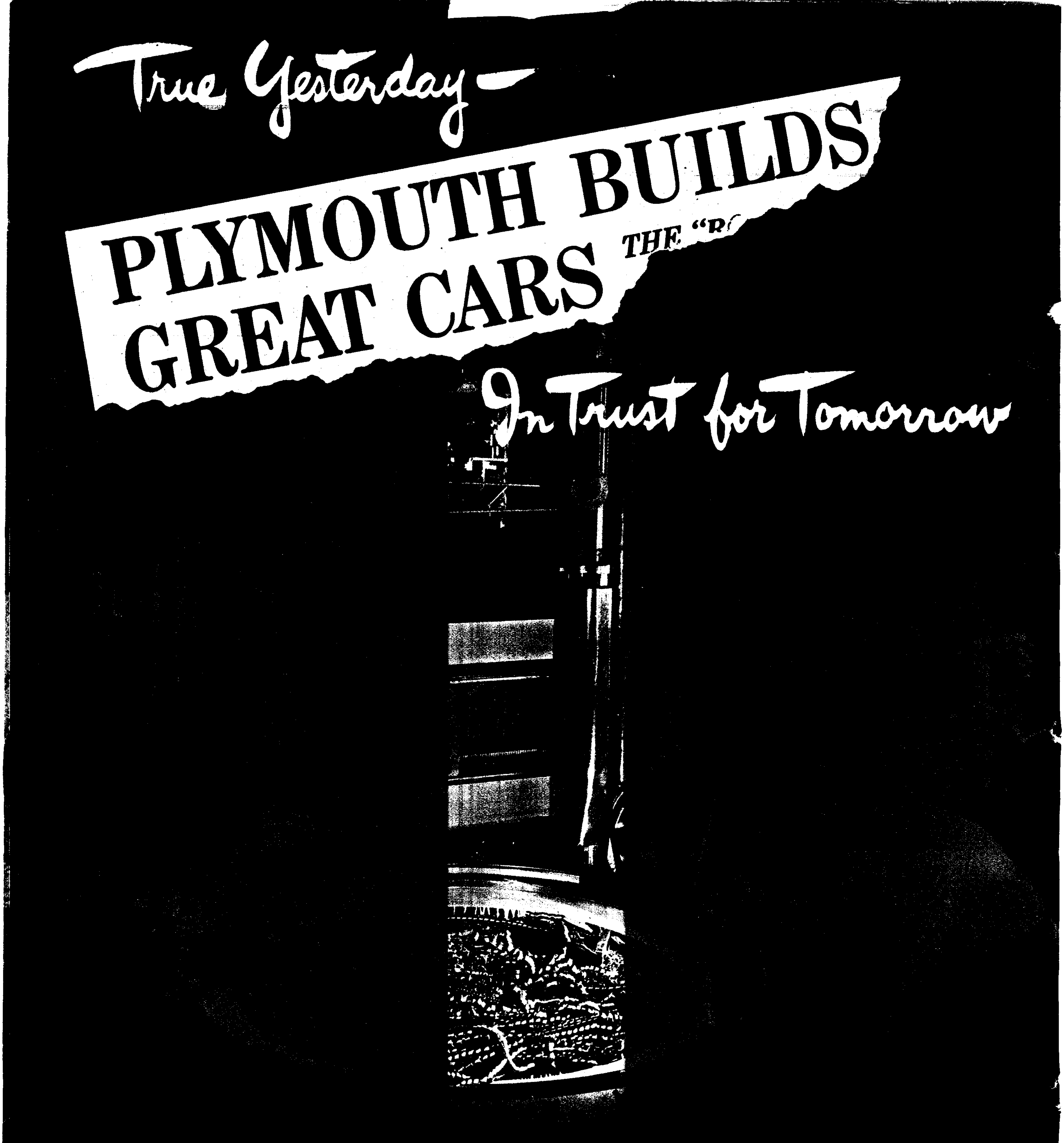
Executive Producer **B. G. DE SYLVA**

Produced and Directed by **Sam Wood** Screen Play by Dudley Nichols

IN TECHNICOLOR

FROM THE CELEBRATED NOVEL BY ERNEST HEMINGWAY

THIS PICTURE WILL NOT BE SHOWN AT REGULAR ADMISSION PRICES UNTIL 1945


True Yesterday—
PLYMOUTH BUILDS GREAT CARS
THE "R
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To Plymouth's advanced **engineering and precision manufacture** are entrusted today many of the war jobs requiring highest accuracy and **tremendous volume: on tank,** cannon and airplane assemblies . . . welding and machining armor plate . . . fabricating numer**ous flawless items from aluminum,** bronze, magnesium, cannon steels. ★ Meanwhile, under wartime conditions, Plymouth **owners value more than ever** the extra quality built into Plymouth cars. . . . Plymouth dealers have parts available, and **provide outstanding service** for cars of all makes. ★ PLYMOUTH Division of Chrysler Corporation.

BACK THE ATTACK WITH WAR BONDS

HITLER'S BOMBED-OUTERS

BY ERNEST ZAUGG

"Yesterday a heavy force of Allied bombers attacked German cities." All of us have wondered what happens inside Germany after a raid. This authoritative article gives you the answer

IN JANUARY, 1933, when Hitler took over power, there were 6,000,000 unemployed in Germany. The figure of unemployment fell rapidly—in the first year by 1,000,000. Soon, workers were being imported from foreign countries. Almost every German thought Hitler was a genius; he himself thought so. Now, however, the Germans are beginning to see that Hitler made one of the worst deals that a statesman has ever made. As this is written, he has exchanged 6,000,000 down-and-outers for 16,000,000 bombed-outers—10,000,000 who have fled from their homes and 6,000,000 whose houses have been destroyed. The number grows as the Allied air offensive continues.

Hitler pumped the unemployed into German industrial cities to forge weapons with which to conquer the world. These cities enjoyed a great boom period. Under Nazi patronage, the Krupp Steel city of Essen grew from 470,000 in 1925 to 666,000 in 1939. Wilhelmshaven had the most sensational growth, from 27,000 to 113,000; Hamburg, from 1,079,000 to 1,700,000; Kassel, from 171,000 to 216,000; Düsseldorf, from 432,000 to 541,000; Duisburg, from 272,000 to 434,000; Bremen, from 294,000 to 446,000.

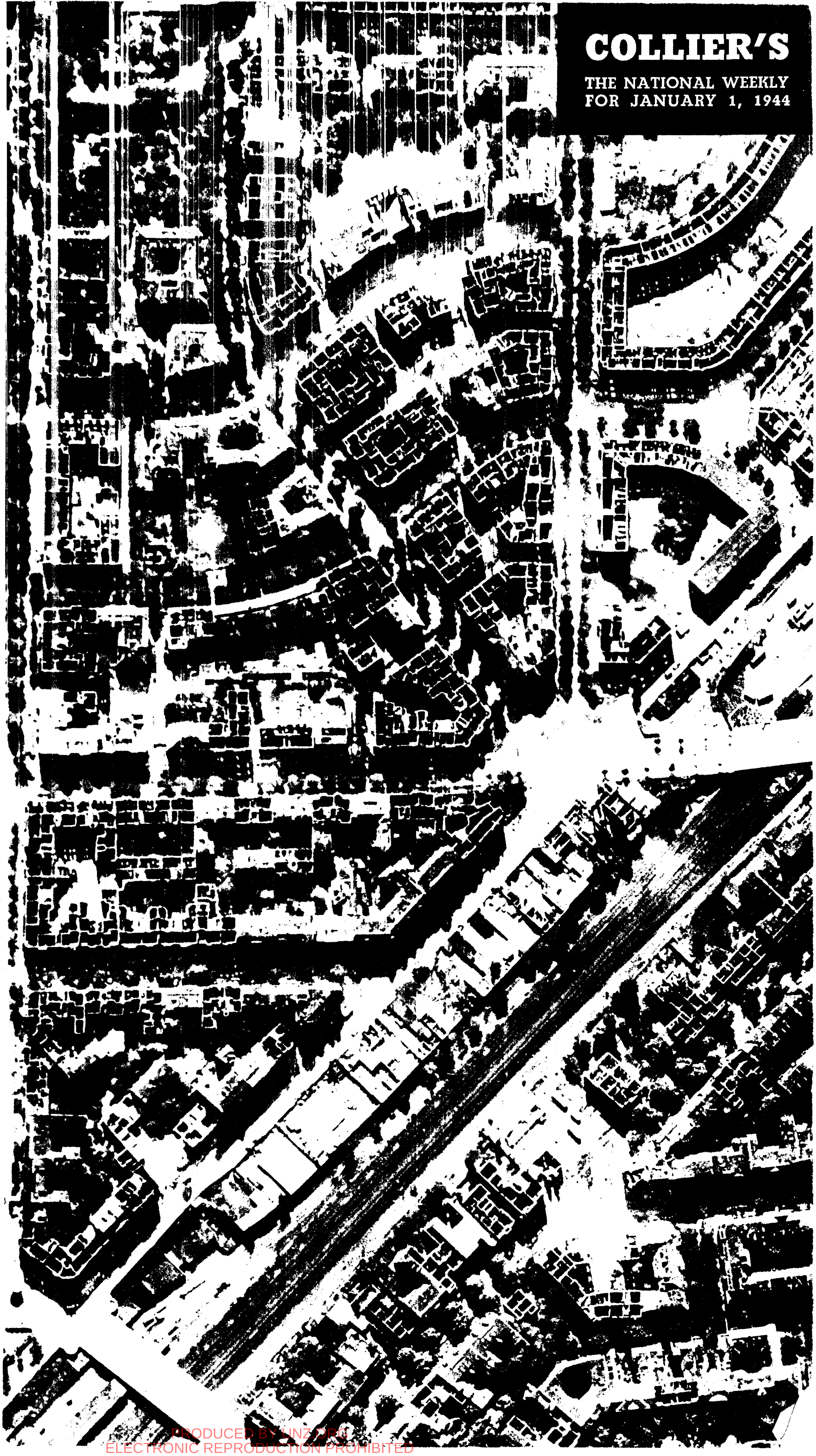
The workers made money, but the death-dealing instruments they made were cursed. They came as down-and-outers and are leaving as bombed-outers. The Allied air force is shoving these people of death back to their pre-Hitler level and lower. Essen has 400,000 bombed-outers; Wilhelmshaven, 95,000; Hamburg, the city of horrors, 1,013,000; Kassel, 175,000; Düsseldorf, 500,000; Duisburg, 310,000; Bremen, 356,000.

From the Rhineland to the northern coast, they flee in terror to Alsace-Lorraine, South Germany, East Prussia, Poland and Austria. As Allied bombings have recently been extending southward and eastward hard on the trail of migrating war industries, they catch up with the bombed-outers. Some bombed-outers have been bombed out three or four times. In Poland, in East Prussia, the bombed-outers meet Germans fleeing from stolen Ukrainian estates before the on-marching Russian armies. And there, too, they meet the pent-up hatred of the Slav people.

In most cities, they immediately get 200 marks cash payment. The money is fresh and clean from the press. Usually they have a list of their properties signed by a lawyer. Most vital items are paid out in

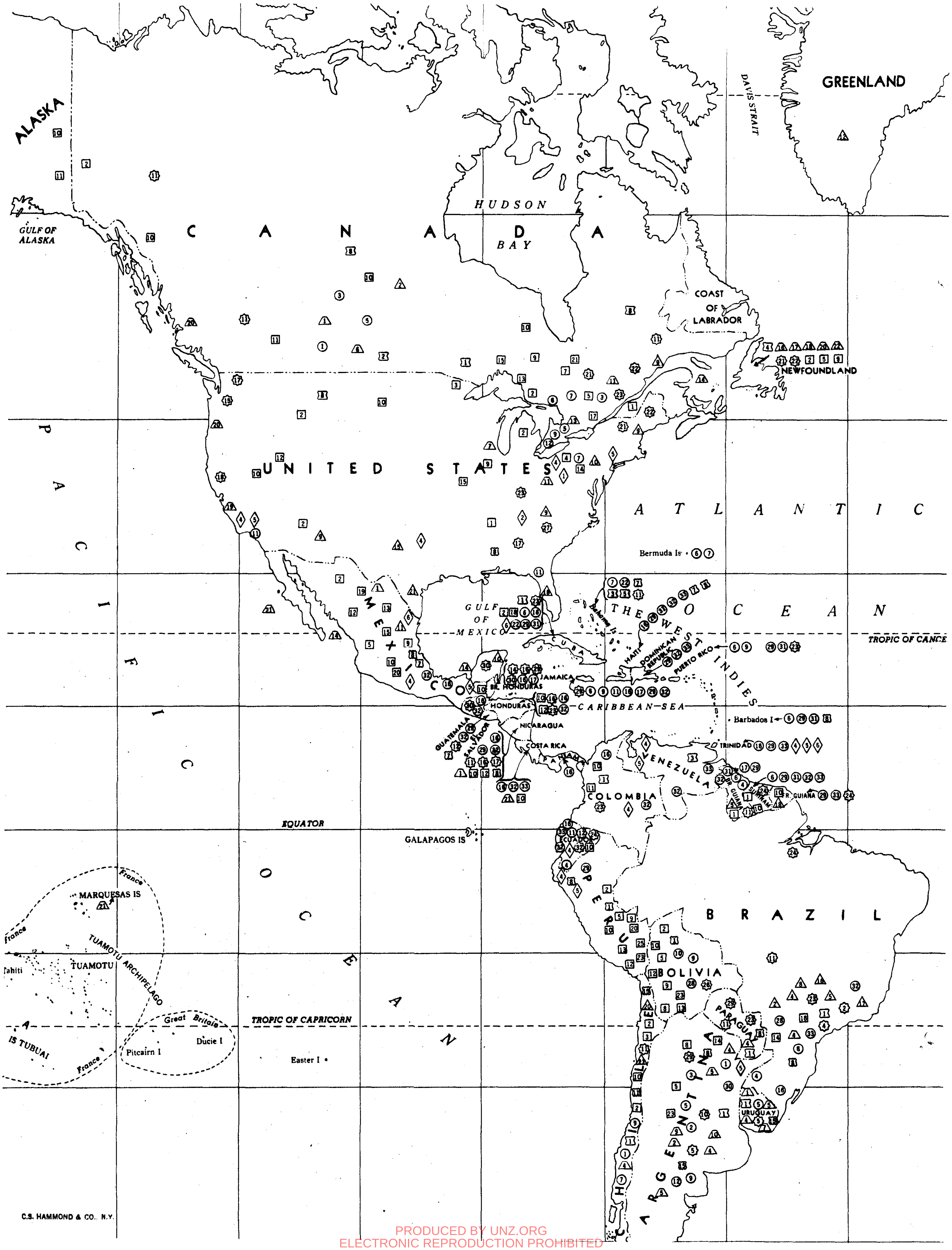
(Continued on page 52)

COLLIER'S
THE NATIONAL WEEKLY
FOR JANUARY 1, 1944



BRITISH INFORMATION SERVICES

Why so many Germans are homeless. This R.A.F. photo of the Berlin area northwest of the Tiergarten makes it easy to count the roofless, uninhabitable houses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Bermuda Is
GULF OF MEXICO
MEXICO
Bahama Is
THE WEST INDIES
CUBA
HAITI
DOMINICAN REPUBLIC
PUERTO RICO
TROPIC OF CANCER
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ONE WORLD—ONE MARKET

BY MAXWELL S. STEWART

Here is a new kind of map. It charts the world resources that will flow into America's mighty industrial plant after the war, and the great new markets that America will thus create. It's a map of a new prosperity that America can enjoy and share with the rest of the world

THE map accompanying this article might well be called the Map of American Opportunity. It shows us what the countries of the world have to offer for our enrichment, and some of the things we have to trade for things we want and need. A glance at it is sufficient to indicate how broadly the raw materials that form the basis of our civilization are scattered throughout the world. No country is so poor or so remote that it does not have a surplus stock of something that it wants to trade.

In that fact lies our great opportunity. For when the war ends we shall find ourselves with a tremendous, highly efficient industrial plant geared to turning out products in unprecedented volume. We have built almost half as much new industrial plant in the past three and a half years as we had altogether at the beginning of the war. Our industrial output has more than doubled. From ten to fifteen million Americans have shifted to jobs at good pay in our war industries.

The questions uppermost in their minds and in the minds of all of us today are: What can we do with this vast new industrial plant when peace returns? Must we return to conditions as they existed in 1939? Or is there some way to use this vast productive capacity for our own enrichment and the benefit of the peoples of the world? The map provides a challenging answer.

Most of the world will be desperately poor after this war. In the sections of Europe and Asia that have been overrun by the enemy, great destruction has been wrought. Even countries like Spain, Portugal, Sweden and Switzerland, which have not suffered directly from the ravages of this war, have been cut off from world trade for years. All of these countries will want and need great quantities of goods that the United States is prepared to produce.

They will want new machinery for bombed-out factories, new automobiles and trucks, new bridges to replace those destroyed, typewriters and office equipment and, perhaps above all, American cigarettes and Hollywood movies. Wherever American troops have been stationed, there has grown up a demand among the local population for such things as American chocolate bars and chewing gum. There is no room to mention all the multitude of specialized products like canned food, lard, rosin, lubricating oil and high-octane gasoline for which the world will look to America.

The important thing to notice on the map is that the people of all parts of the world have things that they want to trade. Not all of these things are needed in this country. Some of them compete with what we are trying to sell.

Included on the map, also, are heavy raw materials like coal and iron ore, which we produce in sufficient quantity here at home. But there are an amazing number of items which are vitally needed in this country—commodities that either are not found here at all or are produced at an unreasonably high cost. We *could* get along without many of these things. We did in past years; but in doing without them we would sacrifice something in comfort, convenience or efficiency—something that contributes to what we call the American standard of living.

Consider our breakfast table, for example. Sugar and coffee are only two of the everyday breakfast necessities which the map shows to be provided outside our borders. If we use tea instead of coffee, we shall find substantial quantities available in India, Ceylon, the Netherlands Indies, China and Indo-China. If we prefer cocoa, we may find it in any one of a dozen or more tropical countries in Latin America, Africa or the South Seas. For fruit we may choose bananas from any of several Central or South American countries or pineapple from the West Indies or Malaya. With the development of modern air transportation, we may soon prefer to start the day with one of the more exotic fruits of the tropics, such as mangoes, mangosteens, litchis or pomelos.

Our dependence on the products of other countries is even better illustrated by an industrial product like the telephone. In a way, the telephone may be said to typify the American standard of living. We take justifiable pride in the fact that we have more phones than the rest of the world put together.

Nineteen of the thirty-seven most important materials in your telephone can be obtained cheaply and in reasonable quantities in the United States. The other eighteen come from outside of this country. Telephones can be made without using imported materials, but they would be less satisfactory and more expensive.

All steel must contain alloys of some sort, and it so happens that we must look outside of the country for nearly all of the chief alloy metals. In addition to chromium and cobalt, the chief alloys used are manganese for strength and toughness, nickel for strength and ductility, tungsten for toughness at high temperatures, vanadium for strength and resiliency, and molybdenum for resistance to shock. Only molybdenum is found in sufficient quantity in the United States.

Widely Scattered Ores

The map shows that the Soviet Union, India, South Africa, the Gold Coast, Brazil and Cuba are prepared to provide us with supplies of manganese. Nearly all of our nickel will come from Canada, but the island of New Caledonia—now occupied by American troops—also has a large supply. Most tungsten comes from China, but smaller amounts may be found in Burma, Portugal and Korea. Both Peru and Southwest Africa are ready to ship us vanadium.

The Automobile Manufacturers Association has listed 184 different raw materials that are used in making a late model American automobile. When this list is checked against the map, it is found that we are dependent on foreign countries for at least thirty-four of these materials.

The items which must be imported include, in addition to the steel alloys, such vital raw materials as asbestos for brake linings, tin for bearings, together with aluminum, graphite, mercury and tung oil.

History shows us that new techniques do not simply replace old ones but rather create new needs and open the door to new opportunities the world over.

Recently, for example, great new advances have been made in making forgings by centrifugal force. The results are far superior to those obtained by any other method, but the success of the method depends on the use of graphite as insulation for the white-hot steel, and a glance at the map will show that graphite is not found in the United States but must be imported. The main sources are Korea, Germany, Ceylon and that island which seemed so remote to many of us when it was taken over by the United Nations a year ago—Madagascar.

Collier's

MAP OF WORLD RAW MATERIAL SOURCES

FULL COLOR, 27x44 INCHES

50¢ Postpaid

With 72-page Raw Materials index giving origin, volume and dollar value of each country's exports of 165 animal, vegetable and mineral products. Ideal reference material for executives, educators, students, economists. Send stamps or coin to

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250 PARK AVE., NEW YORK 17, N. Y.

Similarly, the great progress which has been made in the production of aluminum (making it probable that the light metal will replace steel for many uses after the war) has involved the use of substantial quantities of a little-known mineral called cryolite. The map shows cryolite to be obtainable in just one place in the world: the island of Greenland.

Modern industrial techniques depend not only on raw materials from the ends of the earth but are likewise dependent on markets broader than can be found in the United States alone. When we say that only about five per cent of our total production is exported in normal times, we ignore the fact that the proportion of experts for our most efficient industries has tended to be considerably higher.

Before the depression brought drastic restrictions on trade, nearly one quarter of the agricultural machinery, two fifths of the typewriters, one fourth of the cash registers, one fifth of the locomotives, one half of the motorcycles and one fourteenth of the automobiles produced in the United States were sold abroad. The fact that the industries turning out these products could count both on large domestic and large foreign markets made it possible for them to take the utmost advantage of the economies of mass production.

This explains why American automobile manufacturers, with the highest labor

(Continued on page 50)

⏢

ANIMALS & ANIMAL PRODUCTS

(Edible)

1. **Cattle**
2. **Sheep**
3. **Swine**
4. **Beef**
5. **Mutton**
6. **Pork**
7. **Lard**
8. **Poultry**
9. **Horses**
10. **Eggs**
11. **Milk**
12. **Butter**
13. **Cheese**
14. **Fish**
15. **Fish Oil**
16. **Codfish**
17. **Cod Oil**
18. **Herring**
19. **Sardines**
20. **Salmon**
21. **Tuna**
22. **Shellfish**

▢

ANIMAL PRODUCTS

(Non-Edible)

1. **Hides & Skins**
2. **Leather**
3. **Pearls**
4. **Seal**
5. **Sponges**
6. **Whale Oil**
7. **Ivory**
8. **Furs**
9. **Feathers**

○

VEGETABLE PRODUCTS

(Edible)

1. **Barley**
2. **Corn**
3. **Oats**
4. **Rice**
5. **Wheat**
6. **Spirits**
7. **Vegetables**
8. **Vegetable Oil**
9. **Fruits**
10. **Lemons**
11. **Oranges**
12. **Apples**
13. **Figs**
14. **Grapes**
15. **Wine**
16. **Bananas**
17. **Coconut**
18. **Copra**
19. **Dates**
20. **Olives**
21. **Olive Oil**
22. **Pineapples**
23. **Spices**
24. **Tapioca**
25. **Areca**
26. **Peanuts**
27. **Peanut Oil**
28. **Other Nuts**
29. **Cane**
30. **Beet**
31. **Molasses**
32. **Coffee**
33. **Cocoa**
34. **Tea**

⬡

VEGETABLE PRODUCTS

(Non-Edible)

1. **Castor**
2. **Cotton-Seed**
3. **Cotton-Seed Oil**
4. **Cotton-Seed Cake**
5. **Flaxseed (Linseed)**
6. **Coconut**
7. **Palm**
8. **Camphor**
9. **Tung**
10. **Turpentine**
11. **Lumber**
12. **Balsa**
13. **Bamboo**
14. **Cedar**
15. **Fir**
16. **Mahogany**
17. **Pine**
18. **Redwood**
19. **Spruce**
20. **Teak**
21. **Paper**
22. **Pulp**
23. **Tobacco**
24. **Rubber**
25. **Gum Arabic**
26. **Other Gums**
27. **Rosin**
28. **Shellac**
29. **Tannin**
30. **Chicle**
31. **Cork**
32. **Vegetable Ivory**

▢

FIBERS—ANIMAL & VEGETABLE

1. **Alpaca**
2. **Camel**
3. **Horse**
4. **Mohair**
5. **Pig Bristles**
6. **Abaca (Manila)**
7. **Sisal**
8. **Cotton Raw**
9. **Cotton Yarn**
10. **Flax**
11. **Hemp**
12. **Jute**
13. **Silk Raw**
14. **Silk Cocoons**
15. **Wool**
16. **Kapok**

◇

HYDRO-CARBONS

1. **Anthracite**
2. **Bituminous**
3. **Lignite**
4. **Petroleum Crude**
5. **Petroleum Refined**
6. **Asphalt**

□

METALLIC ORES

1. **Bauxite**
2. **Copper**
3. **Iron**
4. **Pig Iron**
5. **Lead**
6. **Magnesium**
7. **Nickel**
8. **Tin**
9. **Zinc**
10. **Gold**
11. **Platinum**
12. **Silver**
13. **Antimony**
14. **Beryllium**
15. **Cadmium**
16. **Chrome**
17. **Cobalt**
18. **Manganese**
19. **Mercury**
20. **Molybdenum**
21. **Radium**
22. **Titanium**
23. **Tungsten**
24. **Uranium**
25. **Vanadium**

△

NON-METALLIC PRODUCTS

1. **China Clay**
2. **Granite**
3. **Gypsum**
4. **Marble**
5. **Diamonds**
6. **Emeralds**
7. **Rubies**
8. **Quartz Crystals**
9. **Asbestos**
10. **Arsenic**
11. **Celestite**
12. **Cryolite**
13. **Graphite**
14. **Fluorspar**
15. **Helium**
16. **Mica**
17. **Monazite**
18. **Phosphate**
19. **Potash**
20. **Sodium**
21. **Sulphur**

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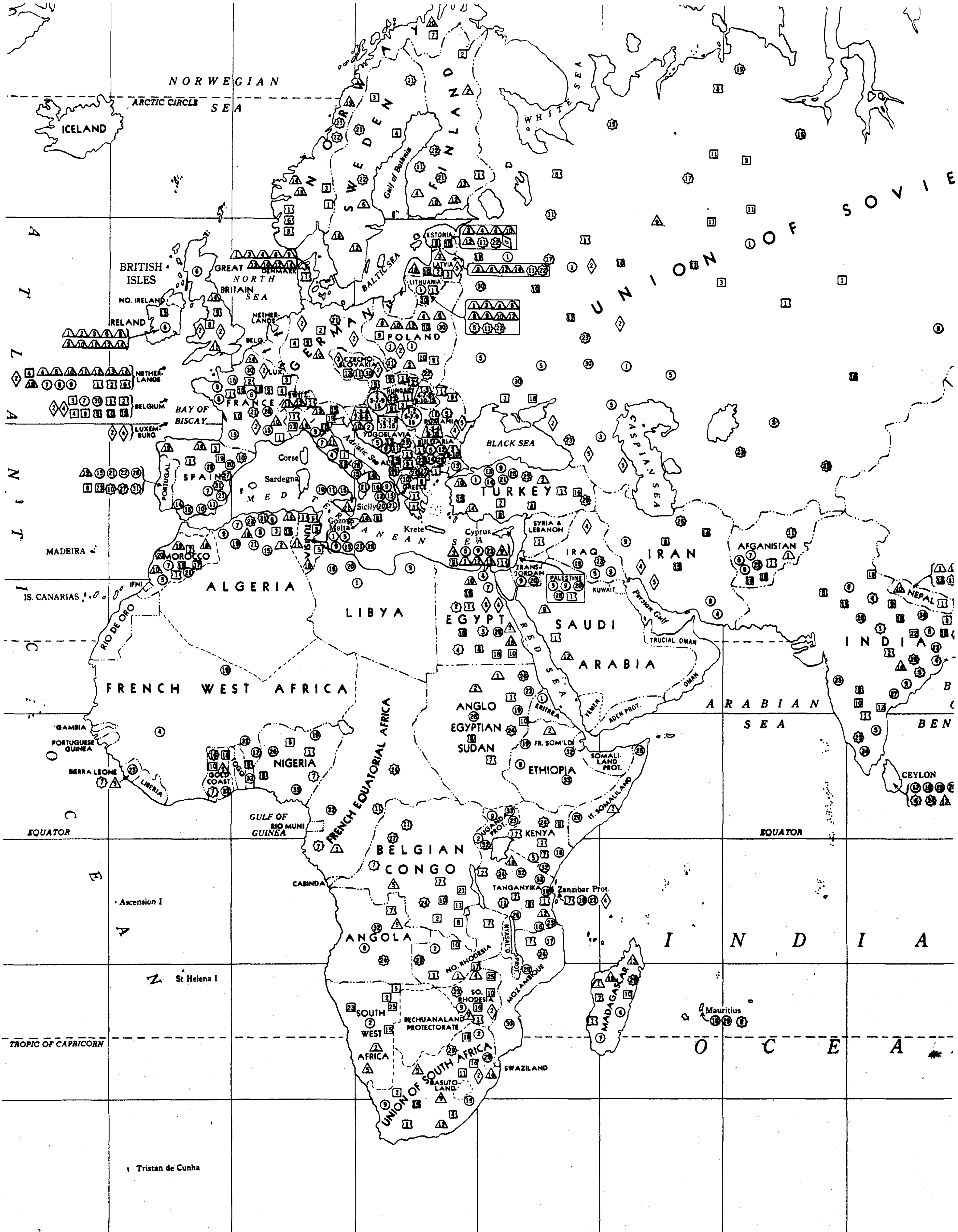
NORWEGIAN SEA
ARCTIC CIRCLE
ICELAND
NORWAY
SWEDEN
FINLAND
Gulf of Bothnia
WHITE SEA
UNION OF SOVIE
BRITISH ISLES
GREAT BRITAIN
NO. IRELAND
IRELAND
NORTH SEA
DENMARK
BALTIC SEA
ESTONIA
LATVIA
LITHUANIA
NETHERLANDS
BELG.
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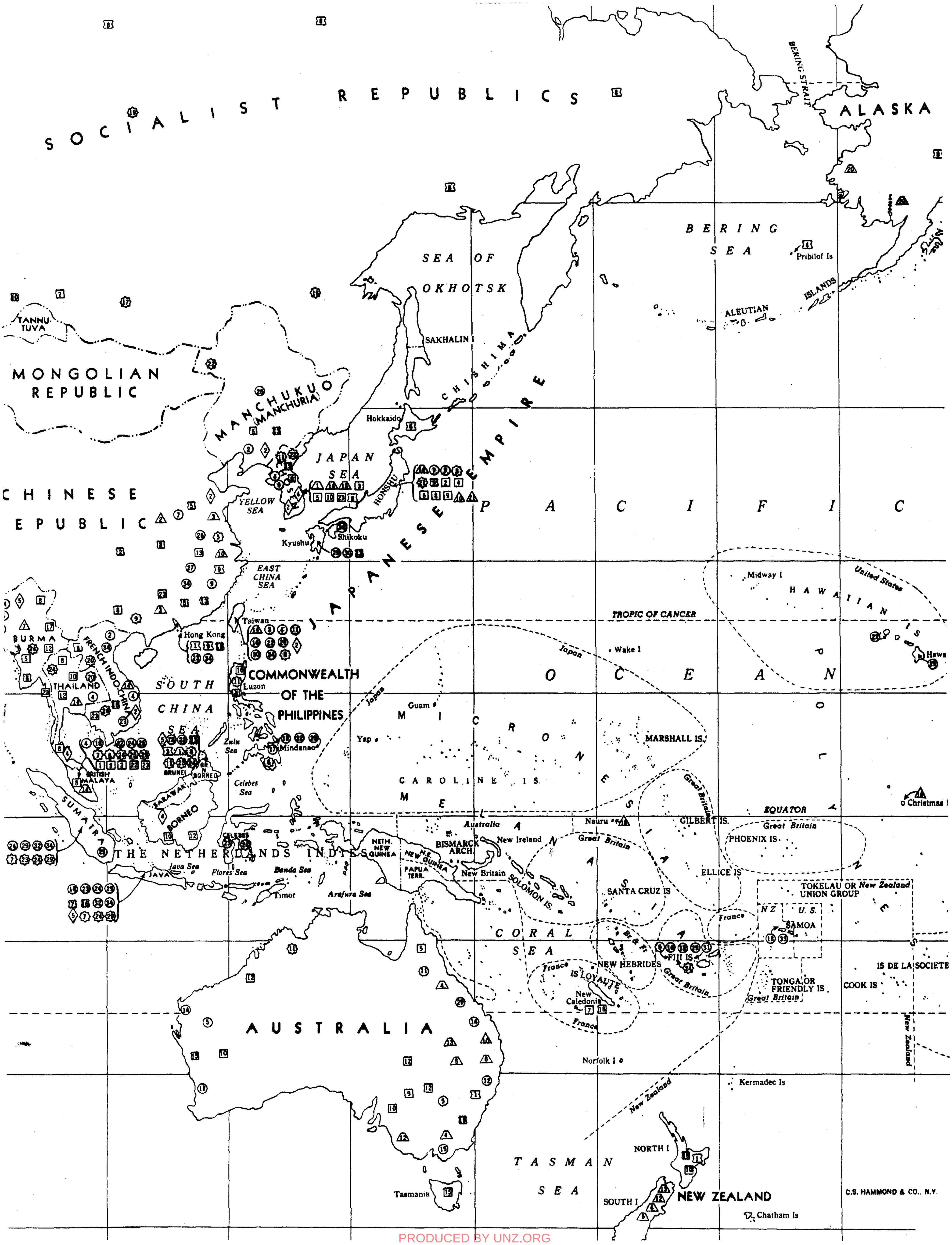
CZECHOSLOVAKIA
HUNGARY
SWITZ.
FRANCE
NETHERLANDS
BELGIUM
LUXEMBURG
BAY OF BISCAY
ATLANTIC OCEAN
PORTUGAL
SPAIN
Corse
Sardegna
MEDITERRANEAN SEA
Adriatic Sea
YUGOSLAVIA
RUMANIA
BULGARIA
ALBANIA
GREECE
Sicily
Gozo
Malta
Krete
Cyprus
BLACK SEA
CASPIAN SEA
TURKEY
SYRIA & LEBANON
IRAQ
IRAN
AFGANISTAN
TRANS-JORDAN
PALESTINE
KUWAIT
Persian Gulf
NEPAL
INDIA
MADEIRA
MOROCCO
IS. CANARIAS
IFNI
ALGERIA
TUNISIA
LIBYA
EGYPT
RIO DE ORO
SAUDI ARABIA
RED SEA
TRUCIAL OMAN
OMAN
YEMEN
ADEN PROT.
ARABIAN SEA
FRENCH WEST AFRICA
FRENCH EQUATORIAL AFRICA
ANGLO EGYPTIAN SUDAN
ERITREA
FR. SOM'LD
SOMALILAND PROT.
ETHIOPIA
IT. SOMALILAND
GAMBIA
PORTUGUESE GUINEA
SIERRA LEONE
LIBERIA
GOLD COAST
TOGO
NIGERIA
CEYLON
GULF OF GUINEA
RIO MUNI
EQUATOR
UGANDA PROT.
KENYA
BELGIAN CONGO
CABINDA
TANGANYIKA
Zanzibar Prot.
Ascension I
ANGOLA
NO. RHODESIA
NYASALD PROT.
MOZAMBIQUE
INDIAN OCEAN
St Helena I
SO. RHODESIA
MADAGASCAR
Mauritius
SOUTH WEST AFRICA
BECHUANALAND PROTECTORATE
TROPIC OF CAPRICORN
UNION OF SOUTH AFRICA
SWAZILAND
BASUTOLAND
Tristan de Cunha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SEA OF OKHOTSK
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TANNU-TUVA
MONGOLIAN REPUBLIC
MANCHUKUO (MANCHURIA)
Hokkaido
JAPAN SEA
HONSHU
JAPANESE EMPIRE
CHINESE REPUBLIC
YELLOW SEA
Kyushu
Shikoku
EAST CHINA SEA
PACIFIC
OCEAN
Midway I
HAWAIIAN IS
United States
Hawa
TROPIC OF CANCER
Wake I
Japan
Taiwan
Hong Kong
BURMA
FRENCH INDO-CHINA
THAILAND
SOUTH CHINA SEA
COMMONWEALTH OF THE PHILIPPINES
Luzon
Mindanao
Sulu Sea
Celebes Sea
Guam
Yap
MICRONESIA
CAROLINE IS
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GILBERT IS
Great Britain
Nauru
EQUATOR
PHOENIX IS
Christmas I
POLYNESIA
BRITISH MALAYA
BRUNEI
BR. N. BORNEO
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BENDIX, THE MAGNIFICENT

BY DUGAL O'LIAM

PHOTOGRAPH FOR COLLIER'S BY GEORGE DE ZAYAS

William Bendix has a face only a mother—or a Hollywood agent — could love. Coupled with his hilarious antics, it has proved to be a highly salable commodity

THERE are several ways to become a success in Hollywood. One is to own a beautiful face. Another is to have a gorgeous figure. Then there is William Bendix. In his slightly more than a year-long career in pictures, Bendix has made such a success of his well-nigh incredible appearance that the Motion Picture Exhibitors of America—an astute body, indeed—nominated him the actor most likely to succeed in 1944.

Bendix won this accolade because he tickles the grownups into hysterics and scares the daylights out of the kiddies.

There have been other Bendix triumphs. He has become the first incorporated goon in history. The principal stockholder is William Bendix, who has been permitted to retain fifty per cent of himself in return for supporting half the film industry. When the WPA moved out of Hollywood, Bendix moved in. People got off the dole and on Bendix.

This last is a change Bill can appreciate. Three and a half years ago, he was on relief himself, when a grocery store, which he had managed, folded. With a wife and child to feed, relief was the only answer.

He is now owned, in various forms, by Hal Roach, Twentieth Century-Fox, Paramount, the Stewart Agency and himself. When he makes a picture at Fox, Paramount collects. When he makes one at Paramount, Fox collects. When he makes one elsewhere, both collect. Then Roach takes one half his fee for each picture, and the Stewart Agency collects ten per cent off the top. This is known as a revolving economy, and the thing which revolves fastest is Bendix's cerebellum.

"But don't let anybody kid you," Bill says. "It's a lot better than trying to make sense on a twenty-one-dollar-a-month handout."

Since his successes in Wake Island, Guadalcanal Diary, and Hostages, for Hollywood, he now commands $70,000 a picture of which he retains half, or $35,000. By excising the last three digits you arrive at his peak salary as a grocer. He admits he finds the extra three ciphers absorbing.

In less than three years, he parlayed an expression of dumb suspicion and a face like an iguana's into comparative riches.

His appearance is as hilarious off the screen as on. He's five feet ten, but his truncated figure makes him look shorter. He has the beam of a landing barge, legs like a pair of railroad ties, and he walks with the bobbing gait of a punch-drunk pugilist. Confronted with the hoary chestnut that he has a face only a mother could love, he replies gaily, "You think so, huh? Then you don't know very much about Hollywood agents."

The Fault's with the Face

Bendix was born at Forty-first Street and Third Avenue in New York in 1906. His father, both grandfathers and assorted uncles were professional musicians. Asked if his neglect to follow in the family footsteps was due to the lack of an ear for music, he answers, with dolorous candor, "It was my whole face."

When Bill was six weeks old, a great event took place in his life. The Giacomo Stefanottis, neighbors and closest friends of his family, welcomed a daughter whom they named Therese. Almost immediately the destinies of Bill and Therese were merged and, after an interval of twenty-two years, they were married. They're still married and have a daughter, Lorraine, now 15.

Aside from a tendency to demoralize the little tots when he showed his face unexpectedly, Bill's school days were uneventful. He got his first job when he finished high school and at once became a celebrity. The job was mascot to the New York Giants under John McGraw. Everything was beautiful until Bill prepared to go south for spring training. Mamma Bendix had heard that ballplayers played stud poker and chewed cut plug in Florida —and Bill stayed home.

This calamity did not end his baseball career, however, and he became a semipro second baseman. His chief contribution to the advancement of the game was a method of fielding hard-hit balls with his face, but certain technical defects soon became evident in this system and completed the jocose program Mother Nature had begun on his features.

His nose seems to have been most vulnerable. Thrice broken, it now describes a tortuous course down his craggy visage.

The Henry Street Settlement on New York's lower East Side gave Bendix his first whiff of grease paint. He went with his pals to the center for a spot of boxing and was appalled to see them wind up in the dramatic class of Miss Eva Fry. But when that lady discovered his antics and detected the spark of genius, Bill became a full-fledged member of the Henry Street Players. In his first production, he played an undertaker, and the dumb concentration he bestowed on the role panicked the customers.

When the Stefanottis moved to Hillside, New Jersey, Bill's evenings were devoted to long trips to see Therese, and a hiatus developed in his dramatic career. There were compensations, however, since he was soon made manager of an Orange, New Jersey, store. Then the supermarket fungus crept over the East, and by the end of 1935, Bill's firm had succumbed, leaving Bendix at liberty and broke.

By day, he plodded the streets looking for a job. By night, he frequented small cabarets where he was considered devastating and occasionally was given a fling at entertaining the patrons. For this, he sometimes got a few dollars. "Mostly, though," he says, "I got a beer."

Obviously this sort of thing was beneficial to neither his pride nor his alimentary canal, but it might have gone on indefinitely had not Howard Hall, a coach for the New Jersey Federal Theater Project, made his providential appearance. After catching the Bendix horseplay over the rim of a seidel, Hall sent him to Louis Simon, his project boss. Simon figured that Bill's face was worth the project's $17.50 a week scale, just as a cure for the hiccups (which broke out quite often among his artistes), and hired him.

He was playing for Simon when Cheryl Crawford of the New York Theater Guild decided to become a producer. She hired Bendix for a play that rehearsed for six weeks, then expired without opening.

It was then that Bill was introduced to public relief. For seven months, he spread $21.50 every thirty days over the project of keeping three people in shelter and groceries. Then Johnny Briscoe, a New York agent, informed Bill that the Theater Guild was looking for someone to play the policeman Krupp, in William Saroyan's The Time of Your Life.

Hal Roach saw him in the Saroyan play and signed him to contract which paid him $300 a week, work or not, and half of everything he earned in excess of $600 a week, the other half to go to Roach. There are those who are narrow enough to regard this sort of document as confiscatory, but in Hollywood it has a much prettier name. There it is known as a shrewdie.

Bendix began his first Hollywood scenes with Spencer Tracy in Woman of the Year, in which he played, with an authority born of long research, a bartender.

Bill missed one studio connection in Hollywood by the pardonable error of doing nothing. He worked with Abbott and Costello in Who Done It? as the bumble-brained cop who got himself handcuffed. So consistent were the guffaws when he appeared on the set that Costello was moved to demand who was supposed to be the comic of the picture. His apprehension was later justified when the New York critics found that Bendix's antics provided the film's chief comical interludes, but Bill made no more pictures at Universal.

Hidden Beauty Unawakened

Because Jules Levy, an independent Hollywood producer, thinks Bendix is the second Louis Wolheim, he is now preparing The Hairy Ape, Wolheim's greatest stage triumph, with Bendix in the title role and the conventional goon makeup. Since it will bring another $35,000 into his treasury, Bill is accepting his fate with becoming equanimity, but he yearns for the day when accident, or something, will permit the hidden beauty to shine through his rugged exterior.

This ambition is based on an incident which occurred when he was being made up for the first time for his part in China. Probably seized by an inner urge to right some of nature's wrongs, the makeup man completely altered the Bendix physiognomy, obviously for the better. Bill appeared for action, beaming happily, but Director John Farrow took one look at the result and chased Bill off the set until he'd reclaimed his primitive charm.

"But it was wonderful," Bill sighs. "I looked just like Tyrone Power."

As the owners of his contract and the sharers in his success, Hal Roach, Paramount, Fox, Stewart, *et al.*, have one profound worry. Every time they think of what might happen if a plastic surgeon got hold of William Bendix, they break out in cold sweats. ★★★

OUR UNSUNG ADMIRAL

By Frank D. Morris

RADIOED FROM HONOLULU

The chief of the new Central Pacific Command scares reporters to death, and that is why you haven't heard much about him. His time is spent putting over jobs like Midway and the Gilbert Islands. Collier's correspondent, walking in where angels fear to tread, comes up with a fine story

RAYMOND A. SPRUANCE must be on the Navy Department Secret Weapons list. In Washington, whenever the three-stripers or better get together to talk sea tactics, they are fulsome in their praise of the Halseys, the Nimitzes, the Kings, the Starks, the Fletchers and our other top-flight admirals, but when someone says, "Now, take Spruance," they all sit back and smile flatly and murmur "Ahhhh . . ."

However, outside of Navy circles, very few persons know much about the man who bosses our task forces in the Pacific and has never lost an engagement. But Admiral Nagano knows of Spruance: so does Tojo—because, if it weren't for Spruance at Midway, Japanese carriers might now be based at Pearl Harbor.

People who should know predict that Vice-Admiral Raymond A. Spruance will win the Pacific war in a walk. They mean it literally. He's the walkingest officer in the Navy. Eight or ten miles a day of heel and toe is just a warm-up for this man who, as second in command to Admiral Chester Nimitz, holds down the most important naval post in the Central Pacific, where we are now slugging it out with the Japs.

When Admiral Spruance isn't walking he's driving—driving himself, his subordinates, his ships and the enemy. He's a demon for work. He and Vice-Admiral F. J. Fletcher drove the Japs back at Midway last year when our carrier task force was greatly outclassed in size and number of ships. By clever deployment of his forces to get the most out of each, Admiral Spruance has been able to mow the Japs down. Shortly after Midway, Admiral Nimitz showed in a practical way what he thought of Spruance's performance in the battle by making him his Chief of Staff. As head of the newly created Central Pacific Command, Admiral Spruance headed up the conquest of the Gilbert Islands.

As Nimitz's rght-hand man, he remained quietly in the background for over a year, until the Gilbert Islands attack, helping the Commander of the Pacific Fleet map most of the direct route to Tokyo. He swapped his flag bridge for a landlocked office at CINCPAC Headquarters and, with all the patience he could muster, watched the greatest navy in the history of the world develop from the ashes of Pearl Harbor. His name disappeared from the headlines. While the MacArthurs, the Halseys and the Eisenhowers continued to make page-one stories, Spruance was busy with a job at hand.

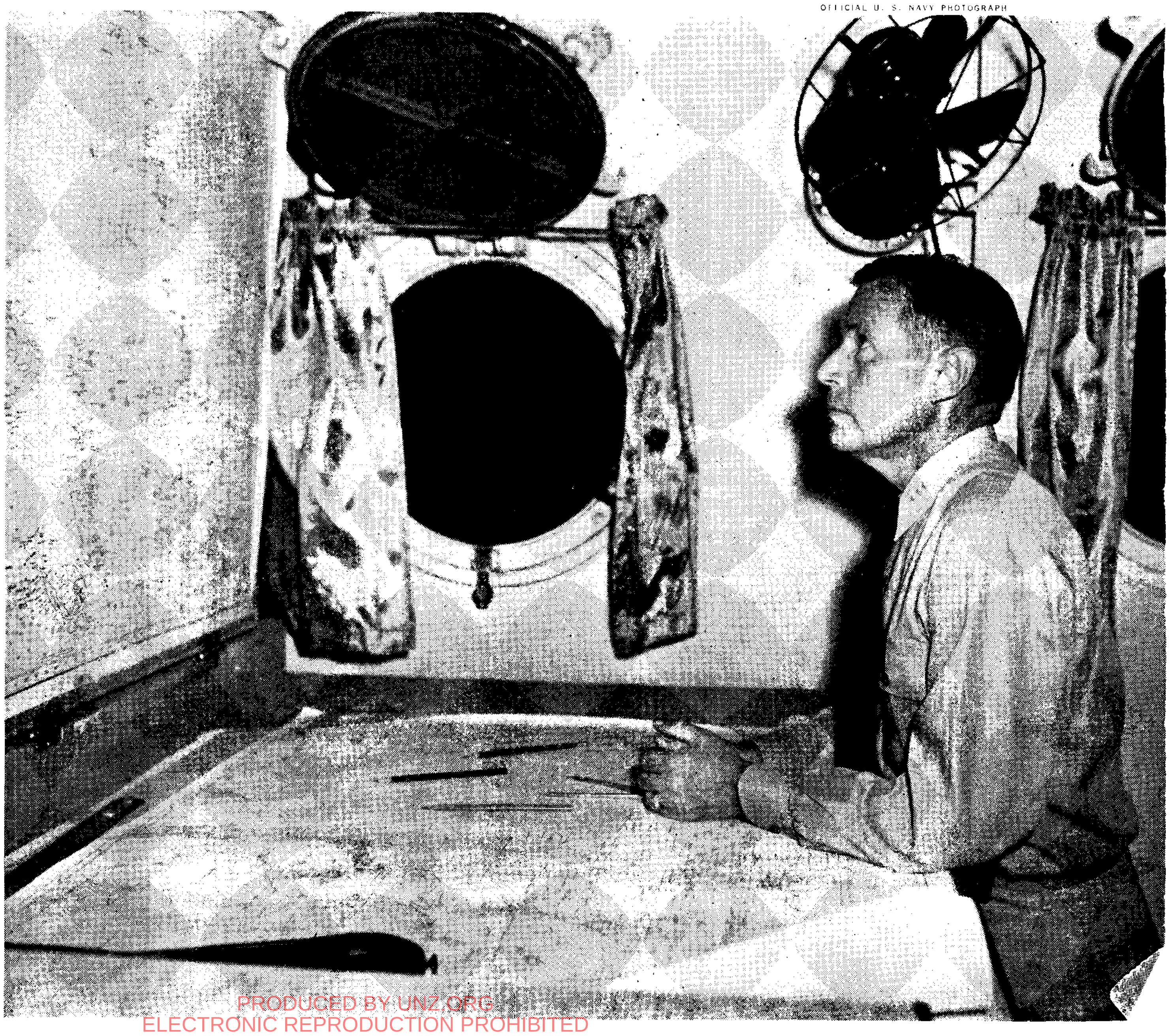
(Continued on page 48)

OFFICIAL U. S. NAVY PHOTOGRAPH

Admiral Raymond A. Spruance, one of the greatest U. S. Navy tacticians of all time, on the deck of his cruiser flagship with Collier's Pacific Fleet correspondent, Frank D. Morris (right)

The admiral plots task-force jobs alone in his cruiser cabin. He plotted the taking of Tarawa and Makin here. For that job he assembled the most complex armada yet thrown against our Pacific foe

OFFICIAL U. S. NAVY PHOTOGRAPH

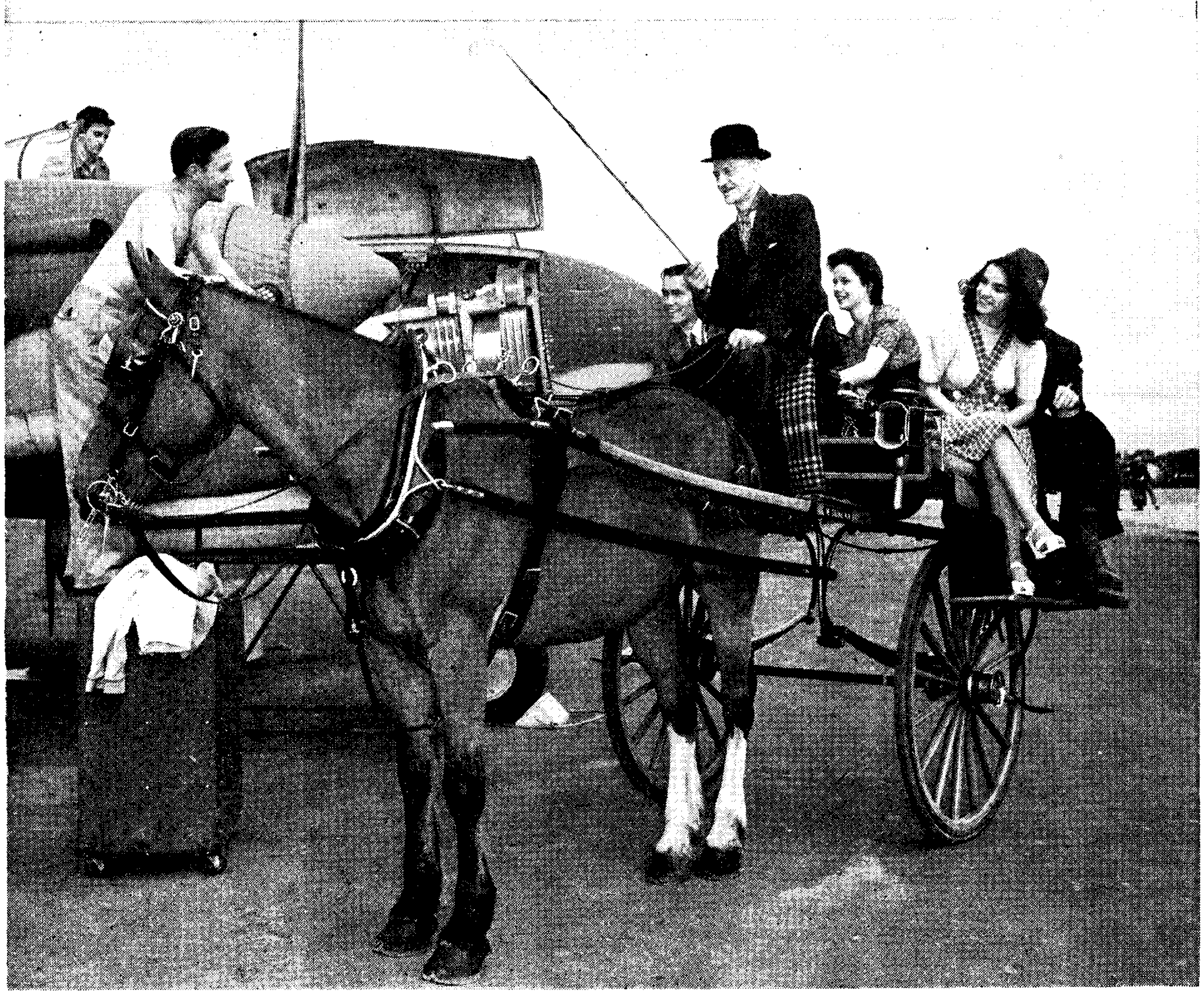


ERIN GO BURBANK

By W. B. Courtney

BY RADIO FROM LONDON

The Service Command links the fighting Air Forces with the men and women back home who build the planes. Here's what they do and how they do it



JOE DEARING

Lockheed Overseas Corporation. Yanks and their Irish girl friends take a ride in Mister Finlay's elegant jaunting car. Two other Service Command men are shown working on a P-38 Lightning

Joyce X, who was adopted by a group of Eighth Service Command Yanks, gets her share of Christmas gifts made from scrap lumber. Last year the men fabricated toys for 4,500 youngsters

JOE DEARING

MISTER FINLAY, him that's usually to be found with his elegant jaunting car, truly put the whole matter in a nutshell—with his beautiful Irish indirection, not meaning to, of course.

He stared at the purposeful tide of war flowing off and on the runways that ribboned the lawns and parted the groves of what had been, until a short year ago, one of North Ireland's finest old baronies, drowsing undisturbed in its moss and echoes.

"'Tis the fairy rings," he confided at last. "Many of them were hereabouts and they've set the ax and the roller to them."

Fairy rings are indeed a feature of this pixilated countryside; as often seen as the white-painted gateposts that keep good fairies in a household, or bad fairies out, or both. They seem to be of two kinds: Earthen mounds like rubbed-down craters, most likely the remains of a primitive defense system, an ancient version of pillboxes. And groves of old trees, usually huge black or white thorns planted in perfect circles that stand alone in the center of open pastures. It's dark, cool and damp within these tree circles. Men won't enter, but that doesn't keep the cattle from sheltering in them in fright when the sun, that strange and almost unknown natural phenomenon up here, shines.

"'Tis bad luck to deal thus with the homes of the little people, I'm telling you—very bad luck."

It is that. Not, however, in this case to "them that did it," as Mister Finlay darkly hinted. His reverence for the wee folk outweighs his view of their good sense. For the dispossessed little people know whose fault it is. So all the bad luck that flows out of this United States Air Force base like vapor from a genie's bottle is for the Germans.

"Keep 'em flying" is more than a wartime morale-boosting slogan or pep line to a fighting Air Force; it's a military absolute today. There's nothing less useful in a combat zone than a grounded or unoperatable plane. The percentage of operatable aircraft on its daily strength roster is a most important index to an Air Force's efficiency, power and security.

The Three Features of Air Warfare

Everyone knows about two great features of our air war—the home front of aviation industry back in America that builds planes and motors and other essential parts; and the combat front over here, thousands of miles away, where that production is applied directly and lethally against the enemy.

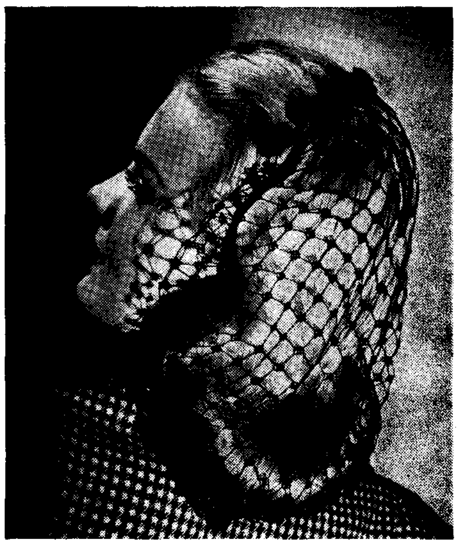
There's an in-between feature, however—less known, less publicized, but quite as important. It is known as the Service Command and divides with the ground crews that are integral parts of each combat unit the responsibility of keeping 'em flying at the front.

The Service Command is of itself an aviation industry, a projection of the basic home aviation industry and by no means a miniature one. Its personnel strength exceeds that of the air combat forces because in aviation practice—military or civil—more men are required to keep a plane flyable than to fly it. That's why the United States Army Air Forces today are larger than the entire A.E.F. of the last war.

Brigadier General Hugh J. Knerr is chief of the Eighth Service Command, which links the fighting Eighth Air Force to the working men and women of Hartford and Paterson, of Indianapolis, Detroit, Chicago, Baltimore and Cincinnati, of Seattle, Atlanta, Buffalo and Willow Run and Los Angeles and elsewhere. It is part of the American Air Forces that are under the command of Lieutenant General Ira C. Eaker in the European Theater of Operations.

The Service Command's forward echelons stand ready to move right across the Channel with the Tactical Air Force in the latter's support and cover of the ground troops when the great hour of invasion comes. Its mobile repair units, complete with power equipment, workbenches, lathes, drill presses, grinders, air compressors, raw stock and spare parts to the limit of load capacity, as well as living quarters for its men, will buttress ground crews at advanced fields as these are progressively seized on the continent.

Now in the preinvasion air onslaught from England, its mobile repair units roam the countryside between the sea and the airfields, salvaging battered planes wherever they may fall as they flutter home from battle. These mobile repair units—huge motor trailers, completely self-contained—have two additional values: They train army personnel and they shift about quickly to lend helping hands at those immobile bases and depots that may still be inadequately staffed or equipped. Further, the Service Command maintains shops, warehouses, supply and distribution points and expert personnel the length and breadth of the United Kingdom in the vast and complicated *(Continued on page 59)*



The sequin-snood is a garden-variety snood with a fringe of two-colored sequins sewed around the back. Small fringe in front over new smooth hair-do

Hair Baubles

BY ANNE SINCLAIR

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY KNOPF-PIX

IF YOU see a woman wearing a bicycle clip on her head, and it is trimmed with blue-green sequins and Easter eggs, this does not mean that you have welcomed the New Year too strenuously. It is not an indication of war hysteria. It is, instead, a new fashion trend. Glamor has gone to the head, and glamor, this season, refers to almost anything that shines, sparkles, glitters, and is a little bit cockeyed.

The trend got a big push when Miss Eleanor Van Blarkum, trimmings buyer for Lord & Taylor's department store, found that she had to utilize her extra stock. It was wartime, and the front office sent word around that nothing was to be wasted and nothing thrown away, as there wasn't any more where that came from.

A quick and horrified glance over the boxes piled in her storeroom revealed pink sequins, green cabbages, bumblebees, headbands, pinfeathers, nets, beads, and so forth; row upon row of "so forths."

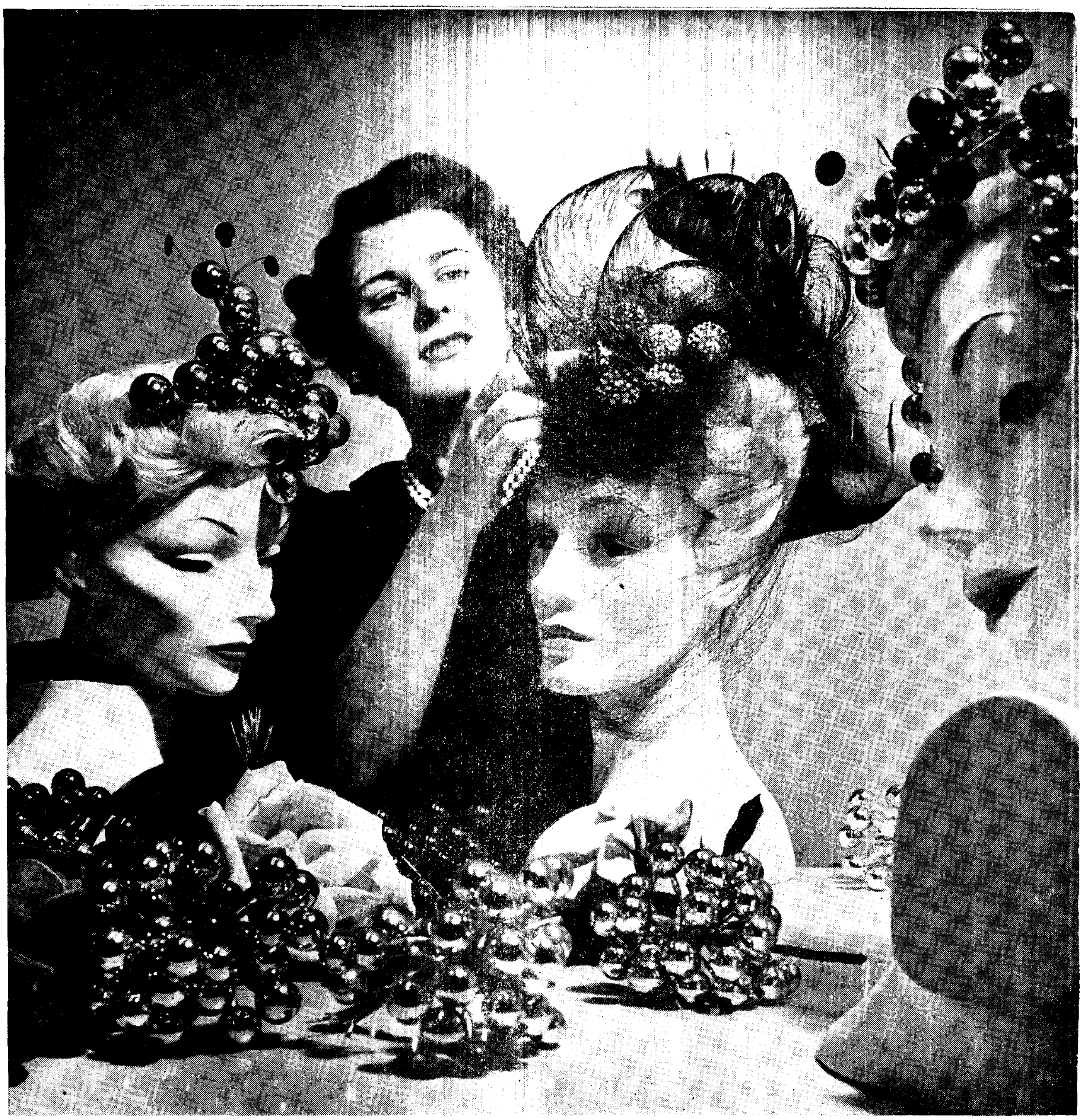
Miss Van, in desperation, pinned a couple of bumblebees on a beige velvet bow and sewed it to a comb. Several other peculiar and bright-colored combinations emerged from the boxes, and hesitantly she placed a couple on the counter. They sold. They sold so well that rival stores copied, magazines photographed, college girls bought, and the boxes were neatly and completely cleaned out. Miss Van now spends a good part of each week trying to find other surrealistic odds and ends to put back into the boxes.

She thinks that a craze such as this can be explained in psychological terms as "compensation." Women work in drab slacks or overalls, are faced with war news and ration trouble, and therefore satisfy their need for frippery by using jeweled hatpins. Proof that some have gone a little off the beam is one best-selling number which would not have made a nickel in prewar days—a rayon satin headband sprinkled with imitation seed pearls. Price $39.95 plus luxury tax.

All items at the hair doodad counter are not so dear, or quite so out of this world. Price range is from $1 to $50, and many of the items can be combined. For instance, a headband, a velvet beanie, a yard of sequin-studded veiling, two hatpins (total cost $10) can be combined in approximately seven different ways.

Of all the bright ideas which have sprung from the Lord & Taylor workshop, the one which outstrips the others far and away in popularity is the Alice in Wonderland band. Miss Van Blarkum made one of tiny Christmas-tree baubles for this week's cover. If you look closely, you can see that the foundation is nothing more than a bicycle clip such as those worn by boys to keep their trouser legs from getting caught in the pedal chain. The ornaments have been sewed on.

The first "half-hat," designed by Madame Daché, was launched on a bicycle clip as far back as 1940. Then came the curvette, a little bit of felt and genius created by Sally Victor. Now, an Alice in Wonderland band can be anything from a half-yard of ten-cent-store velvet ribbon (tied little-girl fashion) to the aforementioned $40 headband with pearls. ★★★



Eleanor Van Blarkum, trimmings buyer, at work. The snooty ladies are modeling some of her creations made from cast-aside Christmas tree ornaments

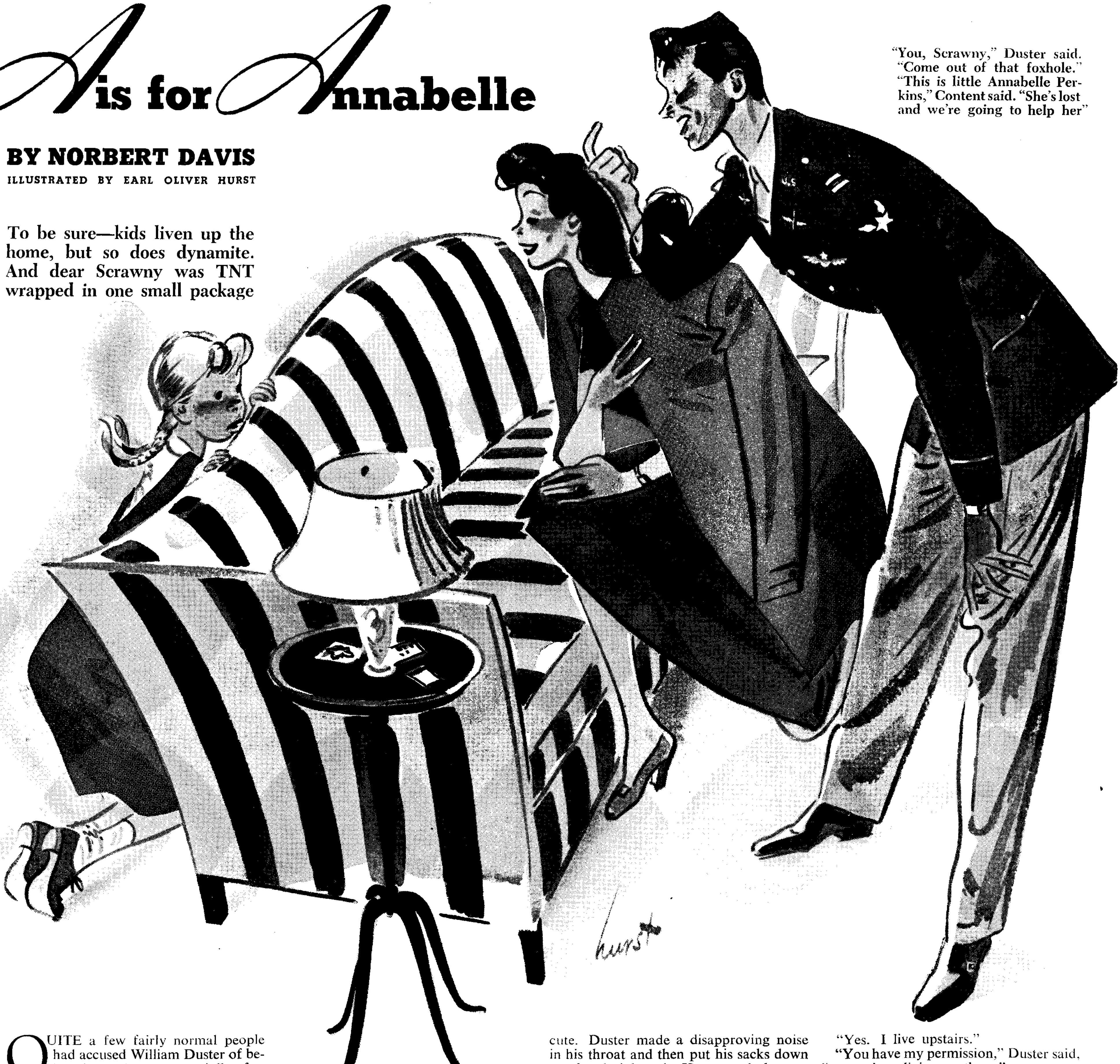
The hair-doodad counter with assorted customers and merchandise. Girl in center wears version of Alice in Wonderland band, studded with nail heads

A is for Annabelle

BY NORBERT DAVIS

ILLUSTRATED BY EARL OLIVER HURST

To be sure—kids liven up the home, but so does dynamite. And dear Scrawny was TNT wrapped in one small package



"You, Scrawny," Duster said. "Come out of that foxhole." "This is little Annabelle Perkins," Content said. "She's lost and we're going to help her"

QUITE a few fairly normal people had accused William Duster of being Jimmy Stewart especially after noting the wings and the captain's bars. The mistake was not altogether incomprehensible. Duster did look something the way Jimmy Stewart would look if Jimmy Stewart had close-cropped hair, a dent in his nose, a four-inch scar on his chin, and an evil disposition.

He (Duster again) was proceeding at slow speed down an unlighted street in a dimmed-out city carrying a big paper sack in each arm. He was trying to see some street numbers. This is impossible in a dimmed-out city, let alone on an unlighted street in same.

He came to a couple of brick steps and put down one of his paper sacks. Bottles inside it clinked and chuckled together cheerily. He took a windproof lighter from his pocket, flicked it, and bent down. The number painted on the steps was 2423.

"Uh," said Duster.

He put the lighter away and picked up his sack again and went up the steps and along a narrow brick walk bordered by a scrawny picket hedge. He turned the corner of a brick wall, went through an archway into a combination entry hall, patio, and scenic garden illuminated, if you don't care what you say, by a small bulb smeared over with sickly green paint. Number 2423A decorated a door at his right.

There were stairs at the left. Duster put his sack down on them, fumbled through his pockets, and finally came up with a key. It unlocked 2423A without any trouble. Duster groped around the wall inside and found a light switch and snapped it. He regarded the living room of the apartment which was more or less Spanish, without any enthusiasm.

The place smelled musty. It also looked musty. Duster went back and retrieved his sack and shut the front door. He went across the living room to an enameled swing door, pushed it open, and located another light switch. The kitchen was cute. Duster made a disapproving noise in his throat and then put his sacks down on the drainboard. He opened the one that clinked and took a quart bottle of beer out of it. Even the outside of the bottle looked good. It was brown, smooth and luscious, beaded artistically with moisture.

Duster found a bottle opener in a drawer and opened the beer. He took a glass from the cupboard, rinsed the dust out of it and poured beer in. It was beautiful beer. It had a collar as white as snow. Duster raised the glass to his lips, and the doorbell rang.

DUSTER put the beer down and went back through the living room and opened the door.

There was a girl outside. She was slim and small and dainty, and she had a tip-tilted nose and hair that was so lustrous and dark that it looked very nice even in a green light. Her eyes were wide and brown and limpid looking up at Duster. He watched her silently.

"H-hello," she said in a breathless voice. "My name is Content Marksley."

"Is it?" Duster said.

"Yes. I live upstairs."

"You have my permission," Duster said, "to continue living up there."

"What? Oh. B-but there's a little girl in my apartment!"

"Really?" said Duster.

"Yes!"

"That's very interesting. Have you any more late news bulletins to impart to me at this time?"

"N-no."

"Good night," said Duster, starting to close the door.

Content's voice rose to a wail. "But I don't *know* this little girl! And she says that there are people after her! She's utterly terrified. She sits there and shivers and shivers and—and cringes. And she won't tell me who her parents are or where she came from or how she got here. Please help me with her."

Duster turned around and looked at the glass of beer sparkling on the drainboard and then looked back at Content.

"Please," she said humbly.

"Oh, all right."

"You could be more polite about it!"

(Continued on page 30)

The Lend-Lease Christmas Tree

BY JAMES ATLEE PHILLIPS

ILLUSTRATED BY MARTHA SAWYERS

In China, as in Texas, Christmas could be a day of rejoicing and good will among men

THE sun was falling behind the dark shoulders of the Bayantukmu hills. Like a burnished magnet, it began to pull the twilight down over China. The whole scarred land seemed to soften at the approach of the lowering light. Its gentleness effaced the harsh slash of the red gulleys and the stunted trees that sloped away to meet the brooding ranges. The circular holes that pocked the small airport became less sharp and less remindful as twilight pulled its veil of dimness across them.

Outside his shack, under the ledge of jutting rock at the east side of the field, Dan Barclay twisted irritably in his chair and reflected that it was Christmas Eve.

"God rest you merry, gentlemen . . ." he thought, and took a very short nip from the bottle of Scotch that had been between his knees. He took such a short taste not because he was unable to handle a larger, but because only an inch of fluid remained in the square bottle.

Barclay was manager of the field. He was even more than that: he was the entire white personnel. True, he had seven coolies, who lived in the huts back of his and helped him repair the shell craters when the squat Mitsubishis remembered to visit Hangsha and temporarily devastate its field. The leaning wreckage of a tin hangar, blackened by fire, was partial testimony to their success. Dan Barclay worked for the China National Airlines, the type of objective so dear to the flying Sons of Heaven; China National ships carried no armament.

Barclay did not remember these things as an exact grievance. They were somewhere in his mind, like a discordant note in music, but he had come to expect them. His field was not even a regular stop; it was an emergency field for the north route, through Turkestan, and he got no business except trouble. Only twice in five months had the big camouflaged Douglases come thundering in to land at his particular spot of cleared desolation in the wastes of Kansu Province. Both times, after feverish work, he had sent them on. The big transports, wound up tight and thundering east with precious cargo, had barely cleared his short, bumpy runways, each plane another drop of blood for the heart of China, in Chungking.

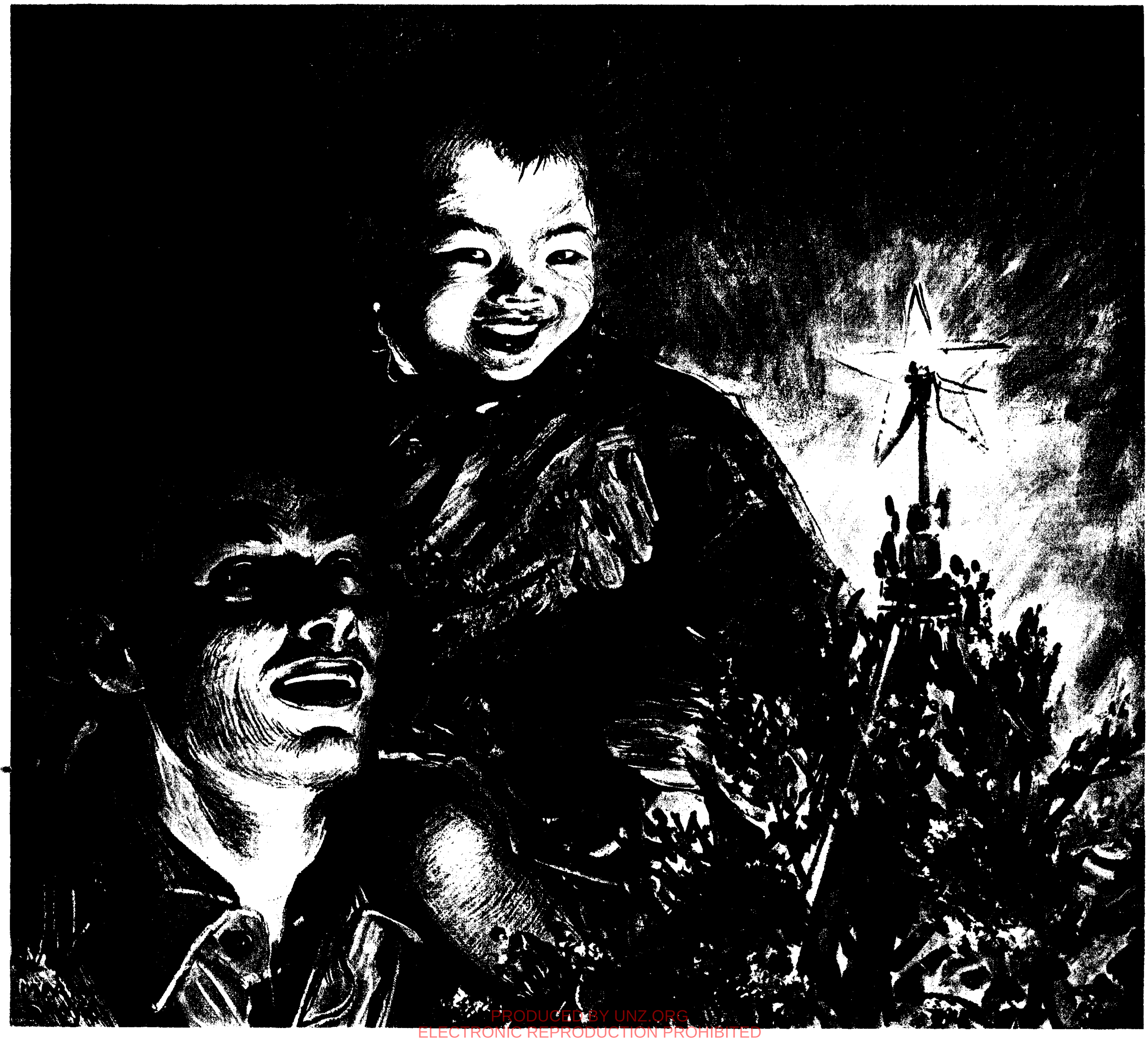
These minute transfusions were so important and, relatively, so few that he always felt a certain pride in hearing the ships go over. Many times a day, lately, military aircraft had been going over, so that he knew Chennault had Fortresses, P-40s, and some Liberators. Two days ago he had been awakened just at dawn with the whole sky whining, and seen twenty-seven Lightnings streak across the slaty sky. That sight had been good for several hours of exultation.

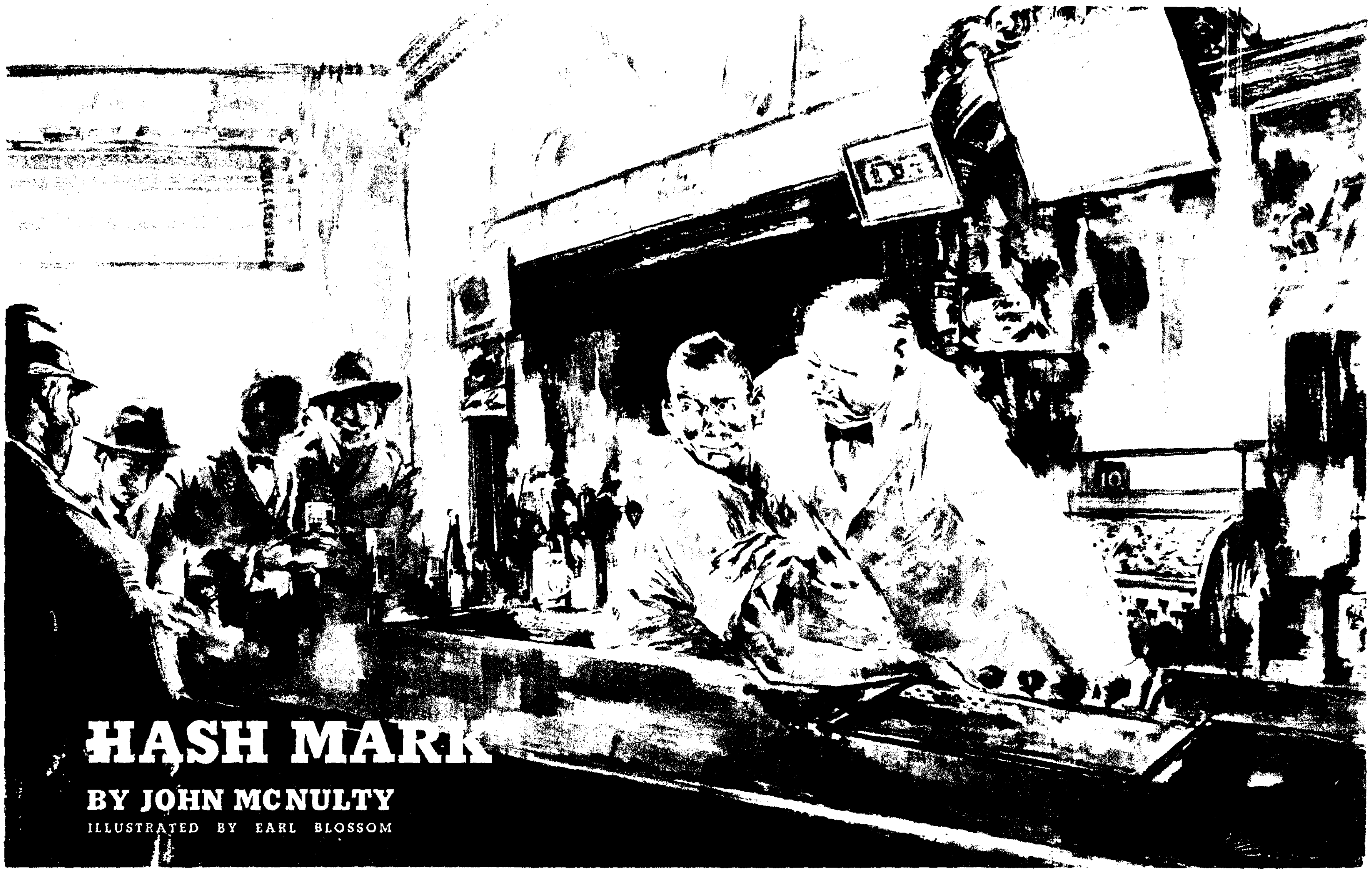
But a man runs down. It was so far a way from Hangsha to Waco, Texas, that Barclay, from his battered wicker seat, heard a fighter plane knifing overhead through the gloom, and he did not even bother to think about it.

As the stillness and darkness grew, he stretched out his long legs and sat there, thinking about home.

(Continued on page 56)

The lamplight from the Chinese Christmas tree struck their faces. "Oh, come let us adore Him . . ." Dan Barclay sang, as he held the little Oriental gremlin on his shoulder





HASH MARK

BY JOHN MCNULTY

ILLUSTRATED BY EARL BLOSSOM

MATTY BYRNES stood down at the end of the bar, fighting the mirror. That's what they call it around Third Avenue when a guy gets drinking alone, and talking to that mirror behind the stick.

"I'd rather be in Sellurno," Matty said. He looked at himself—the threadbare blue suit, the worn-out white shirt, the stringy tie that wouldn't knot up except in a lump, and the hat on his head that looked like a pancake that had fallen in the coffee.

"I'm nothin' at all," Matty said. "I don't know what the hell I am except that I'm nothin' at all. I ain't a soldier and I ain't exactly a civilian. And I ain't gonna be a bartender. I'm nothin' at all."

He poured a drink out of the whisky bottle. It was in front of him on the bar. He drank down a slug of it. Then with very slow movements, the way some men do when they're crocked, he took thirty-five cents out of his pocket and put it on a little pile of silver that was there in front of him.

"They don't need to wait on me," said Matty Byrnes, to the Matty in the mirror. "Wuzzn't I the bartender here for years? Can't I pour my own drinks? And can't I pay for my own drinks? I don't want anything from anybody. They don't need to wait on me."

Matty Byrnes was fighting the mirror.

Old Malachy Ryan, who owned the gin mill, was behind the bar. He was at the far end from Matty.

"I dunno what's the matter with him, at all," said Malachy to the regular customer leaning on the bar. "Three weeks now, he's back from the Army and either drunk or dreamy all three weeks."

"Why don't you put him back to work?" the regular asked. "He was a sourpuss, but everybody knows he was the best bartender you had."

"Put him back to work, is it?" old Malachy flared up. "I've asked him three times a day now will he come back to work, and he howls and snarls at me every time. He won't be a bartender, he says. I can't make him out at all. Look at him, talking to himself. . . . I'm gonna try him once more. I sure could use a bartender the way things are."

Old Malachy moved down the bar, passed a sailor and a couple of soldiers, and stopped and faced Matty.

"You're asking me again, are you?" Matty glared over the bar at his old boss. "And you don't know why I don't want to come back to work? If I wasn't half tight, I wouldn't try to explain to you or anybody else. I never made a fuss about goin' into the Army, did I? Didn't want any parties or cheers or that 'Good luck, Buddy,' stuff. Did I?"

Malachy broke in easily. "No, you didn't. You just went."

"All right, I just went. Matter of fact, I wanted to go. I got nobody. I got no wife, no kids. I ought to go, the way I figure it, but no hollerin', no Boy Scout stuff."

"No," said Malachy, to keep him going. "No Boy Scout stuff."

Matty kept quiet for a minute. His head seemed to be clearing up a little, remembering something.

"All right, I'll tell you," he said finally. "I did flop on a hike. I was all right. I just passed out; that's all. I'd 'a' been all right. I come to in a few minutes. But the harm was done. They was a young lieutenant. He'd been on Third Avenue and he was kind of easy on me. It was him put in for me to leave the Army. And I had to leave it."

"But listen, Matty," said Malachy, "you done what you could. You went away, and they threw you out. You done what you could."

"It ain't enough," said Matty. He looked directly at Malachy and he seemed sober as ever a man was. "Those times I was in camp, something come to me what it was all about. Never mind the gripin' and getting sick of the drillin'. Never mind the Army's a lousy place at times. Never mind that! Something come to me, just the same, what it's all about. I think it was at retreat I used to know what it was about—like what we was doing all over the world was up on a screen in the sky up over the flag.

"Retreat is where you stand altogether when the flag comes down late in the afternoon, and if it's in camp, a band plays. If it ain't right in camp or there's no band, the's a bugle plays retreat. That's when it would come to me—that I'd say to myself: This is great. We're all together and we got to do this, and all of us is Americans. To hell with the little things! You know what I mean at all?"

"Yuh," said Malachy.

Matty poured a slug out of the bottle. "Then I got thrun out," he said. "They sent me home. Everybody said, 'You're a lucky guy,' and I joined in with them saying it. . . . So I'm home. I got only this suit to put on, this hat, and one string of a tie. Look at it!"

"You can get some clothes if you go to work again for me," said Malachy.

"No!" barked Matty. "You miss the whole point of it. I don't wanna tend bar. It don't seem right. I ought to be doing somethin'."

"How many times I got to tell you?" put in Malachy. "You done what you could."

"But I got nothin' to show for it!" Matty almost yelled. "And t'hell with you and bartendin'."

Matty weaved out of the gin mill and onto Third Avenue.

THAT was months ago. Nobody around the gin mill saw Matty all that time, and nobody heard from him, either—until about a week ago, when a couple of regulars were looking over the tabloids one night at the end of the bar.

"Wait a minute!" one guy said, staring at a picture in the tab. "Is that Matty Byrnes, or ain't it?"

The words over the picture said: "Survivors in Tanker Sinking." The second guy from the end, left to right—the right end—certainly looked like Matty, and the story with the picture told about this here tanker getting hit and these fellows in the picture having a tough time. Some had to swim through oil that caught on fire on the water. These fellows had been in a hospital for weeks, but they just let the picture out, the paper said.

"It looks like Matty to me," said Malachy. "Lemme have that." And he cut out the picture with the knife they use to cut lemons for drinks.

Matty rolled up one sleeve of his coat and leaned one hand gently on the bar. On his arm was an irregular scar. It looked like a burn

That was a Thursday night. So it must've been Saturday, because it was a couple days later, that in walks Matty Byrnes, pretty pale and pooped-out looking, but sober, and not sourpuss or dreamy, either. He hardly said hello, before he ups to Malachy.

"You still need a barkeep? Where's that white coat?"

Malachy nearly broke his neck getting a coat from under the back bar and handing it to him. It was that quick. Hardly a hello, but in two seconds, Matty was on the job.

"I'm glad you changed your mind," said Malachy, as Matty strode around in back of the stick. "What happened?"

"Nothing," said Matty. "I just don't feel so bad any more that they threw me out of the Army."

Before the others in the place could see, Malachy took out the folded picture from the paper. "Is this you," he asked, "or ain't it?"

"It could be, and it couldn't," said Matty. "They're a fine-looking bunch of men, ain't they?"

"They are," said Malachy. "Is one of them you?"

"No Boy Scout stuff!" said Matty. He walked up behind the bar and, as he did, he rolled up one sleeve of his coat and leaned one hand gently on the bar. On his right arm was an irregular scar, new-looking, but healed. It looked like a burn.

"What the hell, Matty!" said Malachy, as he saw the rolled-up sleeve. "What's that?"

"Hash mark," said Matty, and he turned down the sleeve and walked up to the customers.

"Oh," said Malachy. "Something to show for it, huh? Welcome home, Matty!"

A SHORT SHORT STORY COMPLETE ON THIS PAGE

BOMBER'S MOON

BY MONA WILLIAMS

ILLUSTRATED BY EARL CORDREY

Scotty was gone, gone to England, and her love was gone, too—but the moon shone white and showed Lou the path back to her heart's desire

IN THE beginning of his absence, she couldn't have borne coming to this place; she had walked blocks out of her way to avoid passing it. And it had been the same with the little waffle bar where they used to have breakfast on Sunday mornings, and the church where they had been married, and Doctor Kent's office, where they had learned she wasn't going to have a baby after all.

That was the day she couldn't stop crying, although in her mind she had been relieved. But a mysterious spring of tears had gushed up from somewhere, and she had stumbled home blindly, clinging to Scotty's arm. He couldn't understand it.

"I can't encourage this," he kept saying, and patting her shoulder with his square, freckled hand. "This is absolutely and purely nuts. Crying about something that never *was*. If you've got to cry, Baby, cry for me. When I'm gone, at least you'll know what's missing. I hope."

But the day he left, she hadn't cried at all. Now it seemed like an omen.

There were so many places that meant Scotty and their life together, but in a way, this held more memories than any other. It was a ridiculous place, especially for a dignified city like Boston, with a tiny, crowded bar, and close-set tables, and the walls covered with pictures of swooning maidens and mustachioed lovers, plucking daisy petals. Not the kind of background you'd naturally associate with Scotty.

Yet here most of their courtship had taken place, when she lived in a girls' club around the corner, and they had nowhere else to go. They used to sit at that table by the wall, in comparative privacy, and drink red wine all evening. And the wandering violinist, who played Gypsy music, would come and yearn over their table, fiddling tenderly. Because, even with Scotty elaborately reading the menu, and pretending he didn't know what it was all about, anybody could see that they were in love.

Last week she had come here and sat at the very same table, but even that hadn't done any good. She couldn't fool herself any longer. The truth was—Scotty no longer really existed in her life. Scotty had become an idea—not much more real than the baby had been. Nothing had taken his place—there was only a vague emptiness, a hollow ache.

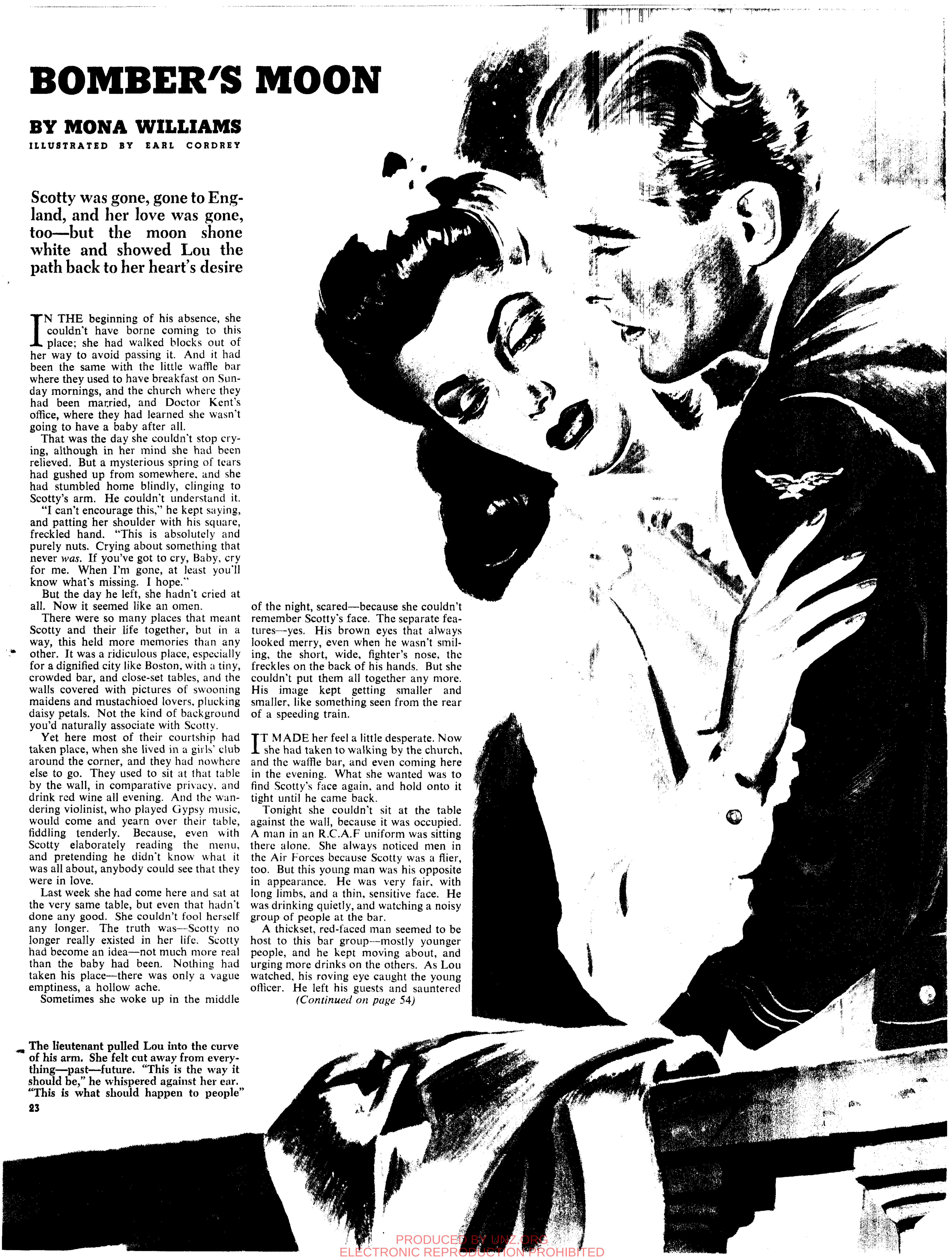
Sometimes she woke up in the middle of the night, scared—because she couldn't remember Scotty's face. The separate features—yes. His brown eyes that always looked merry, even when he wasn't smiling, the short, wide, fighter's nose, the freckles on the back of his hands. But she couldn't put them all together any more. His image kept getting smaller and smaller, like something seen from the rear of a speeding train.

IT MADE her feel a little desperate. Now she had taken to walking by the church, and the waffle bar, and even coming here in the evening. What she wanted was to find Scotty's face again, and hold onto it tight until he came back.

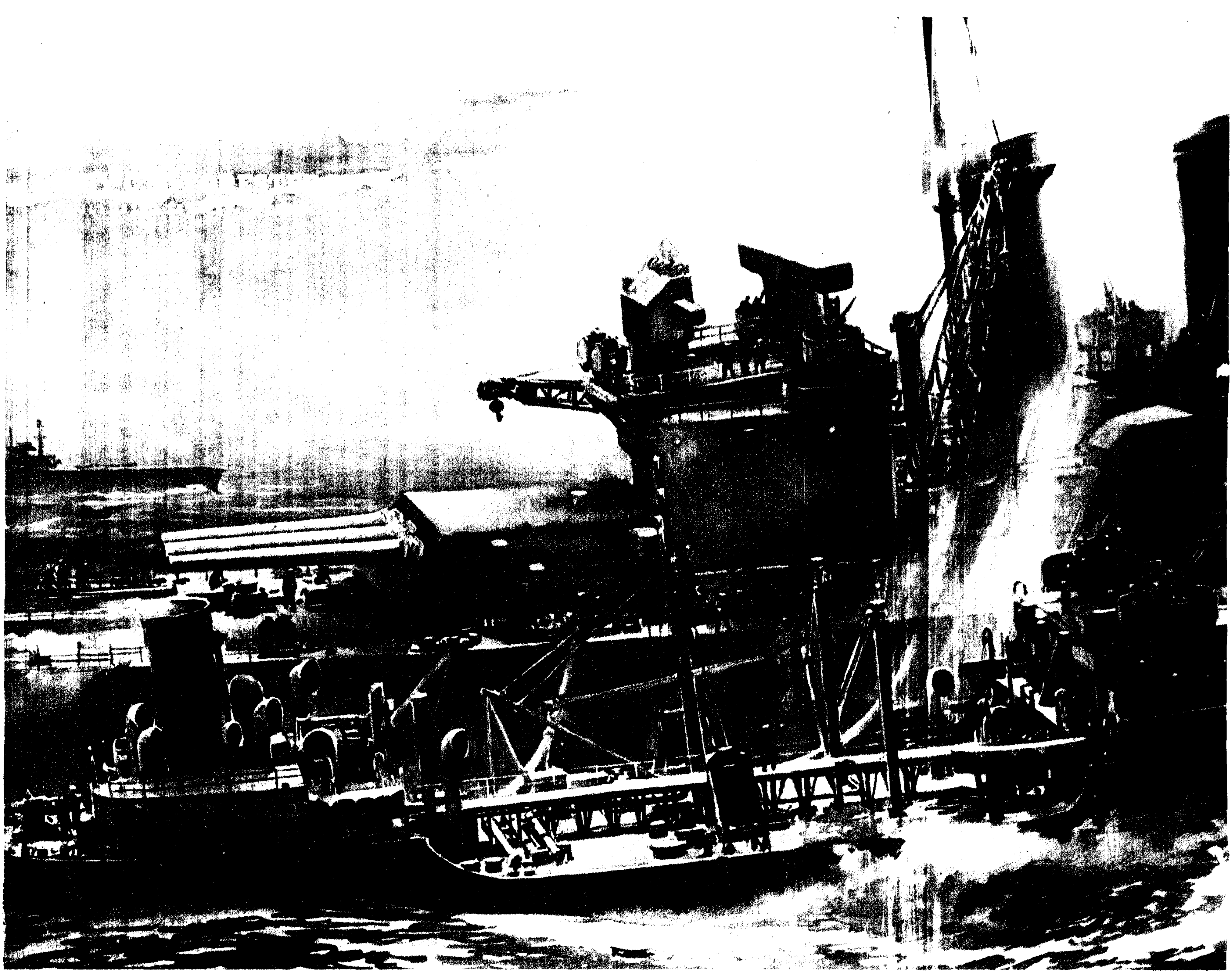
Tonight she couldn't sit at the table against the wall, because it was occupied. A man in an R.C.A.F uniform was sitting there alone. She always noticed men in the Air Forces because Scotty was a flier, too. But this young man was his opposite in appearance. He was very fair, with long limbs, and a thin, sensitive face. He was drinking quietly, and watching a noisy group of people at the bar.

A thickset, red-faced man seemed to be host to this bar group—mostly younger people, and he kept moving about, and urging more drinks on the others. As Lou watched, his roving eye caught the young officer. He left his guests and sauntered

(Continued on page 54)



The lieutenant pulled Lou into the curve of his arm. She felt cut away from everything—past—future. "This is the way it should be," he whispered against her ear. "This is what should happen to people"



Actually this story is fiction, but it lies so close to fact that it had to be shown to the Navy censor. Certain technical details were scissored out, but the essential story remains—and it is a record of dogged heroism, by one of our great writers of sea stories

NEITHER the Fleet oiler, at anchor in the bay, nor her warrant bosun, could be called good looking. Ships of war generally have a functional beauty, resulting from the wholehearted efforts of their designers to make them fighting vessels, and nothing other than fighting vessels, but this ship was only a self-propelled oil tank, and the guns she carried had the appearance of being stuck on as an afterthought—as indeed they were. Furthermore, she was disfigured by great cliffs of cargo on her cargo deck amidships, stacks and stacks of cardboard boxes, wooden boxes, steel boxes.

The curious eye which read the labels on those boxes would be mildly surprised to see what they contained: the candy bars which the American public were learning to do without; peanuts and canned fruit; evaporated vegetables; and along with these packages were others of deadly weapons, of clothing, of tools, seemingly higgledy-piggledy, but actually laid out on the deck in a definite scheme which had cost the supply officer a good deal of thought, and which had cost the crew much labor to execute.

The crew and the warrant bosun were at ease now, reaping the reward of a day of severe toil. A few were on watch, manning those guns and telephones which even in a protected anchorage are never left unmanned by day or night. A few were sleeping; but all the rest were gathered in the darkened mess hall.

Across the center of the hall hung a screen, and on this screen was being projected a motion picture; half the men had to see the picture back to front, because they had to look at it from the back of the screen, but nobody minded that very much. A motion picture was a luxury from any point of view.

The warrant bosun put a fresh stick of chewing gum into his mouth and prepared to enjoy himself. He was on the right side of the screen, he had an excellent day's work behind him, and in two minutes' time he would hear Bing Crosby sing. After that would come a whole night in bed and an easy day tomorrow. All was right with the world.

Yet while the warrant bosun was unwrapping that piece of gum, a light on shore suddenly trained itself upon the ship and began to wink and flash in a staccato Morse code.

A signalman upon the bridge recorded the message and slid down the ladder with it to the captain.

In the mess hall, an opened door let in a shaft of light which blotted out the motion picture, and a voice came bellowing in to drown Bing Crosby's: "Go to your stations, all special sea details."

Switches clicked, and light flooded the mess hall. Bing Crosby's song came to an inglorious end.

"Hell!" said the warrant bosun, getting to his feet along with everyone else.

The bosun's mate who had brought the message caught sight of him, blinking in the light.

"Cap'n says to prepare the ship for fueling at sea."

"Hell!" said the warrant bosun again. He pushed out through the mob in the alleyway into his cabin and switched on the light there. On the bulkhead at the foot of his bed were stuck a couple of pictures of nude women; on his desk stood a photograph of his wife. He reached for his sheepskin coat, struggled into it, plunged out of his cabin onto the cargo deck and made his way forward along the catwalk.

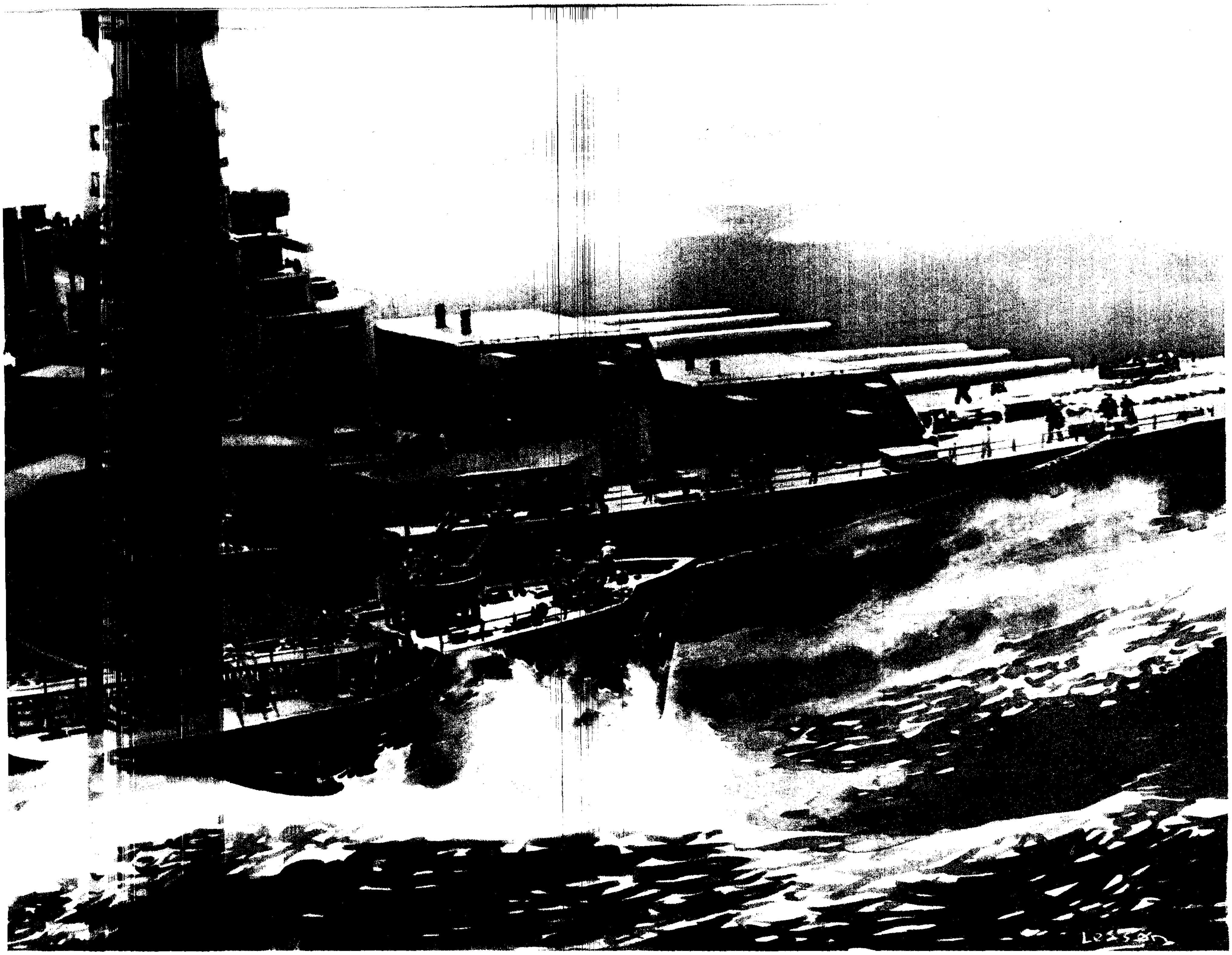
Darkness was closing in; the wind was cold, causing the warrant bosun to turn up the collar of his big sheepskin coat as he took his post on the exposed forecastle. The light was still flashing from the shore station, and while the anchor was actually being hove in, a motor whaleboat ran alongside, and an officer, the gold cord of the staff around his shoulder, handed a final packet of orders to the captain. Clearly, something out of the ordinary was in the wind, some important strategic move, but the warrant bosun did not care about that. Strategy was something for captains to worry about, and admirals, and the staff at Washington. His own affair, now that the anchor was in and the ship was heading out into the bay, was to prepare for fueling at sea.

There can be gunnery specialists and radio specialists, engineers and torpedomen, but they are newcomers to the sea, while the boatswain traces his descent straight back to Noah. Everything that makes a ship a ship is in his department; it is not his concern whether she is a fighting machine or not, but it is his business to make sure that she is efficient for sea. All ropework and cordage are in his province, all blocks and tackle, cables and anchors. Your skilled specialist rating may go all his life at sea without having to tie any knot except in his shoelaces, but the bosun has to be able to knot and splice, to be familiar with the foibles of Manila line, to know how to reeve a block, just as did his predecessor in the days of Paul Jones.

The warrant bosun took his station under the break of the forecastle while the pipes went squealing through the ship.

"Rig all fueling at sea gear. Rig all fueling at sea gear."

Men came scrambling through the darkness to take up their stations and, as they did so, the ship reached the open water outside the bay and made her first



Daylight was at hand. The ships wallowing along were becoming more and more visible—the massive beauty of the battleship and the grim ugliness of the Fleet oiler

plunge into the rollers that awaited her. Her tank deck was no more than six feet above the surface, with nothing more than a wire string along stanchions for additional protection. Dense spray came splashing through the darkness, and then, with a hiss and a roar, a wave top came slapping over the tank deck, surging across from one side to the other, drenching every man at his station. Even on the catwalk overhead, the spray was sufficiently dense to wet thoroughly any man taking the short walk from the midships superstructure to the forecastle. And that first wave top was only the precursor of an infinite number of others, leaping on board with monotonous regularity, sousing the men at work on the tank deck, and promising to go on sousing them with the same monotonous regularity for as long as they should stay there, eight hours or twenty-eight hours as their duty should dictate.

With the sublime impartiality of any natural force, the sea soused the warrant bosun as well as the men working under him, and the brisk breeze set up by the ship's progress through the night chilled him, too. In idle moments, he dug his hands deep into his side pockets and cursed fittingly with the same monotonous regularity as the waves came aboard and the wind blew.

But the idle moments were few, for there was an infinity of things to be done. Booms had to be rigged. Hose had to be coupled up. Seven men, working as a team, could just manhandle each length of hose into position so as to couple it to its fellows, stumbling along in the darkness over the valves and pipes which at irregular and irritating intervals interrupted the smooth expanse of the tank deck. Other teams, meanwhile, were getting out the lines from the forepeak—the five-inch Manila ropes which lay there, stowed and tagged under the bosun's supervision, ready for just this emergency, so that in the dark they could be got out and taken back to where they were needed, with the least confusion and delay.

It had to be in the dark; that was imperative. Not the smallest glimmer of light could be allowed to disclose the ship's position as she plunged through the night. Anywhere there might be submarines lying in ambush, awaiting just such an immensely profitable target as the Fleet oiler. At any moment, a torpedo might come hurtling against the side, to transform the ship into a pillar of flame. The warrant bosun's men must find their way about the deck, must lay their hands with certainty upon any item of their infinitely varied equipment, without the assistance even of a momentary flash from a pocket lamp.

In the dark, they had to reeve their tackle, tie their rolling hitches and their clove hitches, rig the booms, and, in the dark, the warrant bosun had to make his way around the deck, giving orders and assistance, feeling with his hands like a blind man to make sure that the work was properly done, correcting mistakes and correlating the efforts of the twenty different teams of men all laboring frantically together, whipped by the wind and soused by the sea.

The towline had to be got out and faked down on the deck ready for use as smoothly as any skein of yarn, for, if given the opportunity, it will kink and twist, so that in use it will jump off the niggerhead and take half a dozen lives and—possibly more important—delay the fueling of the Fleet.

In his twenty years at sea, the warrant bosun had seen all kinds of mishaps, and now in the darkness he was guarding against them all, as well as against all the unexpected and unforeseen possibilities that can arise with a sea running and a wind blowing and dead-weight masses of forty thousand tons maneuvering in close proximity. He had a willing lot of men working for him, and even the recruits among them had acquired plenty of experience during the hectic weeks of their service, but none of them had his own vast experience and enormous wisdom.

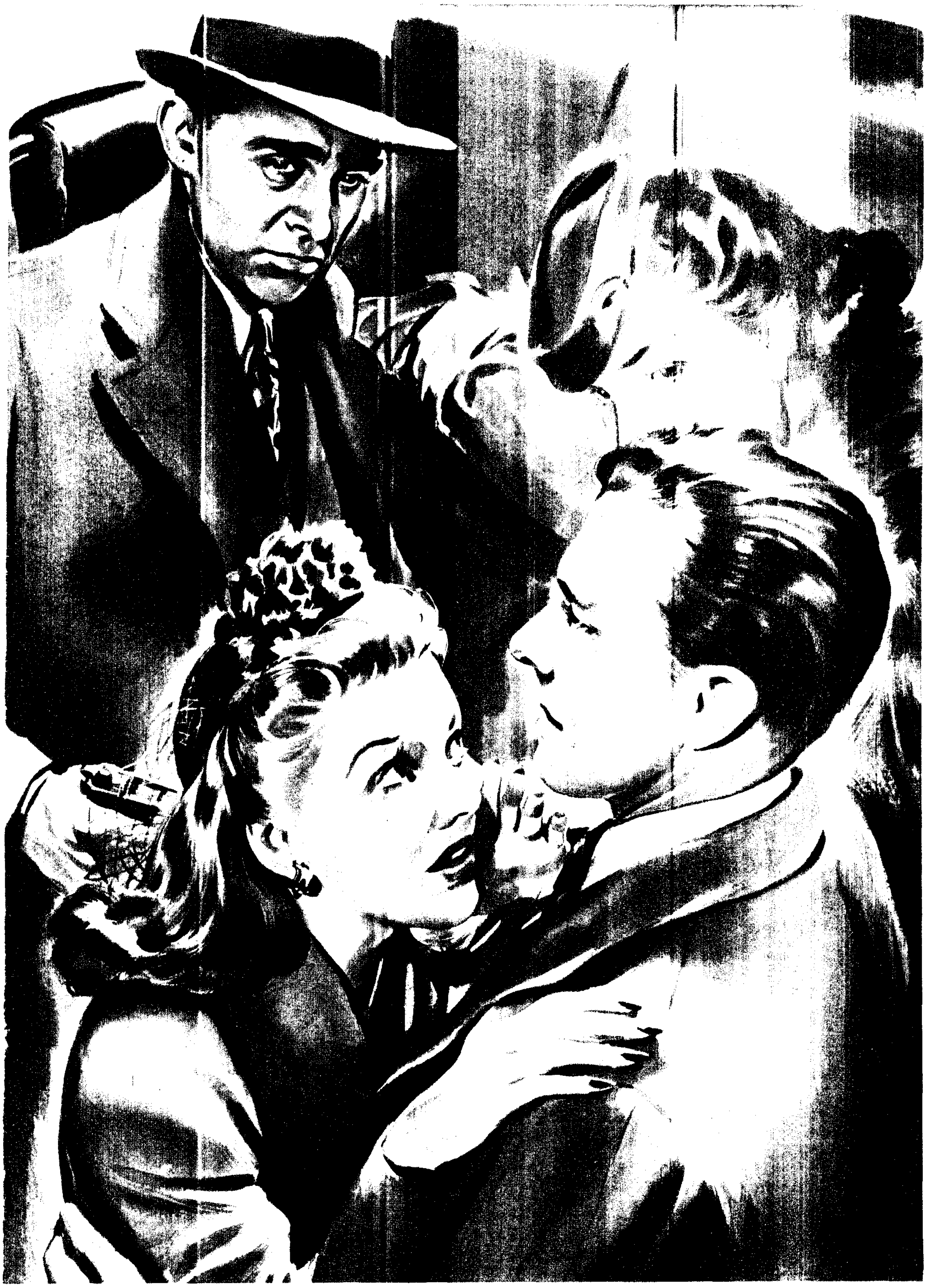
When it comes to ropes and tackle and heading off the forces of nature, there can be no short cut as good as twenty years of work at sea. It takes that long to learn to be able to tell by touch whether a boom is properly rigged so that it can be relied upon to bear the weight of a many-ton hose in a rough sea.

After hours of pitch-darkness and rough seas, the warrant bosun could confidently report to the first lieutenant that the ship was prepared. He peered at the face of his watch—for the first time since starting work—and he felt a flow of modest pride at what he had been able to do.

"Just as well," was all the first lieutenant said. "We're starting oiling now."

A tanker is only a tanker, but a Fleet oiler is something very different. It is the existence of the Fleet oiler which has changed the whole complexion of naval strategy. She has the equipment which enables her to supply the Fleet with fuel without it becoming necessary to return to a base. Speed and equipment are essential to the Fleet oiler, but it is equally essential that she should have the men to make use of them, whose skill makes possible the delicate operation of fueling a fleet at sea. A destroyer operating at high speed can consume the whole of her fuel in a few days. She would be helpless then without the aid of the Fleet oiler, and if the destroyer were absent, the battleship would be endangered. In the vast distances of the Pacific, it would be impossible to sweep the seas were it not for the

(Continued on page 49)



I got a nudge from Sandy. "Play for time, Jerry," she whispered. "But be ready to move. If Nick's attention is diverted maybe you can get to him"

ROMANCE IN THE FIRST DEGREE

BY OCTAVUS ROY COHEN

ILLUSTRATED BY ELMORE BROWN

The Story Thus Far:

BACK from Africa, where he had been wounded—and honorably discharged from the Army—Jerry Franklin gets a strange assignment in New York City. His former boss—Warren Cameron, a real-estate man—is worried about his son, Alan, and Alan's wife, Linda; something is worrying them, and they refuse to take anyone into their confidence. At Mr. Cameron's insistence, Jerry makes the Cameron apartment his home—and watches the young couple.

Alan's two sisters, Rita and "Sandy" live at the apartment. Rita had jilted Jerry, after he had enlisted in the Army. Sandy (with whom he presently realizes he is in love) likes him and cooperates with him, from the start. Thanks to her, he learns, one night, that Alan and Linda are to meet some mysterious person at the Palmtree Inn, on Long Island.

Losing no time, he motors to the inn. The place is deserted, but the door is open. He goes in—finds the body of a man on the floor. The man has been murdered, shot to death! As he bends over the corpse, someone knocks him out from behind. . . . He comes to in the apartment of a woman named Zora Sherman. The woman is there; also a killer known as Nick Alto. They question him, thinking he had killed the man—one John Mitchell. They tell him that Mitchell and Leo North (owner of the Palmtree Inn) had been cleaning up together in the black market. Mitchell, Jerry gathers, had been the woman's lover.

Jerry answers the questions—and is released. A short time later, someone sends Linda a bulky package. Believing it may be the key to the mystery, Jerry and Sandy, working behind Linda's back, examine the package; it contains a scrapbook filled with clippings about Holly Hamilton, a popular actress. On the outside of the package, they find these written words: "Return to John Mitchell."

The evidence against his friends is strong. But, hoping to help them, if he can, Jerry works frantically. He has a series of adventures, in the course of which: (1) Rex Cooper, an old pal who had volunteered to question Holly Hamilton for Jerry, is murdered; (2) he meets a man named Dave Larric, who is obviously a detective employed on the case; (3) he learns that Sandy and Holly Hamilton are meeting—have become friends; (4) Rita—Sandy's sister—becomes interested in him again; she makes bold advances; (5) almost everyone who is involved in the affair tries, at one time or another, to learn more about the scrapbook: it appears to be of tremendous importance to everyone; (6) Holly Hamilton is murdered in her apartment; she is shot to death, while Sandy is in an adjoining room. . . .

In a maze of conflicting evidence, Jerry and Sandy shadow Alan and his wife, find them in Albany—*being married again!* When the "newlyweds" (who, according to the official records, had been married two years ago, in New York City) return to Manhattan, the amateur sleuths interrogate them closely.

They do some skillful evading. But Jerry presses them hard about John Mitchell. After a time, Linda draws a long breath. Then she speaks. "John Mitchell," she says slowly, "*was my husband.*"

Conclusion

THERE was tension in that room. Lots of it. I could feel it the same way I felt it with my outfit one night in Tunisia before big stuff started popping.

I didn't want anybody to crack. Most of all, I didn't want it to be Linda. I said, "Look, let's figure this as a sort of dress rehearsal. You're telling me things that sooner or later you'll have to tell the police. You're getting things off your chest. How does that sound?"

Linda smiled. "That's a nice way of putting it, Jerry. But don't worry about me."

Now that I felt a trifle reassured about what might happen right there in the room, I let myself go in other directions. I kept running into signs that said Danger. Approached from any angle, the setup looked like bad medicine. I said, "This is better than I thought, but it's worse, too."

"How?" That was Alan talking.

"No matter how true it is that you and Linda had nothing to do with killing John Mitchell, what do you figure the cops will think?"

Alan said, "That's one of the reasons why we wouldn't say anything."

"What was the other reason?"

He said, simply, "The baby. When Linda married me, she thought she was a widow. That made the marriage legal. It also made the baby legitimate. But facts are facts, Jerry. She wasn't a widow. Her marriage to me wasn't legal. The baby was not legitimate."

I said, "Wow! That wouldn't sound good."

"Of course not. It would give us the best reason in the world for wanting to see Scott dead."

"Scott?"

"Scott Lomax. That was his real name. He adopted the name of John Mitchell after—well, you might say, after he died."

I said to Linda, "How long have you known that your husband was alive?"

"A little more than three months."

"That was when you and Alan began to act peculiarly?"

"Yes."

"How did you find out he wasn't dead?"

"I met him on the street one day by accident."

"How many times did you see him after that and before the night of his death?"

"Once. Alan was with me."

"Was he blackmailing you?"

"No."

"What about the money you and Alan raised? The cash?"

Alan said, "Let me explain that. When Scott died—or rather, when everybody thought he had died—the insurance company paid Linda twenty-five thousand dollars in cash on a life policy he had held. Believing him dead, she accepted it in good faith. She came to New York, got a job in Dad's office, and used some of that money to augment her salary. We both thought of that as soon as we learned that Scott—John Mitchell—was alive. We knew that if the insurance company found out he wasn't dead, there might be an accusation of fraud to go along with everything else."

"So you raised the cash?"

"The entire amount. We sent it in cash, by registered mail, to the insurance company. With it went an anonymous letter which we asked them to file for future reference. We explained that the money had been collected on a false presumption of death. We said that we had just discovered the mistake. We

(Continued on page 34)

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"Man, that's *fine* tobacco"

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LUCKY STRIKE

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MURDER, INC.

By J. D. Ratcliff

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY ALBERT FENN-PIX

It was a tougher grind than basic training, but fifty-two volunteers at Camp Lee stuck it out through the most rigidly controlled diet experiment in history. As a result, the Army knows what food the soldier requires

At every meal portions were measured out to a hundredth of a pound. Even plate scrapings were weighed

Soldiers burned energy furiously, over tough obstacle courses, to determine energy value of foods

THE soldiers call it Murder, Inc. This is the ration experiment the Army has been running at Camp Lee, Virginia. The soldier subjects don't have pin-up girls in their tents. They have pictures of steaks and chops. Instead of dreaming of Jennie, the curvy little number who serves beer at the juke joint down the road, they dream of peach shortcake, candy bars, and other concomitants of the good life.

The reason for this odd behavior will be clear presently. First, we had better fill in a few background facts, so you won't think the Army is being tough without reason.

Everyone agrees that soldiers march on their stomachs, but no one has been very clear about what happened to food once it passed down soldier gullets. If food was plentiful enough to satisfy chow hounds and tasty enough to appease the more discriminating, everything was all right.

A number of years ago, beriberi (caused by lack of vitamin B_1) laid out a large part of the Japanese navy. Scurvy and other deficiency diseases have always been a problem with troops. Slight vitamin deficiencies—not serious enough to put a man in the hospital—can cause vague discomfort and cut efficiency.

There has been one big obstacle in the way of getting an accurate picture of the food requirements of a large group of human beings: A man wouldn't hold still long enough for doctors to arrive at any very detailed conclusions.

Any nutrition expert can consult handbooks and provide a mass of facts about the nutrition of cows, horses, goats or guinea pigs. But man has been another question—a hit-or-miss creature who ate what he pleased and went to his physician when he got mental or physical lumps.

Assessing the Military Menu

This posed a problem for the Army. Men on Guadalcanal can't go by a fruit store and get a sack of pears when they are hungry for fruit, and men on Attu can't stop at Joe's Quick Lunch for pork chops and home-fries when they get a yearning. They eat what the Army sends them, and the Army has the responsibility for seeing that this diet provides adequate quantities of vitamins and minerals; and that it supplies all energy requirements. In cold fact, the Army wanted exact information on hand, to be sure that soldiers were being properly supplied.

This was the beginning of the diet experiment at Camp Lee—the most exact, severe and rigidly controlled diet experiment ever tried on men.

The idea for the test belongs to the Surgeon General's Office and the Office of the Quartermaster General. The Quartermaster Board conducted the test. This board tests much Army equipment. It runs trucks until they fall apart; subjects raincoats to artificial rainstorms; tests shoes on soldiers who slog monotonously over a mud, gravel and sand track. Since the board tested everything which went on the outside of a soldier, it seemed logical that it should test the food that went on the inside.

The Army particularly wanted facts about the expeditionary B ration. This ration consists of dried, dehydrated and canned foods. It contains no fresh foods, and no foods that require refrigeration. Wherever possible, the Quartermaster Corps supplements this diet with fresh foods bought on the scene. But the Germans stripped Africa clean, and the only foods available on most of the Pacific islands were those brought by Army transports. Hence, most of our overseas troops subsist to a great extent on the B ration.

This is the principal ration our Army fights on; and there were a number of *(Continued on page 46)*

MORE HOURS FOR FIGHTING

In pre-Pearl Harbor days, 180 hours of service in the air was the most expected of a fighter aircraft engine between major overhauls.

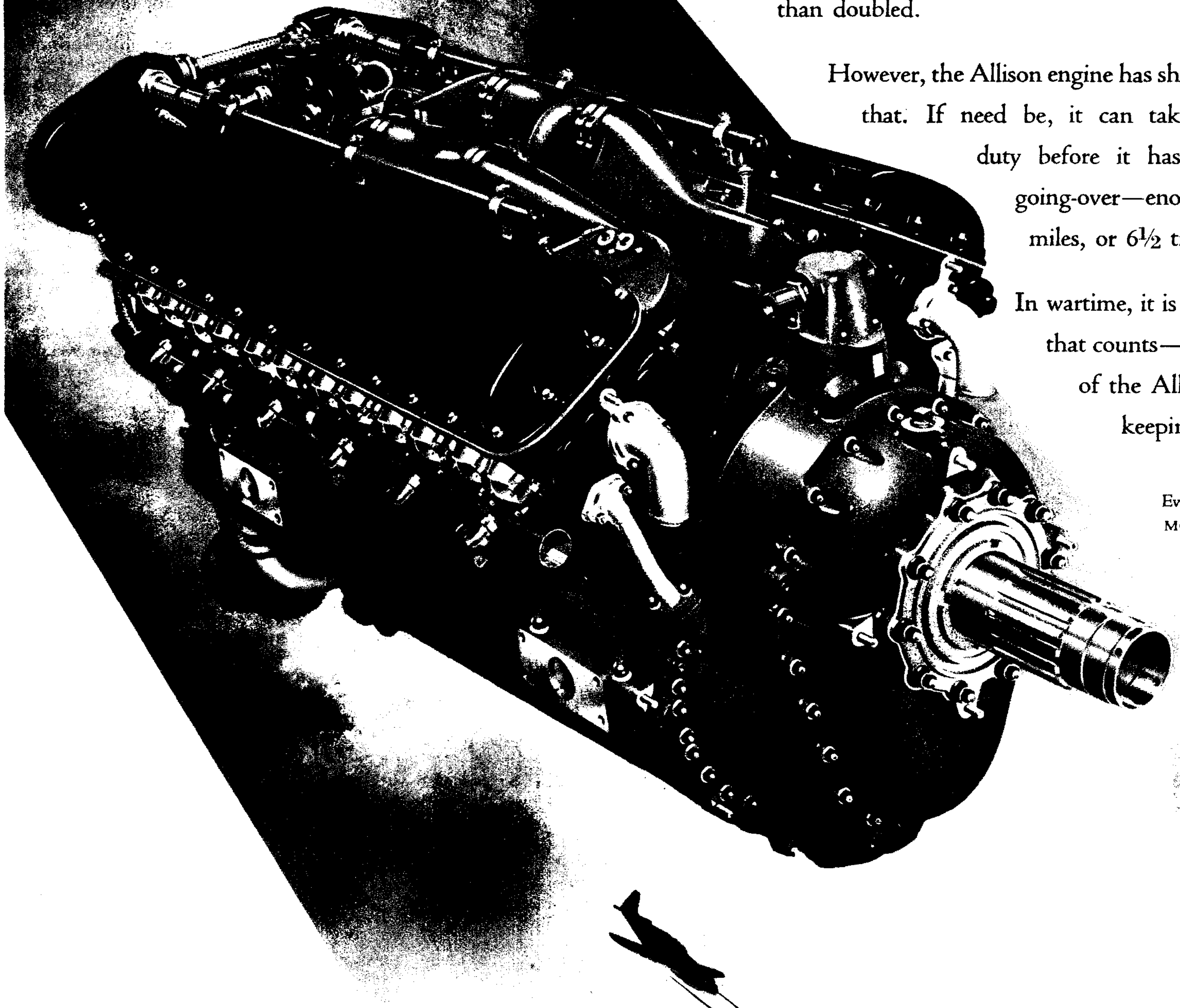
It's different now—the official time between overhauls has been more than doubled.

However, the Allison engine has shown it can go even beyond that. If need be, it can take 500 hours of combat duty before it has to pause for thorough going-over—enough hours to travel 162,500 miles, or 6½ times around the globe!

In wartime, it is such availability for battle that counts—and we are frankly proud of the Allison's proved capacity for keeping its battle-fitness.

★

Every Sunday Afternoon — GENERAL MOTORS SYMPHONY OF THE AIR — NBC Network



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DIVISION OF GENERAL MOTORS

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BUY WAR BONDS

KENNETH W. THOMPSON

YOUR LIFE TOMORROW

BY DAVID O. WOODBURY

New Ears for Your Doctor

A hitherto unknown world of tiny body sounds will greet the physician's ears tomorrow when he presses to his patient's chest a new type of stethoscope invented by radio engineers. Noises that the old-style instrument cannot pick up at all will be audible in every detail, from the lowest-pitched murmur of an abnormal heart to the faint, high squeak of the air in afflicted lungs. With this new tool, swift, sure diagnoses can be made as soon as doctors can be trained to understand the new body language.

The "acoustic stethoscope" will have sound passages scientifically "matched" to exclude room noises and the rustle of the patient's clothing. It will amplify sounds of all frequencies from 40 to 4,000 cycles per second, a range believed to include every noise the body makes. By turning a knob on a filter chamber, the doctor can tune in any special group of sounds he wishes to study, cutting out all the rest.

The old-fashioned stethoscope cannot be tuned and is totally deaf to frequencies below 200 and above 1,500.

G-Man for Metals

Special rods of iron, burned in the electric arc to give the characteristic spectrum of colored bands, are acting as invaluable detectives in wartime metals industries today. Without them, vital alloys for planes and guns, produced at top speed, could not be guaranteed to stand the strain of battle. Using the spectrographic camera, chemists flash the spectrum of the alloy under test upon photographic film, then record the iron spectrum beside it for comparison. Success depends upon the absolute accuracy of position of the two spectra, to a few millionths of an inch. This can only be achieved by recording a "live" iron spectrum in every test.

Pure iron is the most useful "measuring rod" because its spectrum has so many colored lines. But it is difficult to supply all Allied nations. Tomorrow, however, it will be made in large quantities, to control all critical engineering metals. Especially will iron-spectrum analysis be used on essential airplane metals like duralumin and the magnesium alloys, whose strength is ruined by impurities or slight departures from correct formulas. And the millions of consumer products made by die-casting will be speeded by the use of this new yardstick.

Cumbersome "wet chemical" analyses, which took chemists hours or days to perform, will be discarded completely in favor of the iron detective that will solve metal problems in a few minutes.

Telephones for Impaired Hearing

A new type of desk telephone will be available after the war for subscribers whose poor hearing prevents them from using the standard instrument. The new phone will look exactly like the ordinary kind and can be used by normal persons as well.

A tiny vacuum-tube amplifier, contained in the base of the instrument, can be adjusted for any desired gain in volume that the user requires, simply by turning one of the plungers upon which the handset rests. In the "off" position of this plunger, the telephone will operate without amplification.

It is estimated that about 90 per cent of America's deaf will be able to hear telephone conversations with this new device.

Record Changing Will Go

Phonograph recordings of tomorrow won't have to be changed every three minutes or so during the playing of a full-length composition. You will simply start your machine and then listen to a whole symphony uninterrupted. In fact, you can sit down to an entire evening's entertainment without leaving your chair.

The well-known magnetic recording on steel wire holds one promise of long-playing sound tracks. This method is in use now on our many battle fronts to catch the sounds of battle, especially in the air.

But a more promising invention, still in its early stages, uses a strip of ordinary cellulose-acetate film ten inches wide, upon which the sound track is cut from side to side in a series of arcs so close together that a film strip fifteen inches long will play for one hour. A 400-foot roll, which would occupy about the same space as a tomato-juice can, would be able to play continuously for nearly two weeks.

This remarkable new method of recording already has important military uses which are secret. A method has been found to cut duplicates in large quantities at reasonable expense; in combination with a special pickup machine, such records are exciting much interest among musicians also.

Another field, even more promising, is foreseen in making continuous recordings in offices, convention halls, newspaper editorial departments, courts, railroad dispatchers' offices—almost anywhere that a permanent sound record is desired. It has even been suggested that this "everlasting" recording device will save much stenographic expense in Congress by "canning" a whole session on one film. ★★★

A is for Annabelle

Continued from page 20

"No, I couldn't," Duster denied. "Come on. Let's look at this problem child."

They started up the steep steps.

"I work in an aircraft factory," Content stated.

"How fascinating," Duster said.

"I used to be a schoolteacher."

"You still look like one."

"Well, of course. . . . Just what do you mean by that?"

"I haven't time now to explain the facts of life to you."

The stairs curved coyly around and ended in front of a door numbered 2423B, which was the twin of the one below. Content produced a key and unlocked it. They went into a living room which was also related to 2423A, but distantly. This one was neither musty nor dusty.

"She's gone!" Content wailed.

"Not completely," Duster said, pointing.

A sturdy, dust-covered black shoe and a bit of crumpled sock and six inches of skinny leg with a scratch on it protruded from behind the end of the sofa.

"Annabelle, honey!" Content said soothingly. "It's all right. I've come back again, and I've brought someone to help you. It's one of Uncle Sam's soldier boys. One of the brave men who are fighting—"

"Don't drool, please," Duster requested. "You, Scrawny. Come out of that foxhole."

A ROUND head covered with mousy brown hair braided into pigtails poked up slowly and cautiously into sight. The eyes were round and blue, and the face had freckles as big as dimes on it, and there were three strategically located front teeth missing. All in all it added up to a child of the female persuasion who could have been anything from an elongated eight to a hammered-down twelve.

"This is little Annabelle Perkins," Content said. "She's lost, and she's awfully frightened, but we're going to help her, and we're going to see that she gets back to her daddy and mummy, and we'll—"

"A little lighter on that 'we,' please," Duster said. "What's the difficulty, Scrawny?"

Content turned on him. "You stop talking to her in that nasty snarling way, and you stop calling her that name! You'll frighten her!"

"Are you scared of me, Scrawny?" Duster asked.

"No," said Annabelle. "I think you're kinda funny."

"Oh, you do? Well, suppose you lay off the compliments and paint me a short word picture of your predicament. In other words, give out. Beat the gums."

"They—they stole me."

"Kidnaping!" Content gasped.

"No comments from the gallery, please," Duster said. "I'm conducting this investigation. Who stole you?"

"U-uncle Carl and those others that came and got me from Miss Simms' school." When she was excited Annabelle hithed her ethuth thlightly. "They did, too."

"That was unconventional of Uncle Carl," Duster said. "Did he have any particular reason for cutting this caper?"

"Yes. He was going to keep me until my daddy paid him ten thousand dollars."

"A nice round sum," Duster admitted. "He intended to buy War Bonds with it, I trust?"

"No! He wants it to get out of the country. If he doesn't get out of the country the G-men will catch him. He's bad and mean, too. He—robs—banks. Yes."

"Oh," Content breathed.

"Does Uncle Carl run around under the name of Perkins?" Duster asked.

"Oh, no. My daddy took a new name on account of him. Will you promise not to tell if I tell you who he really is? Uncle Carl, I mean?"

"Sure," Duster said. "Why not? Who is Uncle Carl?"

"Carl Gleason."

"Oh!" Content gasped. "Why, he's a murderer and a gunman! He's the last of the public enemies. Is he your uncle, Annabelle?"

Annabelle nodded slowly, her mouth pinched up in the middle and drooping at the edges. "Yes, and he's always been after Daddy, and Daddy hates him. We were in Missouri, and we came away here, and we changed our name so he couldn't find us. But he did. And now Daddy has a nice position in the Green Street branch of the First N-national Bank, and if they find out he's Uncle Carl's brother, they'll fire him!"

"Oh, my dear," said Content.

"And I got away from him when the car stopped, and I hit him right in the face, and I ran and ran. And now I'm scared he'll find me again!"

"We've got to call the police at once," Content said firmly to Duster.

"No-o-o!" Annabelle wailed. "You promised, you promised, you did! They'll find out about my daddy and write things in the papers, and he'll get fired, and we'll have to go away and leave our house! No-o-o!"

"Then we'll call the G-men," Content suggested.

"No-o-o! You promised!"

"Less of that noise," said Duster. "What do you want us to do?"

"Let me hide here, please. Then if Uncle Carl comes, you can tell him you just never saw me and don't know me."

"We can't use that one," Duster told her.

"But your parents, my dear," Content said. "Your daddy and mummy. They must be frantic—worrying about you. We must call them up immediately and tell them you're safe."

ANNABELLE shook her head slowly. "We haven't any telephone. Daddy took it out because Uncle Carl was always calling up and saying nasty things to Mummy and me when Daddy was gone."

Content said, "Well, why don't *you* suggest something instead of standing there with that ugly scowl on your ugly face like a big nincompoop?"

"I was waiting for you to stop talking long enough for me to give one of my customarily brilliant solutions. We will take her home."

"No-o-o!" said Annabelle frantically. "Uncle Carl or one of his friends will be waiting. They'll shoot at you!"

"I don't mind," Duster said. "Lots of people have shot at me. I'll call a taxi."

"We can use my car," Content said. "I have a B card, but this isn't a pleasure trip, is it?"

"Far from it," Duster agreed. . . .

The street was narrow and crooked, and had the city planners tried something like it in one of the more sensible sections of the urban area they would probably have gotten their heads beaten off, but out here it was considered strictly old world and quaint no end.

"There!" Annabelle squealed. "Right there!"

It was a low comfortable-looking white house, quiet and peaceful and secluded under the dark arch of the trees that framed it.

"Don't stop in front!" Annabelle said. "Uncle Carl or his friends might be watching. Drive up a little ways."

The dingy coupé puttered to a stop in the deep gloom under a big oak tree, and they got out.

"I don't see anyone," Content said.

"There's no light on in the house," Duster added.

"Oh, I know," said Annabelle. "Mummy and Daddy are out looking for me. They'd know it was Uncle Carl, even if he didn't tell them, which he probably did, too. They're scared, I bet. They'd look all the places where Uncle Carl hangs around. Funny places. They'll come back soon."

"Have you got a key?" Duster asked.

"No, but there's one hidden on the back porch. No! Don't go that way. We'll sneak through these other yards and come in by the back."

Single file, with Annabelle leading and Content following and Duster bringing up at the rear, they moved in along a crunchy driveway and through a back yard where Duster nearly hung himself on a clothesline and through another where Content bruised her toe on an ash can and through a hedge that did neither of them any good and approached the comfortable white house from the back.

Annabelle went confidently up the steps and into the glassed-in porch. Her voice came back, sounding lost and scared in the darkness.

"The key isn't here."

Content said, "Isn't there any other way?"

"Yes," said Annabelle, confident again. "You can break the window in the back door. Daddy did that once when he lost his keys."

"Your daddy owns the dump," Duster said. "He might feel differently about strangers breaking his windows."

"Oh, don't be so stupid and contrary!" Content snapped. "This is an emergency. Break in that window. Here's a broom. Use the handle."

Duster poked the broom handle through the panel in the door with a protesting clash and clatter of breaking glass. He reached carefully through the resulting gap, found the key in the lock on the inside, and turned it. He pushed the door open.

"Wait until I find the switch—"

"It's over here," a voice said out of the darkness.

There was a click, and light bloomed dazzlingly. A policeman was standing in the kitchen doorway. He was a big policeman, and he was holding a big revolver.

"What are you doing here?" Content blurted.

"What a coincidence," said the policeman. "I was just about to ask you that."

"We brought this little girl . . ."

"I noticed," said the policeman. "Breaking her in sort of early, aren't you?" He shook his head slowly. "It must be the manpower shortage. We're certainly getting a low class of burglars lately. We spotted you six blocks from here and followed right along. In case you're interested, my partner is out in the back yard behind you."

Content turned on Duster. "Well, *say* something! Don't just stand there with your mouth open!"

Duster cleared his throat. "If you will give us a little time, I'm sure—"

"You'll have lots of time," said the policeman, "at the station."

IT WAS a very barren, uncomfortable sort of room lined with pictures of depressed-looking gentlemen with numbers on their chests.

"You two sit over there and keep quiet," said the policeman, pointing to a shiny bench. "Little girl, you come along. The captain will want to speak to you."

Content and Duster sat and waited. There were four policemen in the room. They watched Content and Duster with the casual interest of scientists studying microbes that aren't particularly virulent but not house-broken, either.

The first policeman came back, looking much grimmer. "All right, you two."

Content and Duster followed him into a small and cluttered office full of a desk and a squat, solid-looking police captain who peered fiercely over a pair of warped horn-rimmed glasses.

"Well? What have you got to say for yourselves?"

Content said, "This is intolerable! We were bringing this little kidnaped girl—"

The captain pounced. "So you admit it!"

"What?" said Content blankly.

"You kidnaped her."

Content looked at Annabelle, sitting primly on a chair beside the desk, and then at the captain. "Did she say *we* . . ."

"Yes."

Content drew in her breath. "Why, you nasty little . . . Why, I'll slap your—"

"Quiet please," said Duster.

"I *won't* be quiet! Did you hear— Do you understand that *she* says *we*—"

"Sit down and shut up."

THE WOMAN IN THE PICTURE

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BEGINNING NEXT WEEK

Content lowered herself into a chair, making little seething noises.

"Now," said Duster, seating himself comfortably in another chair. "Let us have the sordid details. What were we doing in that house with this charming junior miss?"

"You knew nobody was living there now, and you were going to hide her in the cellar until you collected the ransom from her parents."

"Why—why—why—" Content spluttered.

"Less noise," said Duster. "Who are her parents, if I may be so tedious as to ask?"

"You know who they are, all right. Doctor and Mrs. Xavier Hennepin of Washington, D. C."

"Prominent people, no doubt?"

"And how!" the captain agreed. "He's a big shot specialist in mental diseases—has lots of patients in Congress. You're going to be mighty, mighty sorry you dreamed up this scheme, you two."

Another policeman put his head in the door. "Captain," he said in a worried voice, "I got hold of this Doctor Xavier Hennepin, and he says he's got two daughters, but one of them is twenty-three and the other is twenty-six, and they're both married. There ain't no young sprouts in his family."

Duster nodded amiably at Annabelle. "Give it another spin, Scrawny."

Annabelle gulped hard and squeezed out two great big fat tears. "He just wo-won't ack-acknowledge me because he isn't muh-married to my muh-mother and the scandal would ru-ruin his puh-practice, too!"

"Oh, that horrible man!" Content gasped.

"Tut-tut," Duster warned. "Remember Uncle Carl Gleason. Scrawny, that was a nice goal-line stand, but your signals have been stolen."

"Signals?" said the captain. "What signals?"

"Figures of speech," Duster answered. "Scrawny, you've got such an overdose of parents that I'm beginning to have an idea about you. I wonder where the nearest orphanage is?"

"Whumpf!" said the captain suddenly and loudly. "Why, I got a want note on a kid that crushed out of Miss Simms' school—"

"Ah," said Duster. "I'm surprised at you, Scrawny. You slipped and told the truth just once. What is this Miss Simms school?"

"Why, it's an orphan asylum," said the captain, "only not like ordinary. It ain't no charity deal. It's a very high-class joint for rich kids whose parents left them with plenty of scratch. It's sort of a finishing-boarding school with ritzy variations."

"YOU dirty old rat," said Annabelle to Duster. "You dirty old stool pigeon."

"You got me, kid," Duster agreed. "What's the matter with Miss Simms and her salt-mine seminary?"

"It's a perfectly wonderful school!" Content exclaimed. "It *is!*"

"Ahh," said Annabelle. "It's all full of French and meaw-meaw, and everybody's polite, and you can't even holler if you don't apologize, too. And life isn't like that, either! Because I know!"

"How do you know?" Duster asked.

"I can read, I guess!"

"I guess so, too. But what?"

"Magazines," said Annabelle. "In the cellar where the janitor hides them. And they're all full of murders and crimes, and they're true, too. With pictures."

"I see," said Duster. "You just picked out some names and a good plot and sort of adapted them. Or maybe adopted is what I mean. I suppose poor old Doc Hennepin testified as an alienist at some ax murder. You picked out that house you enticed me into breaking and entering because it appealed to your sense of the drama or whatever. And now guess what?"

"You're gonna squeal," Annabelle snarled. "You're gonna turn me in."

"Right."

"You'll be sorry," said Annabelle. "You just wait, too."

"Threats never deter me from doing my duty," Duster told her, "but I'm going to have to stick around this dump for the next six months teaching cadets how to break their necks with a minimum of wear and tear, and I'll drop over on my off days, and we'll do some sight-seeing."

Annabelle curled her lip. "Where? At the Aquarium?"

Duster shook his head. "I can't go for that. We'll take in a few beer halls and dime-a-dance dives and burlesque shows and pick up a buck or two in a stuss game."

"Would you, would you, would you?" Annabelle shouted. "And you're not lying, either, are you?"

"Well!" said Content. "I assume this is another example of your nauseating sense of humor, but I don't doubt in the slightest that if the impulse seized you, you actually would expose this impressionable child to the sort of hideous influences—"

"Do you want to tag along with us?" Duster asked.

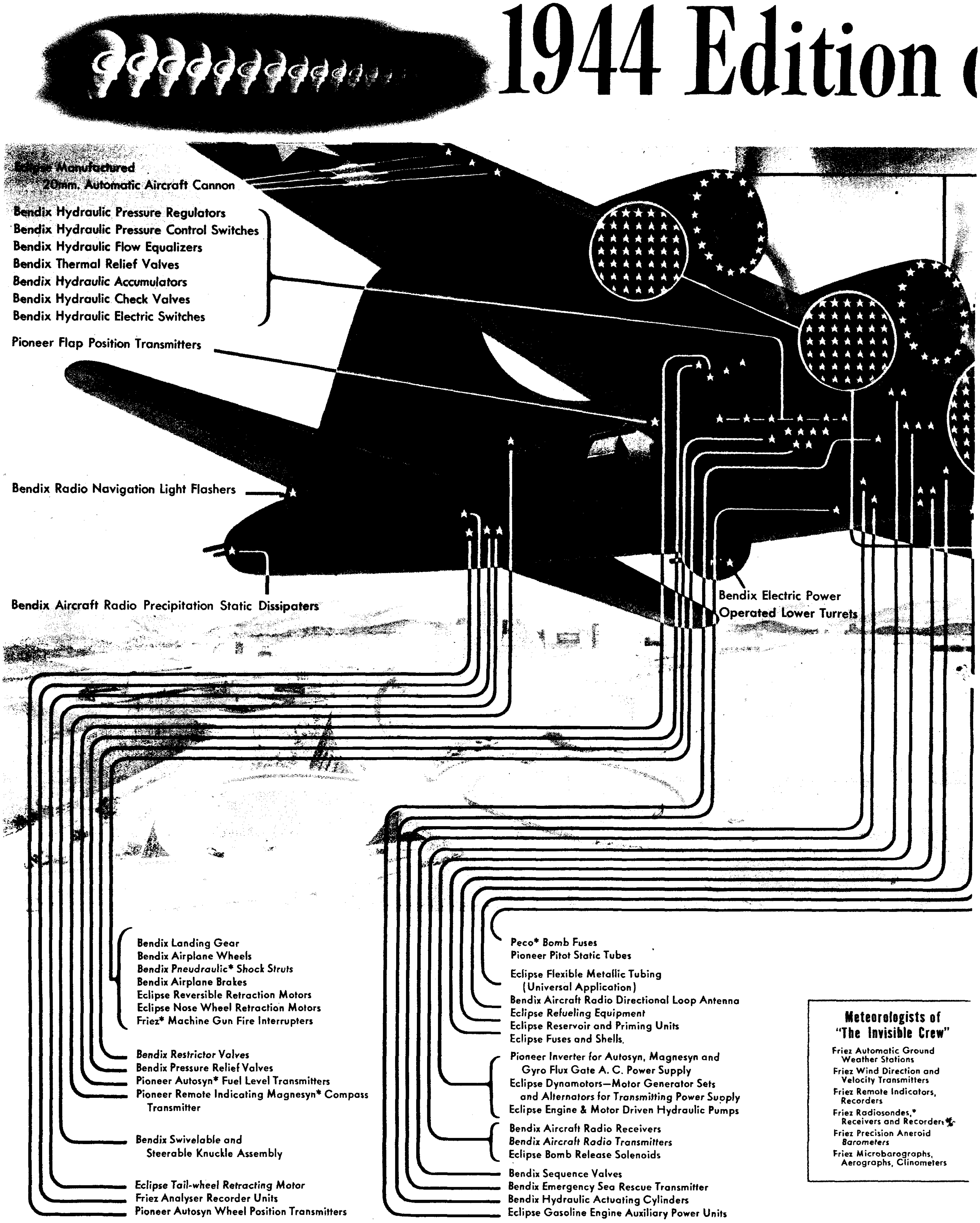
"What?" said Content.

"You heard me. Just answer yes or no."

"Yes," said Content.

THE END

1944 Edition



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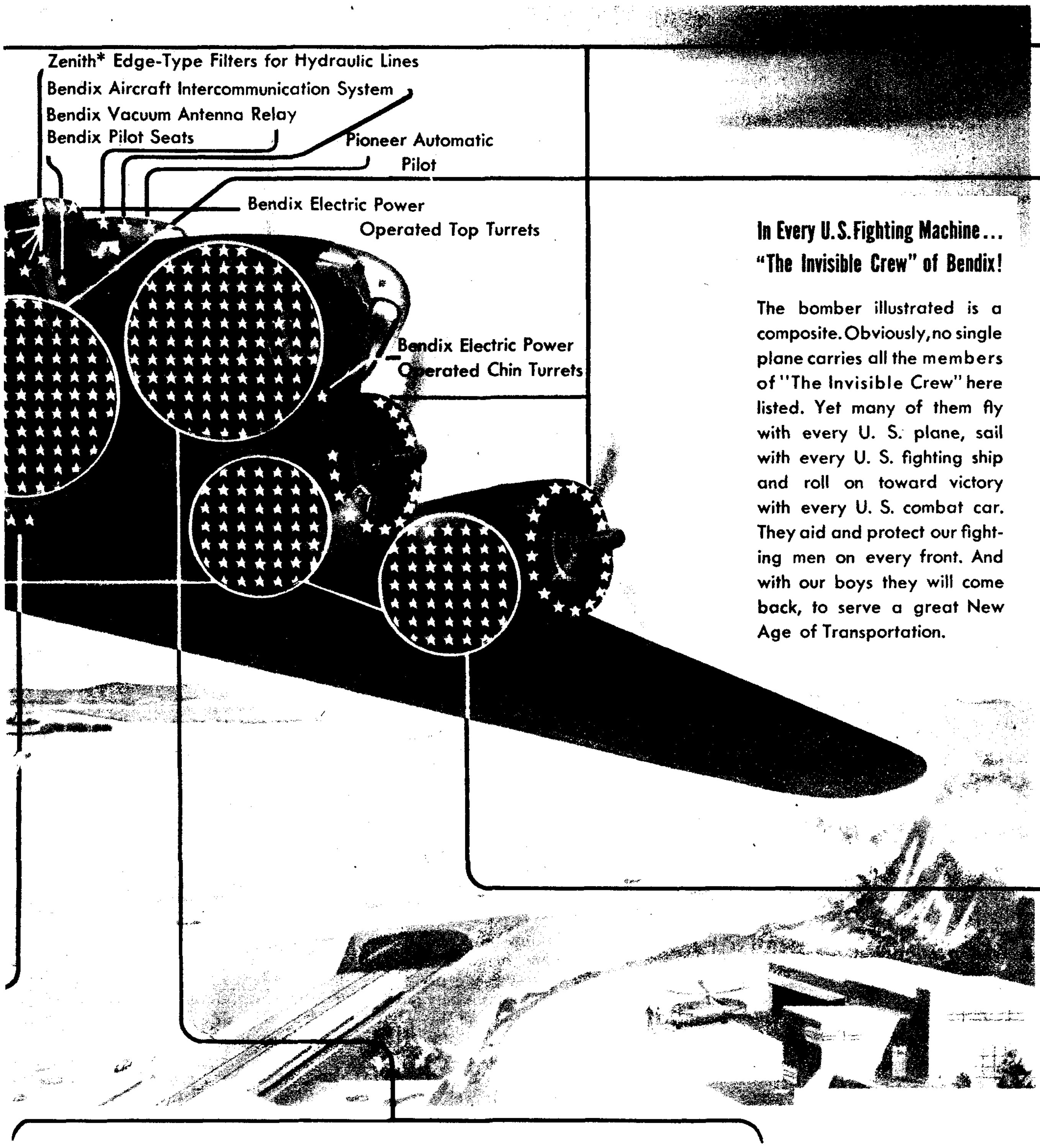
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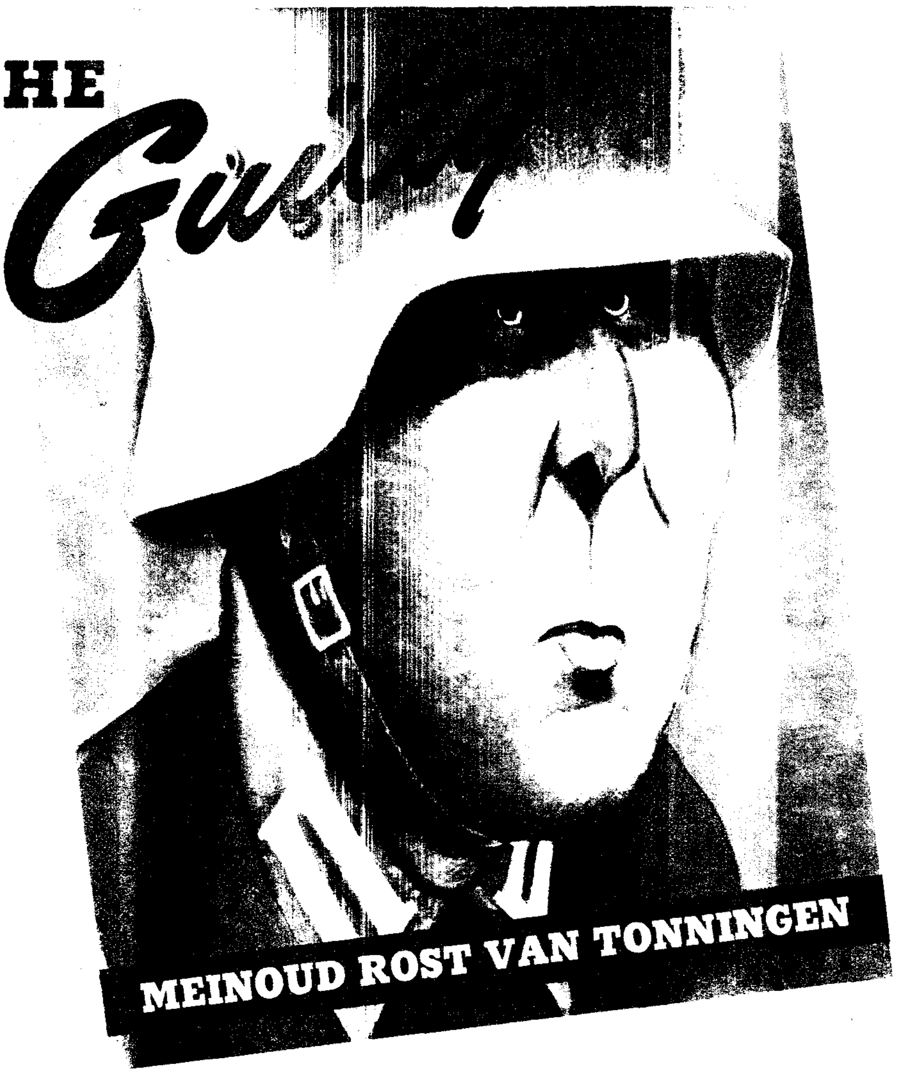
THE TRANSPORTS OF TOMORROW

THE Gang



MEINOUD ROST VAN TONNINGEN

XXII

THERE was no guesswork about the Nazi invasion of Holland. Traitors gave the Germans full information us to the defense preparations of the Dutch, telling them where to cross the border and directing the bombers that rained destruction from the skies. Foremost of the Judases was Meinoud Rost van Tonningen, banker, editor and member of the senate, and while anguished men and women searched in ruined homes for their dead, this shameless wretch bounded forward to claim his reward.

Anton Mussert, his partner in treachery, demanded the post of Fuehrer, that he might strut and kill, but Rost van Tonningen asked to be made Secretary General of Finance and president of the Netherlands Bank, two positions that put every Dutch throat in the clutch of his cruel fingers. Mussert, that malignant dwarf, may murder and terrorize, but the vulpine banker, through his control of all credit institutions, crushes his people through the subtler methods of impoverishment and transplantation. He has confiscated savings, robbing the aged of the guilders put by for their declining years, and he has taken the young from field and factory, sending them to the Ukraine as slave labor for the Reich.

At first, Rost van Tonningen tried persuasive hypocrisies, proclaiming the superior value of Nazi securities, but when the stubborn Dutch refused to turn their good guilders into German marks, he took off the velvet glove. Owners of stocks were ordered either to sell their holdings at forced sale or to turn them over to the Netherlands Bank. In both cases, of course, the prices paid were a fraction of the real worth, and even then, the proceeds were kept under the control of the bank. This process of plain, bold theft well under way, the Weaving Spider now turned attention to an even more devilish plan for Nazifying his motherland.

Through the formation of a Netherlands East Company, he set about the colonization of conquered areas in Russia by "Dutch settlers"—not only workers but, in his own words, "traders, large and small firms, peasants and villagers, including teachers and pastors," all to be taken out of Holland and "moved bodily" to the Ukraine, Lithuania, Latvia and White Ruthenia. A vast transfer of industry, agriculture and manpower, a monstrous policy of expropriation and slavery.

Small wonder that Hitler turned away from bungling, bloodthirsty little Mussert, and favored Rost van Tonningen as Holland's Number One Quisling. Not only would the transplantation of a large part of the population lessen the dangers of sabotage and revolt, but the sweating labor of Dutch merchants, craftsmen, farmers and artisans would permit full development of the rich black earth region taken from Russia.

It is this atrocious program that is being carried out today under the personal direction of the vulpine Secretary General of Finance. Industrialists with their plants, pastors and teachers with their congregations and pupils, farmers and workers with their families, physicians, engineers, mechanics—all are uprooted by brute force, herded into caravans by Storm Troopers, and driven off to drudge for foreign masters in a foreign land. Nor is this all. To the vacant farms, homes, plants and stores, Rost van Tonningen is bringing "colonists" from the Reich, good Nazis who can be counted on to make Holland a safe place for traitors and a pillar in the New Order.

What the traitor did not count upon, however, was the courage and fortitude of his people. Himself the epitome of baseness, he could not imagine an indomitability of spirit that would choose death rather than slavery. Not impoverishment, not concentration camps, not firing squads, not transplantation, have been able to beat the Dutch into submission, and each new day has seen an increase in resistance to Nazi rule. One by one, the *Quislings* have been killed off, regardless of reprisals, until Anton Mussert and Rost van Tonningen are the only high-ranking Judases left alive. The dwarf never moves without an army of guards, and the cowardly banker, even more cautious, rarely appears in public, and then he is hidden from sight by an escort of armored cars and lorries bristling with machine guns. But the Dutch are patient, strong in the faith that sooner or later will come *Bijltjes Dag*—the Day of the Little Hatchets. G. C.

CARICATURE BY SAM BERMAN

Romance in the First Degree

Continued from page 26

asked them to keep the letter as protection to us in case anything developed later."

"Why didn't you ask your father for it?"

Alan said quietly, "We didn't want anyone to know, Jerry. If the baby hadn't come into the picture, it wouldn't have mattered. What seemed more important to us than anything in the world was to keep anyone from knowing that—technically—he was an illegitimate child."

That was understandable enough. I started asking a few more questions, but Alan said, "Suppose you give Linda the floor. If you don't understand the beginning, then you'll never understand this part of it."

I SAID that was a good idea. Sandy had edged her chair closer to Linda. She reached out now and took Linda's hand. I smiled at Alan. We were trying to make them understand that maybe this wasn't going to be as bad as it sounded.

Me, I thought it was worse. It wasn't a question of truth or untruth. It was a question of how much credence a jury would give to the fantastic story.

Linda started talking. She talked simply and quietly, but you couldn't miss the fact that she was under a terrific strain.

She said, "I was eighteen when I married Scott Lomax. I thought I was in love with him. He was seven years older than I. He was a young lawyer with a future. He worked on salary with the law firm of Peter Kenneth Davis.

"Davis was the most successful lawyer in Seminole. He was a huge man physically. Scott knew he was ruthless, but did not know he was crooked. One of the firm's specialties was the handling of estates. Except for a few tremendous ones, the handling of these was turned over to the staff of young lawyers. Scott was in charge of three or four.

"There was one in particular. The name wouldn't mean anything to you. Peter Davis handed it to Scott and told him he was on his own. That sounded fine. Scott wanted to make a good showing. He disliked Davis personally, as did most of the nice people in Seminole, but he admired the man's legal ability.

"Details aren't important now. But one day, Scott came raging home to me. He had discovered that the largest estate he was handling was short approximately fifty thousand dollars. But that wasn't the thing that made him sorest. What got him was the way the books had been doctored so that it looked as though he—Scott—had taken the money. He said it was a flawless job of fixing. Nobody but Davis could have had the opportunity to do it so thoroughly.

"Davis was in Washington, where he had an important case before the Supreme Court. Scott was hotheaded. He never told anyone in the office what he was angry about, but he made a lot of remarks which were not complimentary to Davis. He even made threats. Nobody took them very seriously because Davis—for all his greater years—could have broken Scott in half. I begged Scott to take it easy. I wanted him to tell Davis what he had found out, and to resign. But Scott explained to me that even though the firm—which was Davis—would be responsible for the shortage, the way things had been framed, he, Scott, would be the victim of criminal prosecution."

Her voice trailed off. She looked at me and then at Sandy. She picked up where she had left off: "For two days Scott boiled over. He'd have gone to the police, except that the combination of evidence and Davis' tremendous political power would have resulted in conviction and a prison term. Davis could always have said that Scott was stealing the money and had gone to the police because he knew he was on the verge of being found out.

"Davis was due back from Washington on a Thursday night. Scott insisted on meeting him at the office, where he knew Davis would be going direct from the train. I saw Scott put a gun in his pocket. I begged him not to, but gun-carrying isn't as unusual a thing in Alabama as it is in New York. Anyway, when he left the house, he had the gun in his pocket. He took with him a brief case containing the records which could easily convict him in any court.

"The rest of the story I got from Scott later, and then from the newspapers. In a town like Seminole, you know everybody. Scott was seen going into the building a little before ten o'clock at night. He went upstairs and asked the elevator boy whether Mr. Davis had returned. The elevator boy said no. Scott waited in the office. Davis arrived about ten-twenty. Nobody else was there.

"You can imagine what happened. Scott was hotheaded. He said a lot of things which Davis didn't like. Davis hit him and knocked him down. Scott pulled his gun. Call it self-defense, call it anything you want. The point is that he didn't do anything with the gun. Davis jumped on him and took the gun away. Scott left the building. Davis was alone in the office.

"During this time I was at home, terribly worried. When Scott hadn't come back at about eleven-thirty, I couldn't stand it any longer. I telephoned Mr. Davis. He answered the telephone himself. We had a long talk. He didn't tell me anything, but I knew from his voice that things hadn't been pleasant. But then something happened . . . something that you must see is of vital importance."

Linda paused for a moment and then went on:

"Right in the middle of my conversation with Mr. Davis, I heard a noise outside. I looked out of my bedroom window and saw Scott putting the car in the garage. You must remember that. Mr. Davis, alive and well, was talking to me at the very minute that Scott was in the back yard, putting the car up.

"I cut off the conversation with Mr. Davis. I watched Scott circle the house and come in the front door. He came upstairs and told me what had happened. He was terribly upset.

"THE next morning we got a shock. The local radio, and then the early editions of the afternoon paper, told us that Peter Kenneth Davis had been murdered. He had been killed in his office. It had happened the previous night. He had been killed by a bullet through the heart. The coroner and the doctors all agreed that death had been instantaneous, which checked out any possibility that I had been talking to a wounded man on the telephone. You see, I knew then, and I know now, that my husband could not possibly have killed Mr. Davis."

She took a breather and then kept going:

"It took Scott only a few minutes to figure where he stood. He knew Davis' habits and was reasonably sure that the man didn't keep a gun in his office. It was probable then that Davis had been killed with Scott's gun, and if that were so, it could be traced to him through the hardware dealer who had sold it. There would be a thorough investigation. They would find out that there was a shortage, that Scott *apparently* had been stealing large sums of money. They would learn that he had made threats against Davis and that he had barged into the building alone that night to wait for Davis. Surely, you can see that—even aside from Davis' exalted position in Seminole—Scott wouldn't have had a chance before any jury."

I eased the strain for her. I said, "Jumping ahead, Linda—have they ever found out who actually killed Davis?"

"No. Of course there are a lot of crimes that are never solved. But there was a reason for this."

"What reason?"

"They must have investigated. They must have found out all the things I have told you. They must have been convinced that Scott was guilty, and once they were sure of that, they wouldn't look any farther."

"What happened then?"

"Scott and I talked it over. I was his alibi, of course, but we knew that wouldn't be much alibi: The unsupported word of a man's wife . . . his bride, you might say. There were too many cards stacked against him. He faced a simple choice: Either face a term of anywhere from twenty years to death, or go away. The thought of becoming a fugitive when he wasn't guilty was horrible, but there wasn't any other sensible course.

"He bought plane tickets for Mexico City, by way of Los Angeles. He had to use his own name because everybody at the ticket office knew him. But he never intended going to Mexico. It was his plan to check in for the Mexico City plane at Los Angeles, but not to take it. He was going somewhere else, hoping that perhaps the matter would be cleared up eventually and he could come home."

"DID you know where he planned to go?" I asked.

"No. All I was certain of—or *thought* I was certain of—was that he was going straight through to Los Angeles. But he did something I didn't know about until I met him here in New York three months ago. On the way, he changed his plans. He got off the plane, with other passengers, at Kansas City. But he didn't get back on. His name was still on the passenger list, his baggage was still on the plane. But *he* wasn't. And that plane never reached Los Angeles.

"It smashed against a mountain. You may remember the accident. It was pretty ghastly. The wreckage wasn't found for days. The bodies were torn and unrecognizable. Identification in all cases was guesswork. They found enough of Scott's things to indicate that he was still a passenger. Neither the plane company nor the insurance company raised the slightest question. He was dead, and that was that. He was dead before the Seminole police ever connected him with Peter Davis' death . . . and there was certainly no point to filing charges against a dead man. So far as they were concerned, the case was closed. I was happy about that. I was happy that the story never appeared in the newspapers.

"The insurance company paid me the twenty-five thousand dollars, which I accepted in good faith. The Seminole police identified Scott's gun and questioned me about it. The firm made good the deficit. Nothing official was ever entered in any record against Scott. But don't forget this, please: Conditions were such that if it were ever learned that Scott Lomax was alive, he could still be tried and convicted.

"It never occurred to me that he wasn't dead. I was almost glad to believe he was. I was miserable at home. That's why I came to New York.

"I met Alan and fell in love with him. You know about our marriage and about the baby. I have never been so happy in my life. And you can imagine the shock I experienced when I ran into Scott here in New York about three months ago.

"It was a shock to him, too. He had rather taken it for granted that I was still in Seminole. He looked older. He was bitter, for which I don't blame him. But he had been—he was—my husband. I was sorry for him.

"He told me what had happened. He read of his own death in the papers. His decision to remain dead was simple and logical. He took the name of John Mitchell. He came to New York because there was a reasonable chance of remaining unnoticed. He felt that he wasn't in too great danger of discovery because people don't look for men whom they believe to be dead. Except for our chance meeting, he'd probably have gone on as he was."

I said, "You and he were genuinely friendly?"

"Yes. But worried."

"Couldn't you have arranged a divorce?"

Linda shook her head. "To petition successfully for a divorce, I'd have to prove that my husband was alive."

"An annulment?"

"That wasn't possible, either. On what grounds could a woman ask the annulment of her marriage to a dead man?"

COLLIER'S

"I bought a thousand air-mail stamps today, dear. They'll cost a dime next year!"

JEFFERSON MACHAMER

"And so?"

"We knew that the problem had to be solved some way, somehow. We both wanted it solved, because while we weren't in love with each other—and probably never really had been—we liked each other. You see, I had to predicate all my thinking on the basis that I couldn't ever tell the truth—because that would still have sent Scott to the chair or to prison, for something that I knew he hadn't done."

I took a pack of cigarettes from my pocket and passed them around. The tobacco helped our nerves. It was Alan who broke the awkward silence.

He said, "There's the story. Now you know everything."

I nodded. "Yes, I know everything," I said. "I know everything except who really killed John Mitchell, who killed Rex Cooper, who killed Holly Hamilton, and who might want to kill Sandy. Those are the things I've still got to find out."

LINDA seemed to feel better. She gave her husband a little smile, and he went over and sat on the arm of her chair. He started running his fingers through her hair. She reached up and put her hand over his. They sat that way, looking at me.

Alan said quietly, "You get it now, Jerry. We were at the end of a one-way street. To say anything was to send an innocent man to the chair. Not to say anything was to be living together without being married, and to know that the boy was illegitimate. Do you wonder I wouldn't even tell Dad?"

I didn't wonder, and I said so. But I also said, "That story wouldn't sound awful good to the police."

"Don't you think they'd believe it?"

"Sure they would. That's the trouble. You'd be handing them the perfect motive."

"Scott was dead when we got there."

"How can anybody prove that?"

"By finding out who killed him."

I SAID, "That's the job I've been messing up. That's why I said I had to take it to the cops."

"What about the baby?"

"I don't know. But the police can be pretty decent. They've got wives and children of their own. They'll do a lot to break a case, but they won't hang out any dirty linen if they don't have to."

"I wish I thought so . . ."

"Look, Alan, it's a chance we've got to take. Mitchell or Lomax, or whatever his name is, is dead. No harm can come to him. I've met a couple of guys from the homicide squad. They're okay. But if I'm going to talk to Fanning, I've got to know more."

"All right," said Alan. "Ask us."

I addressed Linda. "Aside from the fact that John Mitchell was your husband, how well did you know him?"

"I had known him and his family all my life. We were both born and raised in Seminole."

"He was an honest man?"

"Yes."

"How could he change as much as he has? At the time of his death, he was working for Leo North."

She gave a reasonable logical answer: "Put yourself in his place, Jerry. He had a legal education, but he couldn't use it. He met Leo North. How, I don't know. But North offered him a brain job, with no questions asked."

"Did North know the truth?"

"According to Scott—no. Of course, North knew Scott had a past that he was trying to keep covered. That suited him perfectly."

"But if Scott was a naturally honest man . . ."

"He was bitter. He was certain to be convicted of two things he hadn't done if they ever found out he was alive."

"I get it. So he was North's brain man. That brings us to something else. Why would he spend a lot of money for a magnificent scrapbook, and why would he fill it with clippings about Holly Hamilton?"

Linda shook her head. "I can't understand that at all."

"Was he sentimental?"

"No." I could see something in her eyes which gave added force to her negation. "But a man can change that way, too. Maybe he was in love with Miss Hamilton."

"Do you know whether he had ever met her?"

"I don't know. But a lot of things happened to him during the years I thought he was dead."

I said, "The night your husband died—you made an appointment with him, didn't you?"

"Yes."

"Why?"

"Alan and I had cooked up a scheme that we hoped he might agree to. We thought we might take a trip to Mexico. We planned for me to get a divorce and then to marry Alan. But we wouldn't do it without asking Scott."

"What did he say?"

"He didn't say anything. He was dead when we got to the Palmtree."

I fired up a cigarette and took a new tack. "Did Scott ever mention a girl named Zora Sherman?"

She shook her head. "No. We talked only about ourselves, and how we could work our way out of the jam without hurting either of us."

"Did he ever say anything about someone named Nick Alto?"

"I never heard the name before. Who is he?"

"It doesn't matter. One more thing: Did you ever get the impression that Scott was afraid of the police, not because of what happened in Seminole but because of the work he was doing for Leo North?"

She said, "I'm sure he wasn't. He said that the way North was operating nobody would get in trouble."

I said, "How did it happen that he wasn't in the draft?"

"He was. He registered, was classified 1-A, and was called."

"Under the name of John Mitchell?"

"Yes. They turned him down because of a rheumatic heart. He'd had it since he was a kid. It never bothered him, but there it was. He used to say that that kind of a heart would never kill him. He was right."

I started all over:

"Had he ever mentioned the Holly Hamilton scrapbook to you?"

"No."

"Had he told you that he might send you a package of some sort?"

"No. Alan and I didn't know what to make of it. We still don't."

I HAD made the full circumference. I hadn't got anywhere. I said, "I'm going down to see Fanning at police headquarters."

Alan asked, "You're sure that's necessary?"

"What do you think?"

Linda answered for him. "Jerry is right. For all we know, Sandy is in danger. We can only hope that the police will be considerate."

"They will be," I said, with more confidence than I felt.

We chatted a little more. It was dark outside. I said I wouldn't wait for dinner for two reasons: First, I wasn't hungry, and, second, I felt that I'd rather avoid Mr. Cameron.

Sandy said quietly, "I'm going with you."

"Why?"

"I'm in this thing, too. Remember?"

I remembered, all right. She was in much too deep to suit me. And I could see her point. If Fanning and his playmates started going over the case with questions, there were a lot they'd want to ask Sandy.

Alan asked, "Should we go?"

"No. But it might be smart to stay home this evening. Just in case."

Sandy said she'd change to something that would look good in a police station. She went out of the room with Linda and Alan. I ran an electric razor over my face and tried to slick my hair down. I don't know why it seemed important to look my best.

I didn't even know how to go about going to the police. I had only the vaguest idea about what I'd be running into. But I had a lot of confidence in the police. I believed that what they wanted was the truth, and that they knew how to dig it out.

Sandy met me in the foyer. Alan and Linda were there, too. Alan nodded and said, "Good luck, kids," and I made some silly remark about "Trust your Uncle Jerry."

We went down in the elevator. There wasn't any taxi outside, so we started walking to the corner. I figured that any taxi driver would know how to get to police headquarters.

A big car, going in our direction, slid up to the curb. A door opened and a man's voice said a polite, "Good evening."

WE STOPPED. We saw a uniformed chauffeur, but he wasn't the one who had spoken to us. The man who had hailed us was Rufus Stirling. He was Holly Hamilton's guardian, and I had met him in her apartment.

He was still the tall, dignified, pleasant guy I remembered. He said, "Can I drop you somewhere?"

I said, "No, thanks, we're just walking," but he wasn't having any of that. He got out of the car and motioned us in. "I'd like to talk to you if you can spare a few minutes."

There didn't seem to be any reason why not. As a matter of fact, there were plenty of reasons why we should. There was always a chance that he might tell us a few things about Holly Hamilton that we didn't know.

He said to the chauffeur, "Drive through the Park." The chauffeur nodded and turned in at the first entrance. It was plenty dark inside the Park.

Mr. Stirling said, "I hope you're not in any hurry, Mr. Franklin."

I said, "Well, we're not exactly in a hurry, but we haven't too much time."

"That's too bad." His voice was smooth. "I thought we might take a rather long ride."

I was embarrassed. He was trying to be nice, and I had to say no. I had the police on my mind. Having decided what to do, I wanted to get it over with. I said I was afraid we wouldn't have time.

He spoke quietly to the chauffeur. He said, "Over the Fifty-ninth Street bridge, please."

I protested. I did it politely, but firmly. I told him I appreciated what he was doing, but that it was out of the question.

He smiled and said, "I'm sure you'll find this interesting."

I started to say that I was sure I would, when I heard a gasp from Sandy.

I looked at her. She was staring at Rufus Stirling. She was looking at his right hand.

I looked, too. It took me slightly less than no time at all to understand why she had gasped.

Mr. Stirling was just as polished, just as suave, just as polite as he had been.

But the gun he was holding in his right hand didn't look polite.

He said gently, "If either of you move or call out, I will kill you."

Some surprises are so great that you can't adjust yourself. You go into a state of mental shock and stay there. That's what I did for a full five minutes.

What Sandy was thinking, I didn't know.

"My assistant will go among the audience, and if she returns, it will be a greater miracle than the one I'm about to perform"

COLLIER'S ELMER ATKINS

She wasn't saying a word. I took hold of her hand. It was cold as ice. I gave her a little squeeze and she squeezed back. We looked at each other, and I cooked up a brave smile, like a hero in the movies. Only it wasn't really brave, and I didn't feel like a hero. I felt like a dope.

There were a lot of lights on the Fifty-ninth Street bridge and much too much traffic. Gasoline rationing—and I couldn't see much difference from peacetime. Everybody seemed to be driving.

I said, "Well, here we are. You can start talking."

Stirling looked me over. "That can wait," he said.

"For what?"

"You'll find out soon enough."

We rolled through Long Island City. We swung into a big paved street that I figured was Northern Boulevard.

Traffic had thinned out—not as thin as the ODT and OPA might have liked, but thin enough to look lonely. The night was good and dark. We got to that part of Long Island where I had groped around wondering where I was. This time I knew. We were up against the Palmtree.

WE ROLLED through the parking place. The driver steered the car into a shed where it wouldn't be visible from the road. Inside was another car—a nice, big luxurious car, a sleek black limousine. There were a lot of sleek black limousines in the world, but this one looked as if it could have been the car I had seen Rex Cooper's body pitched out of. The thought fell somewhat short of exalting me.

Our driver got out and opened the door. He also opened the top buttons of his uniform. I couldn't be sure, but I imagined that he had a shoulder holster tucked away inside, with a gun in it.

Mr. Stirling let us get out first. He said to the chauffeur, "Follow us inside. When everything's okay, you come back here and wait."

The chauffeur nodded and said, "Yes, sir." He said it very politely. Quite a chauffeur.

Sandy and I moved ahead of our host. We went in through the same door I had used on my last visit. Inside, there was the same vast loneliness, the same musty smell, the same mournful bandstand, the same tables and chairs piled up. We passed the spot where I had last seen the mortal remains of John Mitchell. I pressed Sandy's hand and said, "X marks the spot."

We walked around the bandstand and through a door. We were in a big room. It looked as though it might have been the manager's office in the good old days. There was a tiny bit of light in the room. It came from a single bulb that didn't look much bigger than the things they string on Christmas trees. The place looked dusty and disused. I decided I didn't care for it much.

Stirling shepherded us to another door. He said, "Open that, please." I opened it. We stood at the head of a flight of stairs. "This," I told myself, "is really getting good." I wished Sandy was somewhere else. I wished I was somewhere else.

We started down the stairway. Stirling closed the door behind us, and I heard a lock click. Then I heard an electric switch and we were in plenty of bright light. For a moment it blinded us. We moved to the foot of the stairs. There was another door there but it was open. In passing, I noticed that it was made of good, thick steel.

We went into another room. This also was an office, but it wasn't dusty. It was as neat as a pin. It had a shiny black desk and shiny black furniture with shiny chromium trimmings. The walls were bare. I figured there must be a safe somewhere around, but I couldn't see any evidence of it. There was a large highboy of carved black oak. There was a little table with conventional office accessories: pens, ink, pencils, a pencil sharpener and two three-decker letter trays.

A man was sitting behind the desk. He was short and paunchy, and the overhead light bounced off the bald spot on his head. He sat rigidly, staring at us, saying nothing.

The man was Leo North.

Sandy and I looked at each other. She raised her eyebrows as much as to say, "Who is it?" and I realized that she couldn't know. I said, "It's Leo North."

She nodded. She didn't seem surprised. But I was. This thing tied up in too many ways that I couldn't understand. The fact that North was in the private office of a roadhouse he owned was logical enough, but I still couldn't classify Rufus Stirling.

Stirling said, "Sit down." I dragged up a chair for Sandy, so that I could be within touching distance. We faced the desk, our hands resting on the shiny chromium arms of our chairs. The chairs had black leather upholstery. They were very comfortable. Mr. Stirling sat behind us, near the door. He hadn't put the gun away.

North shifted his gaze from us to Stirling. He said, "This the girl who was in the apartment when it happened?"

Stirling said that she was.

North spoke to us: "You know a lot of things. I'm gonna find out."

He looked as though he meant it. The whole setting backed up that idea. No question in my mind now that Rufus Stirling was tied up tight with Leo North. That would have been a major surprise in any language.

THIS much was obvious: Leo North, the black-market strong boy, was tipping a lot of stuff. He was letting us see all and know all. That meant that he wasn't particularly afraid we would say anything. It meant we might get out of here or we might not. Flip a coin. Heads or tails. You call it.

He evidently knew what we were thinking. He gave us plenty of time. He let it sink in. It suited him fine for us to be scared.

He stared at Sandy and fired a question: "You were with Holly Hamilton the afternoon she was killed, weren't you?"

Sandy said quietly, "Yes, I was with her."

"How come?"

Sandy started to tell him about the USO. Leo North slammed his fist on the desk. He said, "Don't gimme that. It was something else. The USO was a cover." She looked at him. If she was afraid, she didn't show it. I was proud of her.

After a while, North spoke again. He said, "You seen what happened up there?"

"No," Sandy answered.

"You and her had been together all afternoon?"

"Yes."

"You was through with the USO stuff, wasn't you?"

"Yes."

"Why did you go upstairs with her?"

Sandy said quietly, "I had left something there when I called for her earlier in the afternoon."

"You left what?"

"A kerchief. A red, white and green one." She looked at me and gave me the faintest sort of a smile. I smiled back. My Tunis kerchief. The thing that cost eight bits. The thing that was supposed to be a gag.

"So you went up after a kerchief, huh? Why?"

"I valued it very highly."

"Did you get it?"

"No."

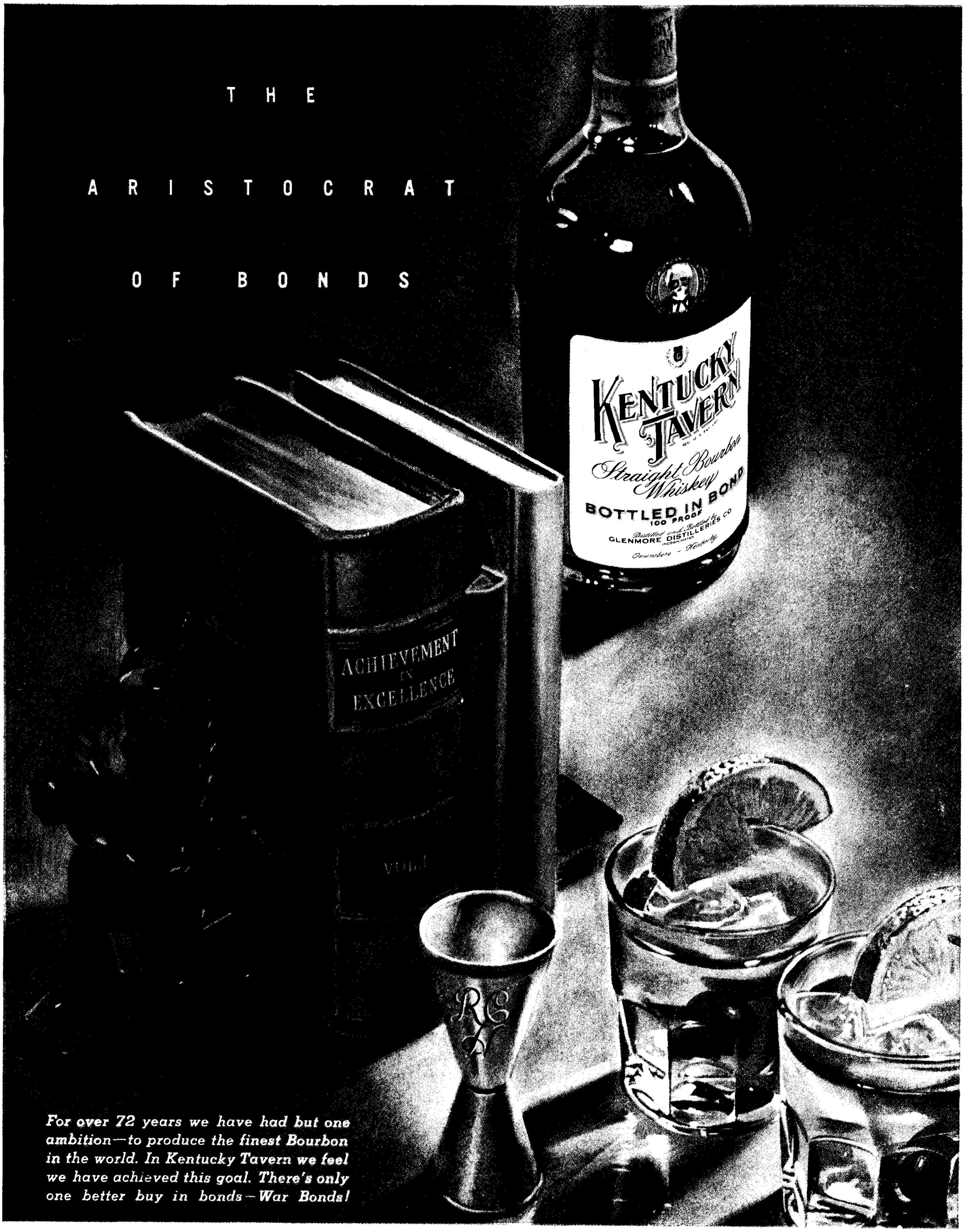
"Why not?"

"Because I had left it in the bedroom, and I didn't go into that room until after . . . until after I heard the shot. Then I was too upset to remember about it."

"You was in the front when you heard the shot?"

"Yes."

"Did you run right back to her?"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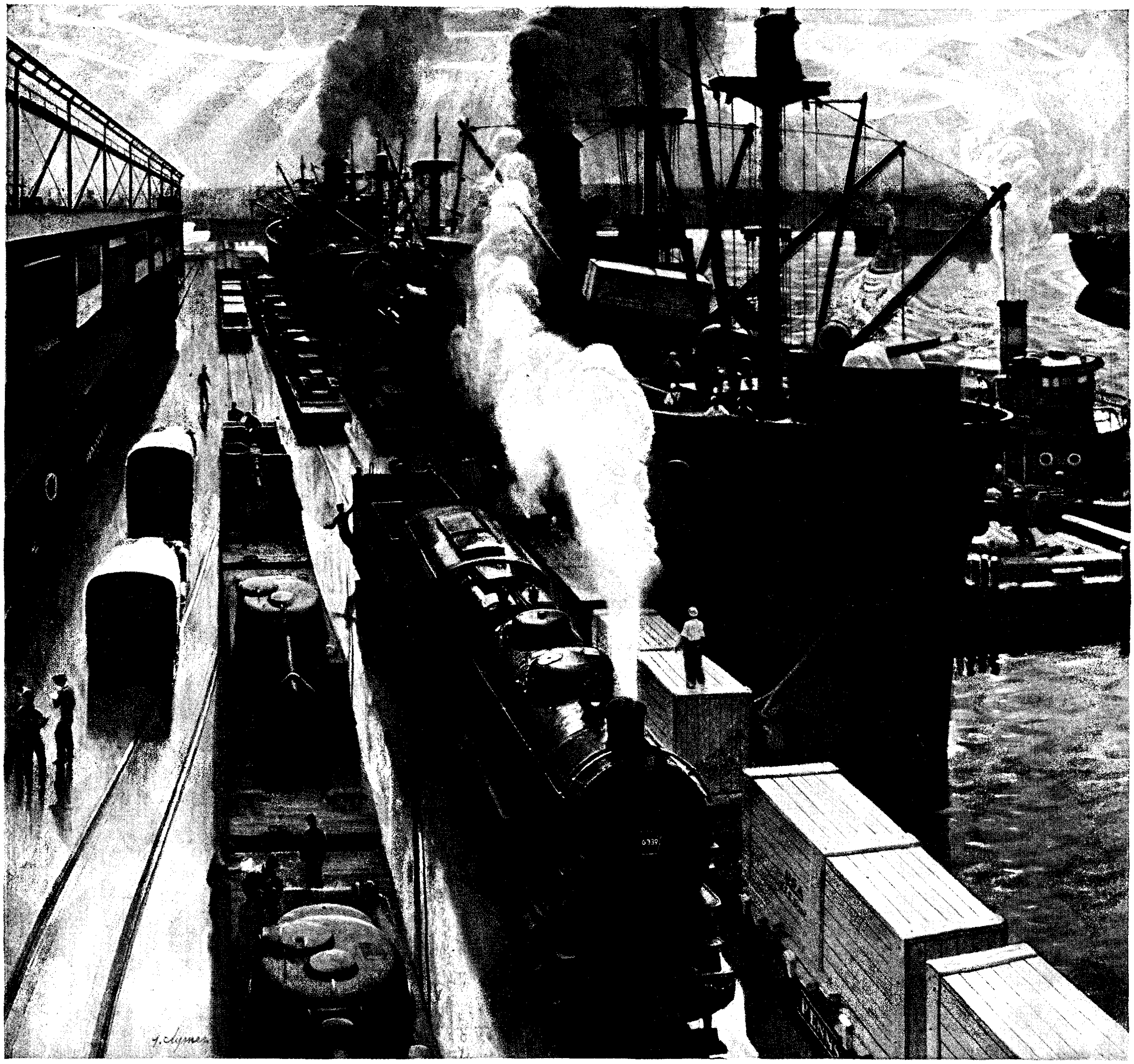

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"Yes."

"You didn't see nobody?"

"No."

Leo North got up. He rested his two clenched hands on the polished desk top. The light glinted off his enormous emerald ring. He said, "You still ain't given me the real reason you was running around with her."

"I told you . . ."

"You lied! I want to know why."

I said, "She told the truth."

"Like hell she did. But she will." He walked around the desk and stood with his hips against it. He said, "You ain't got the idea yet. You haven't caught on that if you don't play ball, you ain't neither of you goin' out of here. You don't know where I fit in. Well, maybe you ought to know. Maybe when you know, you'll understand I ain't foolin'."

We waited. We knew it would be good, but we weren't prepared for how good it really was.

"Just so you'll know I mean business," North went on, "I'll tell you something. I am Holly Hamilton's father."

He wanted his announcement to hit hard, and he got what he wanted. Of all the crazy developments, this was the most incredible.

LEO NORTH, the father of Holly Hamilton! There was one for the books. You could hear it but you couldn't believe it. I suppose I looked that way because Rufus Stirling got up and walked over to the desk. He had put the gun somewhere. I saw a bulge in his right coat pocket, and I figured it was there. Easy to get at —just in case.

Stirling said, in that cool, cultivated voice of his, "You doubt that statement, Franklin?"

"Maybe."

"Why?"

"Supposing it's true: Why should he tell us?"

Stirling said icily, "Why shouldn't he? Holly is dead. The secret isn't important any more."

Logical. I got hold of Sandy's fingers. They were still cold, but the pressure they gave me was meant to say that she wasn't too frightened. Stirling's glacial voice picked up a brief explanation.

"His name isn't really Leo North. What it is doesn't matter. He had a wife and baby daughter. His wife didn't like the way he made a living. They were divorced. The wife took her maiden name: Hamilton. The daughter was Holly Hamilton."

North broke in gruffly: "You got to tell them all that?"

"It's better, Leo. They've got to understand why you brought them here."

He turned back to us. "Leo was very fond of his daughter. I am understating it, but you get the idea. When he and his wife divorced, he settled a big trust fund on his wife for life. It was for the care and education of Holly. When she died, the income was Holly's for life. I was made trustee of the estate and Holly's guardian. Until this moment, Leo and I were the only persons in the world who knew about this."

I said, "Holly didn't know?"

"Of course not. That was the greatest sacrifice Leo made. He never spoke to her from the time she was ten years old. She didn't know him. He didn't want her to. The only contact was through me. But that doesn't mean that he didn't idolize her. That doesn't mean that he won't cheerfully kill whoever murdered Holly."

It was clear enough. Too clear, in fact. I said, "Why was Rex Cooper killed?"

Stirling didn't evade. He said calmly, "He was butting into something that wasn't any of his business. He went to that party for the purpose of finding out something about Holly. He asked a lot of questions. I heard him."

"And you told North?"

"Yes."

It was as simple as that. At the cost of any number of human lives, Holly was to be protected from the knowledge that she was the daughter of a notorious person.

Leo North broke in. He said, "This girl"—jerking his head toward Sandy—"was doin' the same thing, only more so."

"You meant to kill Miss Cameron?" I asked.

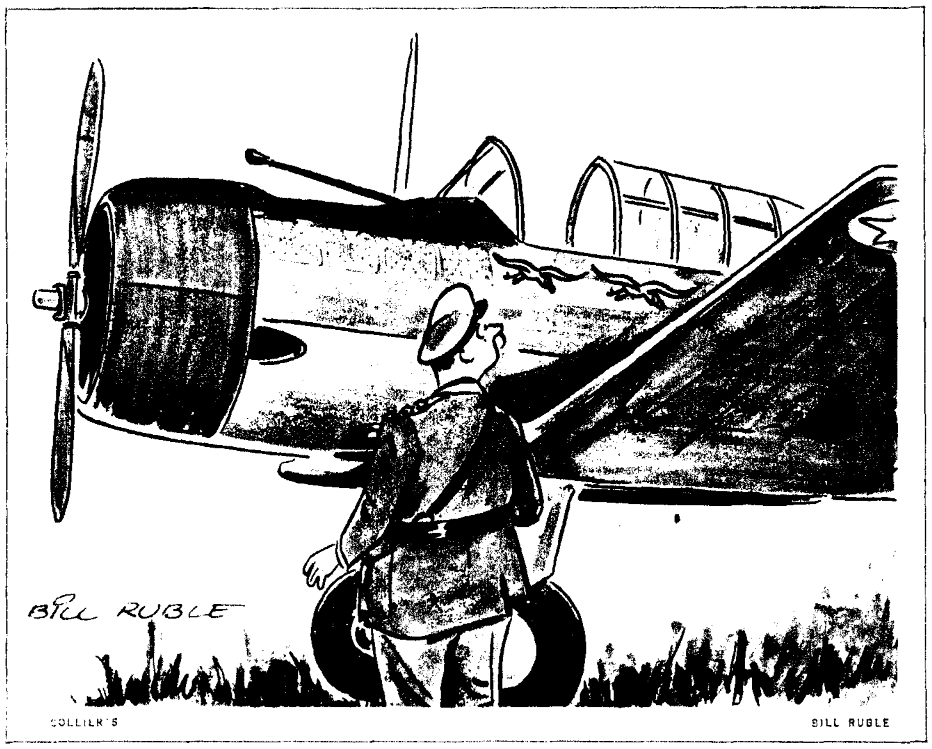
His sharp black eyes stared at me. He didn't get it at first and then he shook his head. He said, "I didn't have nothing to do with what happened in the apartment that day. That's why you're here now."

"You'll have to tell me more."

"Miss Cameron probably didn't kill Holly. Right now, I don't think you did. But you know something that you ain't telling. That's what I'm going to find out."

I said, "Suppose I talk: What then?"

He gave a short, unpleasant, mirthless laugh. "You'll talk. Figure it out for yourself: Killing you and this babe don't mean a thing to me. You ain't got a chance unless you come clean." He wasn't playing.



I said, "Suppose I talk: what then?"

"Then you're okay—you and the girl. Provided I believe you."

"I could still go to the police."

"With what you know they couldn't touch me. Besides, you can figure for yourself, it wouldn't be safe. No matter what happened to me, it wouldn't be half what you'd get."

STIRLING'S voice came smoothly from over my shoulder. He said, "Leo has lots of friends. Some of them are violent."

I saw the point.

I said to North, "I'll make a deal with you . . ."

"You ain't making no deal with nobody. You're spilling—or else."

"Just the same, I'll make a deal. No matter what happens, it's the best I'm going to do."

North tried to stare me down. He almost succeeded. Almost, but not quite. "Oke," he said finally, "let's have it."

I said, "I know some things that you probably don't know. I haven't the faintest idea where they tie in—or even whether they do. Ninety per cent of those things I'm willing to tell you. The other ten per cent I'm not going to tell you, but I give you my word that they're not even remotely connected with your daughter."

"You'll tell it all."

I shook my head. I said, "Look: You must know something about men. Would I be fool enough to hold out on you unless I had to? Would I be crazy enough to make this offer unless it was the best I intended to do? I know we're in a tough spot. You've diagrammed it. You've scared us as much as we can be scared. I only told you that I'd be holding back ten per cent, so you'd understand that I'd be honest on the other ninety. Doesn't that prove I'm playing it straight?"

I could see the man thinking. Finally he nodded and said, "It's a deal."

SO HE had bought ninety per cent of my stock of information. Somehow I had the idea he'd keep his end of the bargain. But whether he would or not, it was a chance I had to take.

I started talking. I made it as brief as possible. I told him about going to the Palmtree and stumbling over the body of John Mitchell. I told him of being sapped by Nick Alto and of waking up in Zora Sherman's apartment. I told him about a guy named Dave Larric who had been getting in my hair on various and sundry occasions. I told him the truth from A to Izzard, except that I didn't mention Alan or Linda.

He heard me through. When I finished, he stood just as he was, turning it over in his mind. I could hear him thinking. I reached into my pocket and pulled out a couple of cigarettes. I lighted them both and handed one to Sandy. She smiled at me through the pale blue smoke.

North said, "That's good—as far as it goes." He paused. "After you was slugged, you didn't know nothing until you come to in Zora's apartment?"

"Right."

"Did they think you killed Mitchell?"

"No."

"Why do you think that?"

"Because the way Zora was feeling that night, she'd have killed me if she believed I had done it."

He nodded. "That checks. She was nuts about him." He brought his hands together, so that the finger tips all touched. He asked the next question without even looking at me. "Did Zora give you anything when you left there?"

I looked surprised and shook my head.

He said, "A big scrapbook—or a package that could have had a scrapbook in it? About this size?" He measured out space in the air. It was the right size.

I said, "Zora never gave me anything. Then or later."

North addressed himself to Rufus Stirling. He seemed to be wrestling with an idea. He said, "Why didn't Zora tell me about this?"

Rufus said he didn't know, and so I butted in with an idea. "She said she was playing it her own way. She wasn't interested in anything except who killed Mitchell."

"Just the same"—North seemed more aggrieved than angry—"she should've told me." He picked me up again with his eyes. "You know anything at all about that scrapbook I was mentioning?"

I said, "I don't get it. What has a scrapbook got to do with it?"

He said quietly, "It was mine. I kept clippings about my daughter in it."

I said, "Zora asked me about a scrapbook."

"I asked her. She said that was the first she ever knew about it."

"You had her apartment searched, didn't you?"

"Sure. Why not? Maybe she was lying."

He walked around his desk and seated himself. He looked smaller, but just as dangerous.

He said, "I still want to know the part you ain't telling."

"And I'm still not telling."

"Suppose . . ."

"Let's don't play that way, North. I made my deal and I stuck to it. That's as far as I go."

He thought that over. Then he nodded and said, "Okay."

I knew he didn't really mean it. I knew he wasn't going to turn us loose until he'd made more of an effort to find out what I was holding back. Meanwhile, he had other ideas.

He said to Rufus Stirling, "Zora and Nick—maybe they know, huh?"

"Perhaps."

"I should ask them."

STIRLING didn't say anything. After a while, North said, "You go get 'em, Rufe. Make 'em think everything's happy. If they get the idea it ain't, bring 'em anyway."

Stirling nodded.

"When you get back," North went on, "let the driver go. Tell him to go to my place and wait for a call."

Stirling got up. He walked out of the door and up the stairway. We heard him open the door at the top of the steps and heard it close behind him. It made the kind of a noise a steel door makes.

Leo North was still sitting at his desk. He put his right hand under his coat and when he pulled it out, an ugly-looking .45 came with it. He laid this on the desk in front of him. He said, "Just so you won't get no foolish ideas."

He picked a box of cigars out of one of the drawers. He asked me whether I'd care for one, and I said no. He chose one for himself, taking a long time about it. He held it up and looked it over carefully and snipped the end off with a penknife. He held a match to it, so that it lighted evenly.

He regarded us with unwinking eyes. He said, "You gotta wait quite some time. Maybe you might sit on the sofa yonder and talk things over."

I nodded and got up. I took Sandy's hand again. It was still a nice hand and it was still cold.

We walked across the room and settled onto a long couch. It was chromium with leather upholstery, just like the chair. We didn't use much of its length. We sat as close together as we could.

North said, "Like I advised, you talk it over. Maybe you'll decide it would be healthy to tell me more."

He looked away, but not far enough. The gun on his desk looked awful big. I decided not to be foolish.

North favored us with an arctic smile. "You seem like nice people," he said. "But you're in one hell of a jam." He wasn't kidding. . . .

I remember reading in a book once that

if a man had ever faced rifle and artillery fire, he'd never be afraid again. The lad who wrote that didn't know the score. Sitting there on the couch with Sandy, I didn't dare let my jaw drop. My teeth would have sounded like castanets.

All I understood about the situation was that I didn't like it. North was playing for keeps, and it was anybody's bet when he'd decide to let his gun go off.

For Sandy's sake, I tried to make noises like a big brave lad. I patted her hand and reassured her. I told her there wasn't anything to worry about. I said that North didn't have anything against us; he just wanted to find out things. I said it all in a whisper which North couldn't have heard if he'd been only half as far away.

She took it in. Her shoulder fitted into mine comfortably and she let me get it all off my chest. When I was finished, she looked up at me. She said, "Nice going, Jerry. But I prefer mine straight."

I GRINNED. Maybe my grin was on the sickly side, but it did split my face in the middle. I said, "You don't believe me?"

"No."

"Then how about believing this? I love you and I want to marry you."

I said it quick—just like that. I wasn't grinning. For one blessed moment, I wasn't even remembering Mr. Leo North and his .45.

She said, "Is that another gallant gesture?"

I shook my head. "It isn't gallant. It's how I feel, and what I want."

Her eyes were clear and gray and unwavering. She was looking deep inside me, figuring things out for herself. She said, "You know, of course, that you can have Rita any time you give the mating call."

I said, "Quit stalling. I've said my piece. Now you say yours. Will you marry me?"

Her answer was simple and direct. She said, "You must know that I want to . . ."

That was as far as she got. I wrapped her up tight. I didn't kiss her. I just held her that way. Over the top of her head I saw Leo North's eyes. They were speculative. Otherwise, he wasn't interested. That made us even. I wasn't interested in him, either. Not at that moment.

But moments like that can last only so long, especially when you're on the hostile end of a gun. All of a sudden, it seemed twice as important to get out of this mess. I started talking—not because I wanted to frighten Sandy, but because she was the sort of a girl who could take it.

I said, "Look, sweetheart . . ." She pressed against me a little tighter when I said that, so I said it again. "Look, sweetheart, and try to understand. We're not going to get out of this thing by sitting quiet. At some unexpected moment, if we're lucky, a break will come. If and when it does, I want you to promise me something."

"Yes, dear . . ."

"If anything starts, I want the satisfaction of knowing that you'll use the opportunity to get out of here. But fast." She looked up at me with wide, questioning eyes. "You've got too much sense not to see what I'm driving at. If I make a play, it might work and it might not. Sticking by me could be heroic, but it wouldn't make sense. The best thing for you to do would be to get out and howl for the cops. Any cops, just so long as they're lovely, broad-shouldered men with uniforms and badges and guns."

She said, "You might not be successful, Jerry."

"Let's admit that the chances are all against it. I still wouldn't be in any worse spot. Will you promise to do what I want?"

She nodded. "Yes. I see the sense of it." She held tightly to my hand. "It's pretty bad, isn't it, darling?"

I said, "Worse than you think."

"You mean you haven't seen a newspaper or magazine or movie for ten years, Mr. Grumskin?"

COLLIER'S GREGORY D'ALESSIO

"Why do you say that?"

"You really want it straight?"

"Don't I rate it?"

I spoke slowly. I said, "Haven't you caught on yet, Sandy? Haven't you grabbed the fact that Leo North is more than the bereaved father of Holly Hamilton?"

She frowned and shook her head.

I GAVE it to her between the eyes: "It can't add up but one way, sweetheart. Leo North killed John Mitchell. He either killed Rex Cooper personally, or had him killed, which amounts to the same thing. That's two murders. It wouldn't bother him if we came next."

I could see that she was struggling to keep a tight grip on herself. She said, "You must have reasons, Jerry."

"Of course I have. Let's go back to the beginning:

"North was Holly Hamilton's father. He was a crook and a prime louse. But like lots of men of his type, he had a soft spot. Holly was it. He was generous about her, and unselfish. He was so unselfish that he passed up what could have been the biggest thrill in the world for him . . . being with her. But no; her happiness came first. She wasn't ever to know that her father was what he was.

"He kept a book of clippings about her. There's one of the missing pieces. There's the explanation of why it was such a gorgeous job—hand-tooled leather and vellum. Only a man like Leo North would think of something like that. That was *the Christmas present he couldn't give* her.

"John Mitchell worked for North. He was the boy with brains. He undoubtedly had access to North's private places. My guess is that Mitchell saw the scrapbook and took it."

Sandy interrupted for the first time. She said, "You think Mitchell knew the relationship?"

"No. But if he took that scrapbook and looked it over, he'd be bound to start thinking. And that was what North was afraid of. He was afraid someone—anyone—would connect him with Holly Hamilton. North had protected her against that all her life. He wasn't afraid of the scrapbook except if it was in the hands of someone who might be able to put two and two together. Being the kind of man he is, North wouldn't hesitate to murder anyone who might jeopardize Holly Hamilton's happiness and career."

"What makes you think Mitchell . . . ?"

"It has to be. Suppose Mitchell took that book. Suppose that while he had it, North missed it. Suppose he suspected Mitchell on the theory that Mitchell was probably the only person who had access to North's private places. Suppose Mitchell had reason to believe that North suspected him: What would he do?"

Sandy was right along with me. "He'd get rid of the book."

"Of course. But he wouldn't destroy it unless he had to. He wouldn't hide it in any obvious place. He wouldn't leave it with Zora Sherman. But he would send it by registered mail to the one person in the world nobody could connect with him, and whom he could trust. He'd send it to his wife . . . to Linda."

Sandy said, "It sounds plausible. But *you're doing a lot of guessing.*"

"Not as much as you think. My theory checks from every angle. North, failing to find the scrapbook anywhere else, has got to believe Mitchell took it. He knows Mitchell is doing some confidential work at the Palmtree Inn that night. There couldn't be a better place to have it out with him.

"Obviously, Mitchell didn't know North was coming to see him or he wouldn't have let Alan and Linda trail out here. The two men met. There were probably bitter accusations and denials, but you've seen for yourself that North is a shrewd judge of men. He'd know whether Mitchell was lying.

"I believe he killed him at the spot I found the body. Whether he meant to kill him or just to frighten him is anybody's guess. It isn't important. What *is important* is that Mitchell was dead. North left the body where it was, because his first thought would naturally be to get to Mitchell's apartment and search for the scrapbook. Of course, the book itself wasn't so important then, but there might be some evidence that Mitchell had passed the information along.

"That's the crux of the whole murder motivation, Sandy. North was determined that no living person should connect him with Holly Hamilton. Now, it doesn't matter. Then, it did. That's why he was persistent about the scrapbook, because if Mitchell had entrusted it to someone, he might also have told them what he suspected. Once a person knew that there was some connection between Leo North and the girl, it would not have been too difficult to uncover the truth."

I STOPPED talking long enough to light a couple of cigarettes.

"Let's keep on with the idea. Even with Mitchell dead, North hadn't accomplished what he wanted. He had to find out who had the scrapbook and what that person knew. Zora's apartment was cased, but nothing was stolen. That would indicate a search for the scrapbook. North may have done it personally. He may have sent some expert to do it. It could have been my friend, Dave Larric.

"Stirling is the one person in the world whom Leo North trusted implicitly. Whatever the tie-up, Stirling is loyal. By his own admission, he heard Rex Cooper asking questions of Holly about John Mitchell. That wasn't good for a lot of reasons, one of which was that North was the murderer of Mitchell. Stirling reported to North, and North either killed Cooper or had him killed. One thing we know: Rex's murder was a professional job. The moving of Mitchell's body to a place miles away from this inn was professional. You can't miss North's connection with both."

I stopped talking. I was out of breath, out of ideas. I took a fresh grip on Sandy.

She looked at Leo North and then at me. She said, "Keeping the secret doesn't mean anything to him any more, now that Holly is dead."

I said, "Check. But he isn't going to rest easy until he finds the person who killed her."

Sandy said, "That seems to be the important thing. It makes me think you might have been right in your idea that the murderer was after me—not after Holly."

"Why you?"

"For the same reason they killed Rex."

She was silent for a while, and then she said slowly, "I don't believe North thinks we're both dumb."

"What does that mean?"

"He's bound to know that we might connect him with the deaths of Mitchell and Cooper."

"So-o-o . . . ?"

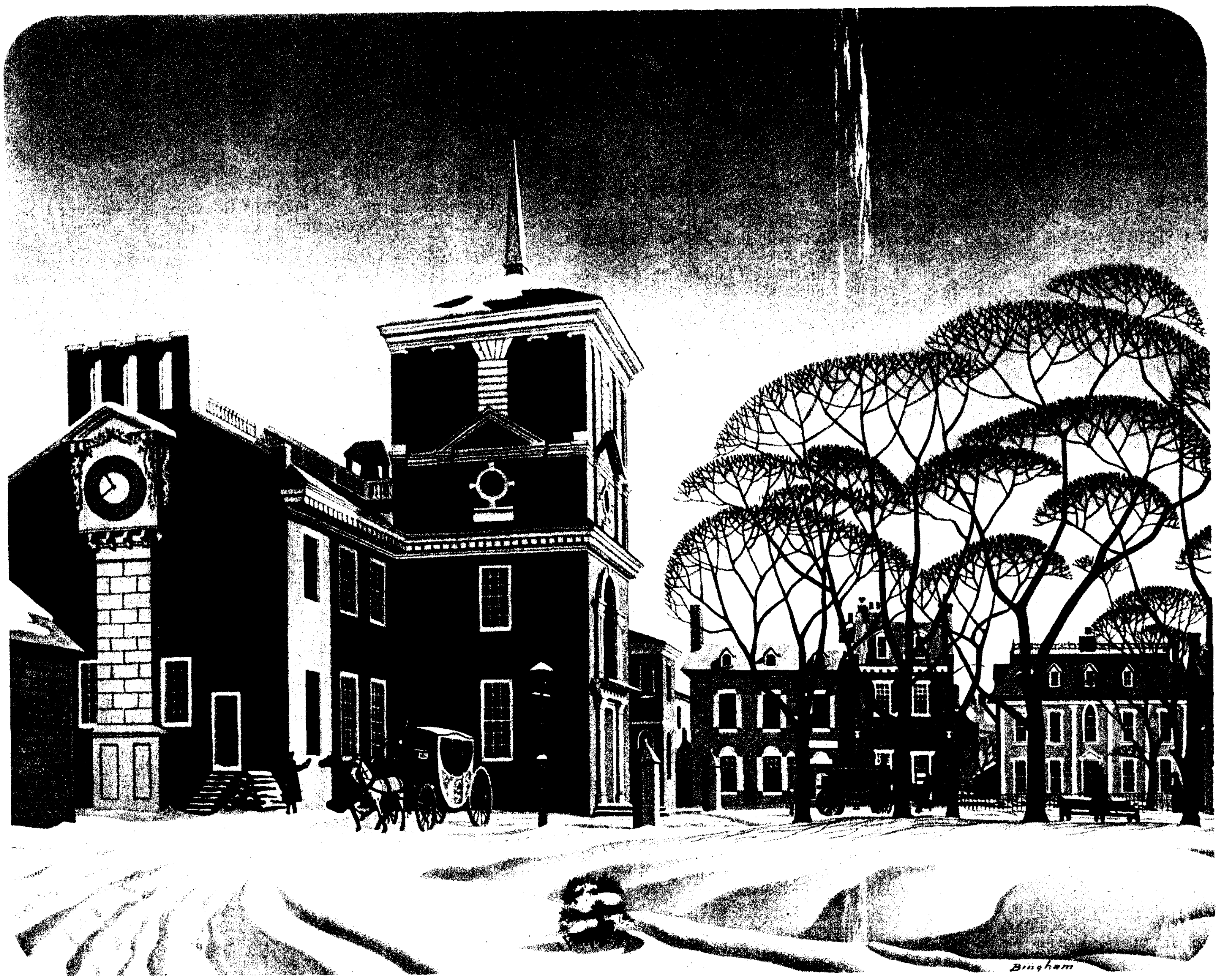
"They were murders, Jerry. If North let us go, we'd have a lot to tell the police."

I didn't duck it. I said, "That's what *has been on my mind.* I hoped you wouldn't see it."

"You prefer a stupid wife?"

What a gal!

I repeated my warning. I told her I'd



View of the State House (now Independence Hall) as it appeared circa 1800*

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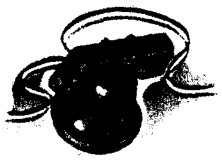


"The gentlemen of the Army present their compliments to Miss Sally Wynne and beg the favour of her company to a ball at the State House on Monday next. Saturday, December 22, 1755."

Time rolls back the curtain of two centuries. The State House stands magnificent in its winter setting, as sedan chairs and chaises deliver the elite of Colonial society. In the assembly hall the mellow gleam of a thousand tapers is reflected from huge crystal chandeliers. Lively shadows play over the exquisite panelling, as pompadoured belles and gaily caparisoned officers dance to the quaint minuet. ˎ ˎ Such is the heritage of Philadelphia, birthplace of hospitality. A tradition today upheld by Philadelphia Blend, a magnificent whisky—ordinarily reserved for special occasions, yet one you can afford to enjoy—regularly and often.

*FROM A SERIES OF HISTORIC PRINTS DESIGNED TO CELEBRATE THE 50TH ANNIVERSARY OF PHILADELPHIA BLEND . . . FAMOUS SINCE 1894 make a play if I saw half a chance. She didn't go into the usual routine of asking me to be careful. She knew that this wasn't any time to be careful.

We heard the door at the top of the stairway. We heard footsteps. Rufus Stirling came into the room. With him were Zora Sherman and Nick Alto. They looked at us and seemed surprised.

Leo North didn't stand up. He sat motionless behind his desk, staring at them.

There was plenty of tension in that room.

I waited, knowing it had to happen.

ZORA SHERMAN was still good to look at. She was dripping with silver fox and she had a goofy little hat on—the kind that looks like hell to a man, but women call smart. She carried a big black bag with a plastic handle. She seemed surprised to see me, and twice as surprised to see Sandy.

Nick Alto hadn't changed, either. He was small, wiry, expressionless and deadly. He had on a brown suit and he sported red accessories. His topcoat and hat were brown. He was motionless, but it was the kind of stillness a cat has when she thinks there might be a mouse in the vicinity.

They walked halfway into the room. Rufus Stirling left them and came toward the couch. He dropped into a chair next to where I was sitting.

Leo North was staring at the newcomers. I never saw a man who could go so long without blinking. But when he spoke, he didn't give any sign of how he felt. He said to Zora, "You know these people?"

She took her time about answering. "I know him."

"The girl," explained North, "is Miss Andrea Cameron."

Zora looked at Sandy. Neither said anything.

North's voice took on an edge. He said, "You know her, too. She was at your apartment. Why did you lie to me?"

Zora said, "It didn't seem important."

"Everything's important. Why did this babe go to see you?"

"I asked her to."

"Why?"

"Jerry Franklin told me they were good friends. Jerry knew some things I was trying to find out. I thought maybe she would tell me."

"Did she?"

"No."

"What kind of things are they?"

"Things about John Mitchell. I wanted to find out what really happened to him."

NORTH let that one hang. He hoisted himself from his chair and walked around the desk. He leaned his hips against it. I had seen him do that before. Maybe he thought better that way.

His eyes flicked the pallid face of Nick Alto. He said sharply, "You been playin' things her way."

Nick didn't say anything.

"She's got you walkin' on your heels."

Nick let that pass, too.

"Where do I fit in?" North's voice was higher and sharper. "What am I buying around here?"

Nick Alto said, in a flat voice, "I always done what you told me to, Boss. On the outside, I figured it didn't matter."

"This wasn't outside. You been dealin' your own hand. I don't like it."

Zora had been listening and watching. She probably knew that this was preliminary stuff. She had her guard up. If she was scared, she didn't show it. Neither did Nick Alto.

North said, "This mug Franklin's been talkin'."

"I guessed that much," said Zora.

"He says you and Nick was here at the Palmtree that night."

"We were."

"Why?"

"I came out to meet John."

"Try again, sister. If that was true, you'd have come alone."

"I brought Nick along for company."

"And because he might be useful?"

Zora said steadily, "I didn't think anything was wrong."

"But when you got here . . . ?"

"We saw a strange car parked outside. So we didn't make any noise coming in. We saw John's body and a man standing over it. Nick let him have it."

"With what?"

"A sap," said Nick Alto. "I always got a sap, Boss."

North didn't move his eyes from Zora. He said, "You took this guy to your apartment. Why?"

"I thought maybe he'd killed John."

"You still think so?"

"No."

"What do you think?"

"I think," she said quietly, "that he knows who did."

North nodded. "He's covering for somebody all right. He practically said as much. Maybe later I'll make him change his mind."

Sandy touched my hand. She didn't like the sound of that. I didn't, either.

North went on: "You got any ideas about who it was?"

"No."

"Or why?"

"No."

"You're lying."

Nick Alto spoke softly, "She ain't lying, Boss."

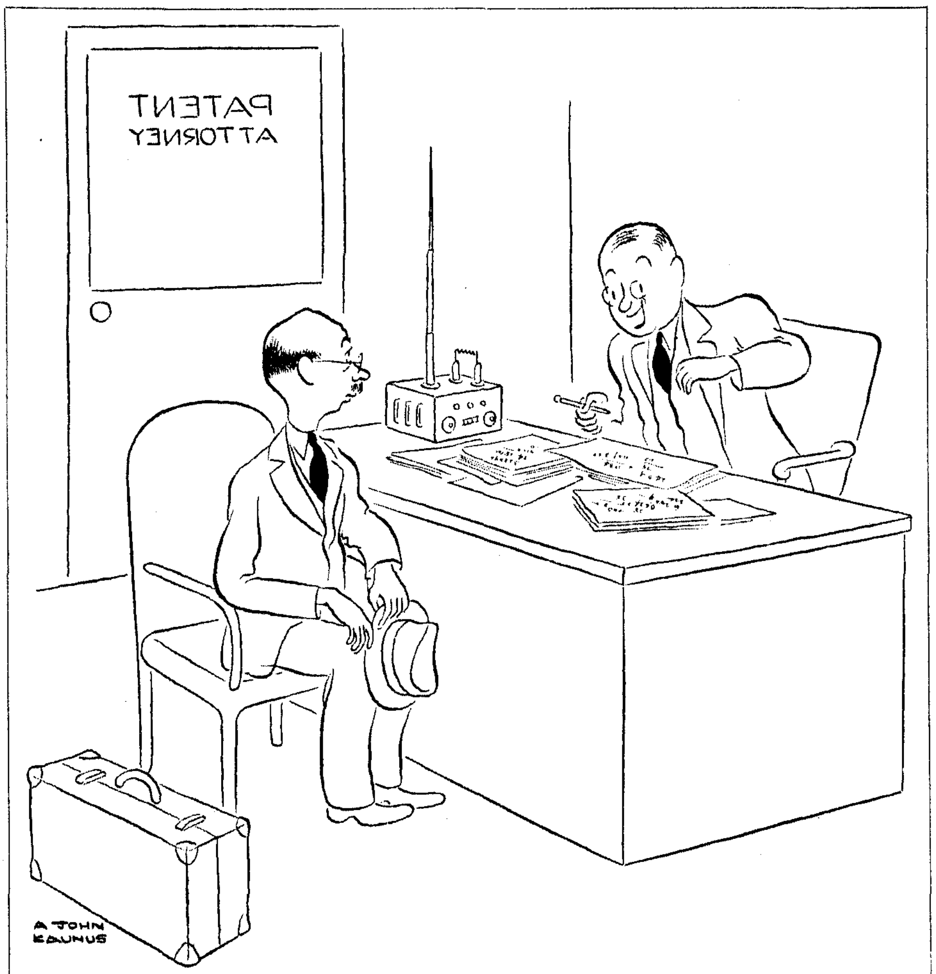
"The hell she ain't. She's a crummy little tramp who thinks she's a big shot. She's been stepping on my toes. I don't like it."

North was good and mad now, but I wasn't as much interested in him as I was in Nick Alto. The little man was tense. His eyes had narrowed. He said, "Zora ain't no tramp, Boss."

"She ain't, huh? What gave between her and Mitchell? And what kind of a lug are you, poking around after another man's leavings?"

Nick repeated, "She ain't no tramp."

Things were heating up. The pretense of politeness had vanished.



COLLIER'S "It's a wonderful invention, Mr. Kent. I estimate it should cost you at least $200,000 in income taxes" A. JOHN KAUNUS

North spluttered. He lost control. He started saying things that were personal and uncomplimentary. Zora stood there and took it, but she was burning. So was Nick.

It was a crazy situation. Being a spectator, I could think more clearly than if I had been in the middle of it. The kibitzer always sees more than the players.

An idea crept into my mind and began crawling around. Maybe, I thought, it's a putrid idea, but then, again, maybe it isn't. I always had my hole card to fall back on if this failed, but the more I thought, the more it seemed to me that it was worth a chance.

North and Zora weren't playing lady and gent any more. They were swinging into a good fish-market quarrel. It was quite something for delicate ears. It sounded marvelous. It was exactly what I wanted.

I turned my idea over and looked at the other side. It still looked good. It was so good that I began to get excited. I could feel my heart thumping. The palms of my hands were damp. It occurred to me that maybe I had cooked up the missing link. I drew a long breath. I stood up and made my pitch.

I said, "Just a minute. I want to say something."

They stopped talking. They looked at me. But I had no time for either Zora or Leo North. I was staring at Nick Alto. I said, "They're making a sucker out of you, Nick. There's something I think you ought to know."

Nick didn't move. He just stood there like a coiled spring.

I said, "You're here for a reason, Nick. You want to know what?"

He nodded, still without saying anything.

I picked my words carefully and let fly.

I said, "Add this one up. Leo North is the father of Holly Hamilton!"

Nobody dropped a pin right then, so I can't be sure I could have heard it. But I think yes. Then it happened.

It happened swiftly and terribly and without warning. It happened before Leo North's bellow of rage could rise to full strength. It happened before anybody could move, or even think.

Nick Alto's right hand leaped to the holster under his left shoulder. It came out holding a gun.

He shot. Three times. The three explosions came so fast they sounded like one noise. He shot Leo North three times in the stomach.

North made a gurgling sound and started to sag. He was dead before he hit the floor.

THIS wasn't the first time I had seen a man killed, but it was different. This killing was done under a spotlight. The star of the piece had been shot and nobody else rated any attention. I heard sounds from Sandy and Zora. Shocked sounds. And, out of the corner of my eye, I saw Rufus Stirling make a move.

I made one jump and my shoulder hit him in the middle. The gun he'd been reaching for dropped out of his fingers.

He squirmed and twisted. For somebody his age, he was good. I shifted my grip and brought the back of my hand up against the side of his jaw. His muscular body stiffened. I rolled him over. I tied his wrists behind his back with my handkerchief. I borrowed one of his handkerchiefs—an expensive linen one—and did a job on his ankles. I took another handkerchief out of his hip pocket and made a gag of it. He was still out like a light. I fixed him so he wouldn't be too uncomfortable when he came to, and then I got up.

Sandy and Zora were standing close together. Nick Alto hadn't moved. He looked smaller than ever, but more dangerous. He still held the gun with which he had killed Leo North. He looked down at Rufus Stirling and then up at me. He said tonelessly, "Thanks, chum."

I said, "Don't mention it."

"You jumped him quick. He might've plugged me."

I wasn't scared. That was a luxury I couldn't afford. I said, "Did Stirling send the driver away?"

"Yeah." It was Nick speaking. "He told him to beat it and wait for a call."

I looked around. Lovely little group. Dead man, murderer, two women, Stirling and myself. The only one not excited was Nick Alto. He moved the gun a fraction of an inch. He said, "Get over against that wall—all three of you."

I asked why, and he said, "Never mind why. Just do it."

WE BACKED against the wall, me on the right, Sandy next to me, Zora on the left. Nick Alto stood in front of us. Sandy was trembling.

Even Zora looked as though this was a little more than she could take. She looked at Nick and asked, "Why?"

He didn't say anything. After a few seconds, I turned to Zora.

"Nick had his reasons," I said. "I told him something I thought he'd be interested in. Now I've got one for you."

"What is it?"

"Leo North killed John Mitchell."

She frowned and shook her head. It seemed like a new idea, but that wasn't what interested me. It was Nick Alto's reaction. He said, "You leveling, Franklin?"

"Yes."

"Well, I'll be damned!"

Sandy whispered, "I thought he knew. I thought that was why . . ."

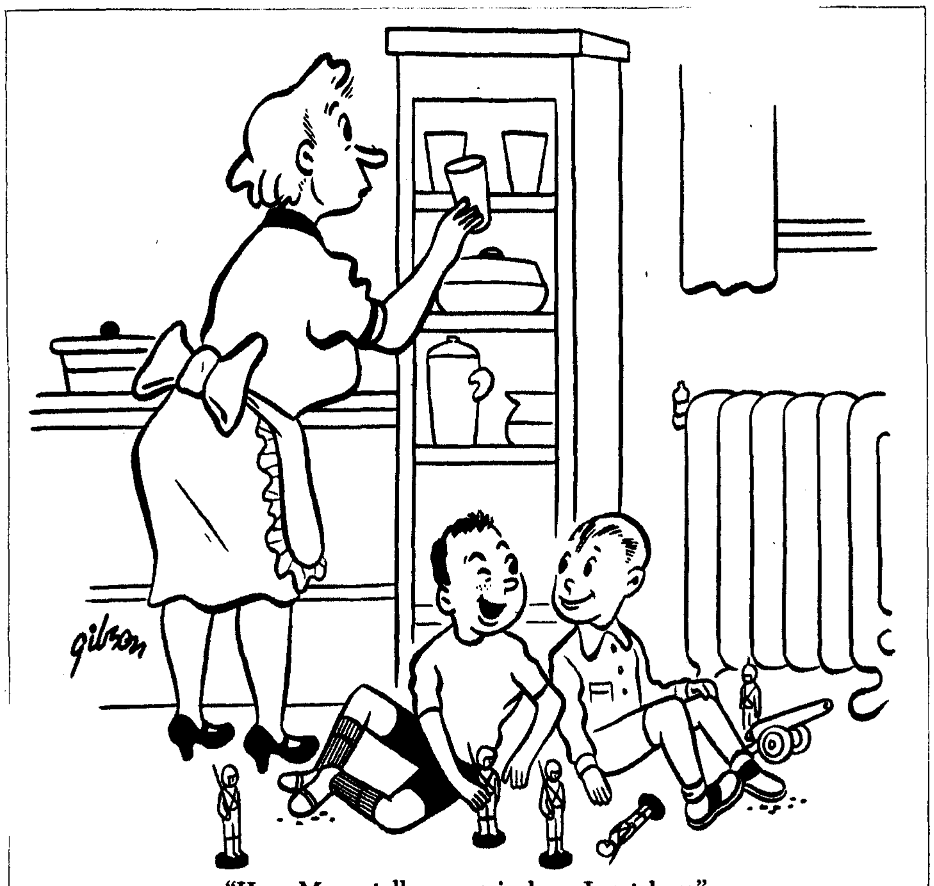
"He didn't know. Until just now."

"Then why did he shoot North?"

I said. "You tell her, Nick."

Nick didn't tell her, so I said, "You might as well know, Sandy. Nick killed Holly Hamilton."

Sandy was the only one who seemed surprised. She started to say something, but I put my fingers around her arm and squeezed. We all went into a deep silence.



COLLIER'S "Hey, Mom, tell me again how I got here" JAMES GIBSON

We concentrated on Nick Alto. He was thinking, and it seemed to be quite an effort.

He said to me, "You done me a favor, pal. That makes it tough what I got to do."

I waited.

"I can't take no chances," he said. "You know too much."

He thought that over and nodded his head as though endorsing his own conclusions. "It ain't nice, but I gotta finish you and Miss Cameron off."

Quiet. Calm. He was apologizing. All the social amenities. Of course, he had logic on his side. He had killed Holly Hamilton, and he knew I knew it. We had seen him kill Leo North. On the first count, he didn't have a chance with the law. On the second, there'd be a lot of gunmen using him as a target. Provided they knew.

I stood there, feeling bad. I got a nudge from Sandy and looked down at her. She made a movement of her head and I got the idea she wanted to whisper something. I bent down so that her lips were against my ear.

She said, "Play for time, Jerry."

"Yes . . ."

"But be ready to move. If Nick's attention is diverted for just an instant, maybe you can get to him."

I wanted to ask for details, but I didn't dare. Nick didn't seem to like what was going on. So I straightened up and grinned at him.

"Lovebirds," I said. "Miss Cameron and I just decided we wanted to get married."

He said, "I sure am very sorry you can't do it."

I started to carry the conversation further. I was thinking up a few bright things to say; also, I was thinking about what Sandy had said.

And then it came. I don't know how much it startled Nick Alto, but I could make a guess because I knew that something was going to happen and it shook me silly.

Zora Sherman uttered a scream. It was a horrible, agonized scream.

For just the fraction of an instant, Nick Alto relaxed. His gun hand wavered and he took a step toward Zora.

I moved. I moved fast. I moved so fast that Nick's aim was wild, and the bullet went over my shoulder and buried itself in the wall behind me. I got hold of his wrist. I twisted. I gave it all I had. His body was like steel. It coiled and twisted. He didn't make a sound.

I swung him around. I remembered a lesson from Army combat training. I butted him in the face and brought my knee up against his groin . . . hard. He groaned and sagged. He went down, and I went with him, but I was on top.

After that, it was a big man against a little man, and the little man had been hurt. I saw the gun on the floor not far away. I picked it up. I reversed it and brought the butt of it down against his skull. It made a sound that wasn't pretty.

Nick Alto lay still.

I got up, still holding the gun, and turned to the women. Zora looked as though she had been frozen. Sandy was superb.

She said, "Hold everything, Jerry. I'm going to telephone the police."

THE Cameron living room was warm and clean and comfortable. There was a lot of coffee on the coffee table, and cigarettes in the humidor. There wasn't a single dead body anywhere around.

I loved that. I had taken a violent dislike to homicide in any form. What I wanted for the rest of my life was peace and quiet and a whole lot of Miss Sandy Cameron.

That young lady was in her room just then. I had an idea she was showering. I only hoped the spray would be strong enough to wash away the memory of unpleasant things.

I was too tired to be sleepy. This had been another one of those nights. Cops, questions, pictures, measurements, more cops, more questions. I was somewhere up near the peak because things had turned out prettily, and there hadn't been time for reaction to set in.

Sandy came walking into the front room. It was still so early that the servants hadn't arrived. Sandy had perked the coffee herself. I looked up at her and made a circle of my thumb and forefinger. That was to indicate my unqualified approval.

She had put on a slack suit that wasn't too slack. It fitted snugly in the right places. It made me very happy to realize that we were here instead of occupying twin slabs in the morgue.

She came over and sat on the arm of my

Cleopatra caught a cold at the masquerade

So Antony got her to try a pack of KOOLS!

Later on, she said, "If they felt so soothing (when my throat was raw)

"Why don't I smoke 'em all the time?" (and so she did)

Switch from "Hots" to KOOLS for good!

KOOL
MILD MENTHOL
Cigarettes
Tipped
UNION MADE

Out of Great Emergencies...New Leaders Arise

AMONG FREE MEN, always, new leaders arise to meet the challenge of great emergencies. These are the men who deny the "don'ts" and the "can'ts" of *conservative years...who dare the impossible.*

There were several such "impossibilities" in the aluminum industry, before Pearl Harbor. It was "impossible" that America's war needs could ever exceed what was then considered a huge national production capacity... or that imports of foreign bauxite could be stopped . . . or that our own high-silica bauxite could be turned into the purest aluminum.

But far back in 1940, a single company challenged all three "impossibilities." Reynolds, then the world's largest aluminum foil producer, built a huge plant in Alabama... began mining domestic ore... and deliberately prepared to process high-silica bauxite. This is the only plant in the U. S. where bauxite comes in at one end, *and aluminum sheet rolls out the other!* As war came, the huge rewards of this pioneering became apparent even to the most skeptical. But still Reynolds kept on breaking precedents. From earth to aluminum sheet was one step. Now they dared the next step, earth to sheet *to finished aircraft parts.* Today, Reynolds feeds endless streams of airplane parts straight to assembly lines throughout America!

And there is even more to this story than the quantity production of aluminum ingot, sheet and finished aircraft parts. The wings of our victorious airmadas demand quality as well as quantity...they must be made ever lighter and stronger. Reynolds engineers are preparing to announce new miracles of metallurgy. There will be further "impossibilities" conquered, in Reynolds' steady march to Leadership in Aluminum.

REYNOLDS METALS COMPANY
GENERAL OFFICES • RICHMOND, VA. • 40 PLANTS IN 14 STATES

REYNOLDS ALUMINUM
OUT OF THE GROUND INTO THE SKY

BUY MORE AND MORE WAR BONDS

AMERICA'S NEW SOURCE OF ALUMINUM

chair. She ran her fingers through my hair. She didn't muss it up because it was mussed up already. I slipped my arm around her waist and pulled. She slid into my lap and stayed there. I wasn't caring whether school kept or not.

Sandy and I hadn't been alone for five minutes since the fireworks of the previous night. The cops had kept us apart, for one thing, because they wanted to be sure that our stories hadn't been checked against each other. They had finally left us at the apartment in the dawn's early light, but during the coffee making period, we hadn't done any talking.

Things had popped continuously since the day I had walked off the train at Penn Station and into a mess of trouble. A man named John Mitchell was dead, a lovely young girl named Holly Hamilton was dead, a friend of mine named Rex Cooper was dead, a black-market king named Leo North was dead. That was a lot of dead people. It was too many to think about on a nice, clear morning, so I tried thinking about less gruesome things.

Alan and Linda were happy. Their son had achieved legitimacy or a reasonable facsimile thereof. The cops and the district attorney had promised to soft-pedal that part of it. Alan and Linda weren't going to figure in the thing at all. The police had to know for the record. I'd have held out on them if I'd thought I could get away with it, but my friends from the homicide squad, Fanning and Gold, were too keen to fool with.

Nick Alto was in jail. Zora Sherman and Rufus Stirling were being held as material witnesses. Whether they'd also be indicted for complicity was anybody's guess and none of my business. Stirling had told the police that North killed Rex Cooper. I didn't give a hang about Stirling, but I couldn't help being sorry for Zora.

THAT was the roll call. All present or accounted for.

I kissed Sandy six or seven times, just to make sure that she was there, and then I said, "Now, let's have it."

"Let's have what?"

"The answer to why Zora screamed. Honest, I never heard such a howl in my life. Was she trying to help us?"

Sandy shook her head. She said, "No. Zora didn't know she was going to scream."

"But you told me to be on the alert . . ."

"Yes. You needed a break. Zora seemed to be the answer. Nick was bound to be upset by anything that happened to her. I knew she was frightened and that her nerves were raw. I knew any sudden shock would set her off. So . . ." she looked down at me and smiled. "Wouldn't you howl, Jerry, if a pin was suddenly jabbed into you?"

I said, "You didn't?"

"But I did. And hard."

I made no attempt to conceal my admiration. "In a jam, honey, you're marvelous. For a wife, you think too fast."

Sandy said, "I want to know things, too. When you told Nick Alto that North was Holly's father, did you think they'd start shooting?"

I shook my head. "Not necessarily. But I felt sure something would happen. And that would take the spotlight away from you and me."

"You knew then that Nick Alto had murdered Holly?"

"Yes. Oh, I hadn't been holding out on you. The thought had just hit me. It added up this way: I could be wrong about it, but *if* I happened to be right, Nick could only take it one way. He'd be bound to think North suspected him. And if he knew Holly was North's daughter . . ."

"I understand that part of it. What I don't understand is how you suddenly figured that Nick Alto killed Holly."

I said, "I was dumb not to catch it sooner. The answer was sitting there all the time."

She said, "The girl you're going to marry is probably very stupid, but she still doesn't understand."

"When Leo North was grilling you," I explained slowly, "he asked you why you went upstairs with Holly that afternoon. You said it was to get that awful little Tunis kerchief I gave you. He asked you whether you got it, and you said no. It didn't register then, but later . . ."

"The more you explain, Jerry, the less I understand."

"Remember the day you went to Zora's apartment? I came to you and asked whether you'd been there, and you said yes."

"I remember."

"If you had denied being there, the whole thing would have come to light right then. But when you admitted it, I didn't carry it any further. I devoted my time to bawling you out. So you never asked me how I knew you had been there."

She said, "I took it for granted that Zora had told you."

"Zora told me nothing. I went to see her, and I saw that Tunis kerchief sitting there."

Sandy said, "But I didn't have the kerchief. It was in Holly's bedroom."

"That's what didn't strike me until the last minute. Don't you see how it had to be? Nick Alto went to Holly's apartment—"

"For what?"

"To see whether he could find the scrapbook. Zora had heard a lot about that scrapbook. She knew it was full of Holly Hamilton clippings but she didn't know why. She thought maybe Mitchell was in love with Holly. She figured the scrapbook would answer a lot of questions. So she sent Nick to swipe it for her. Follow me?"

"So far—yes."

"Neither of them had ever seen the scrapbook. One would be the same as another to them. Some of this has been checked by the police since they talked to me. It fits." I lighted a fresh cigarette and went on. "Nick looked through Holly's place. In her bedroom, he found a scrapbook. Everybody in show business keeps a scrapbook. She probably had dozens of them, and he found one. Then Holly walked in on him. He's a gun-crazy punk. He lost his head and shot her. He grabbed the scrapbook. But that wasn't so good: a guy running with a scrapbook.

"He needed to wrap it up. He didn't have time to look for anything. On the table or desk or wherever it was, he saw a gaudy kerchief. So he grabbed it on the way out. He wrapped it around the scrapbook. He went down the emergency stairway with that under his arm. He took it straight to Zora. They found it in her apartment a few hours ago. But she undoubtedly knew what had happened. Nick must have told her. She got him out of her place in a hurry. And when he went, he left the kerchief. It meant nothing to her. Just another flashy piece of ornamentation, and she'd never think to get rid of it because her whole apartment was full of things belonging to Nick.

"So you see, honey . . . when it hit me that you hadn't taken the kerchief there, it had to be Nick."

Sandy said a few complimentary things. She said she thought I was quite a guy. I didn't agree with her but I was glad she felt that way. I told her I hoped she'd never alter her opinion. I told her I was a pushover for flattery. So she started working on me again and kept it up until we were interrupted by the house phone. The cook answered and then poked her head through the door after knocking discreetly. She said, "Mistuh Franklin, they's a gemmun downstairs wants to see you. He say his name is Mistuh Larric."

I looked at Sandy and she looked at me. "Worse and more of it," I said.

SHOES
Eric Peters

"Have you got that shoe which will give me an added inch or two?"

COLLIER'S ERIC PETERS

I WENT to the phone and told Larric to come up. I was waiting at the front door when he stepped out of the elevator. I led him into the living room and gave him a chair and a cigarette. I asked him whether he wanted a cup of coffee, and he said he'd had one already.

I looked him over. He still dressed sloppily, he still had sharp eyes, his voice still rasped, but I didn't dislike him any more. I simply wasn't in a disliking mood this morning.

He looked at me and gave his version of a smile. He said, "You must have had some night."

I nodded.

"I came around," he said, "because I figured there were a few things you'd like to know."

"Right. Just so I can enjoy forgetting them afterward."

He leaned forward. "You never knew where I fitted in, did you, Franklin?"

"No."

He said, "I was working for Zora Sherman."

That was a new idea. I didn't get it, and I said so.

"I thought you were smart enough to have pegged it," he said. "If you'd been thinking on your feet, you'd have realized that I knew everything she knew, and not one thing more."

"But why?"

"Zora's smart. She was smart enough to know that she needed somebody besides Nick Alto. Nick's fast with a gun, but he's short on brains. I wanted to set you straight on that, and also on Zora. She's going to need every break she can get."

He helped himself to a smoke and then went on:

"I believed her statement that she didn't know who had killed John Mitchell. If I hadn't believed her, I wouldn't have touched the case. I ain't long on dough, but I don't need it bad enough to play ball with murderers. She gave me her version. She believed your story, as far as it went. It was the part you didn't tell that interested her. She didn't care about anything except finding out who killed John Mitchell."

I said, "I hope she gets off light."

"She may. The worst thing she's done was to know that Nick Alto had killed Holly, and then to keep her mouth shut about it."

"How do you know that?"

"The cops coaxed it out of her. I got friends who told me. I used to be in the department. Anyway, they had enough on Nick to fry him on both sides, but they like Zora because she's given 'em something else they need."

I said, "I'm listening."

"THAT'S where you come in, too, Franklin. By messing around, you've done the United States government a considerable favor. Even I am in strong because they figure I helped. What I did was nothing more or less than selling Zora the idea that she'd be wise to talk."

"Talk about what?"

"Leo North and the black market. She was John Mitchell's girl friend, and Mitchell told her things."

"What kind of things?"

"Technical stuff. The thing the cops have never been able to find was the hiding place for the documents that they knew must be in existence—documents which would tie Leo North up with the ownership of apparently legitimate firms which were engaged in black-market activities. These documents were in a prettily concealed vault at the Palmtree. North having been murdered, the cops had all the excuse they needed to look around. They found what they wanted. There will still be a black market, but it won't be like it was. It won't be centralized and organized. The police are grateful."

Larric stood up. "That's the story," he said. "You had a right to know."

I held out my hand and said, "There was a time when I didn't like you."

"Thanks for the past tense. And I don't blame you. I was just a dumb dick being a nuisance."

I let him out the front door. I came back into the living room. I sat in the big club chair and motioned to Sandy. I said, "Let's pick up where we left off."

I had both arms around her when the door opened and the cook came into the room again.

"I got breakfas' fixed fo' you-all," she said. "I reckon you must be hongry."

"She's half right," I whispered to the girl in my arms. "I'm hungry. But not for bacon and eggs."

THE END

Murder, Inc.

Continued from page 28

questions about it. Did it supply enough vitamins or did men have to draw on body reserves? If they were drawing on reserves, how long would these reserves last?

Did the B ration supply enough calories for a steady, high-level expenditure of energy? And did it still leave room for sudden spurts of energy which often spell the difference between life and death in battle? Was the ration palatable? Monotonous? There were dozens of questions like these.

These questions launched the experiment. The Quartermaster Corps calls it S-44. (Study 44.)

An officer staff was gathered to conduct the test, and the project was blocked out. Fifty-two enlisted men were chosen, all of whom had finished basic training. They were selected to represent a cross section of enlisted men. Each man was questioned carefully before acceptance. Was he planning to get married? Did he have sick parents or a pregnant wife? If he answered yes to any of these questions, he could be eliminated. Did he feel faint at the sight of a hypodermic needle? This eliminated a few. There would be many blood tests. Some simply stated they didn't like the idea of the test and were released.

No Escape from Their Diet

All this sifting was done before the experiment started; thereafter no one would be able to drop out. Several acres in one corner of Camp Lee became the test area. While troops in the rest of the camp would be eating ration A (the regular field ration complete with fresh foods), soldiers in the staked-off area would subsist entirely on the expeditionary B ration.

The area would be tightly guarded. No one could enter. Troops being tested could leave only for field work. For upward of three months they would never see a juke joint, never have a date.

Life for them would be a dawn-to-dark business of marching, obstacle-course work, trench-digging—anything that consumed large bites of energy. Baseball and other sports were ruled out as too tame. Inside the area the soldiers would eat the expeditionary B ration with portions measured to the hundredth of a pound. They would give periodic blood and urine samples, which would show how body vitamin levels were holding up.

This was the acid test designed for the B ration. These soldiers probably worked as hard if not harder than any group of soldiers in history. If they held up, the ration was all right. If they didn't, changes would be made in the B ration.

The first job was to find how much energy was needed to perform specific tasks. There is one way to do this: Measure carbon dioxide expired by the lungs. This gas is an index of the amount of food that has been burned into energy.

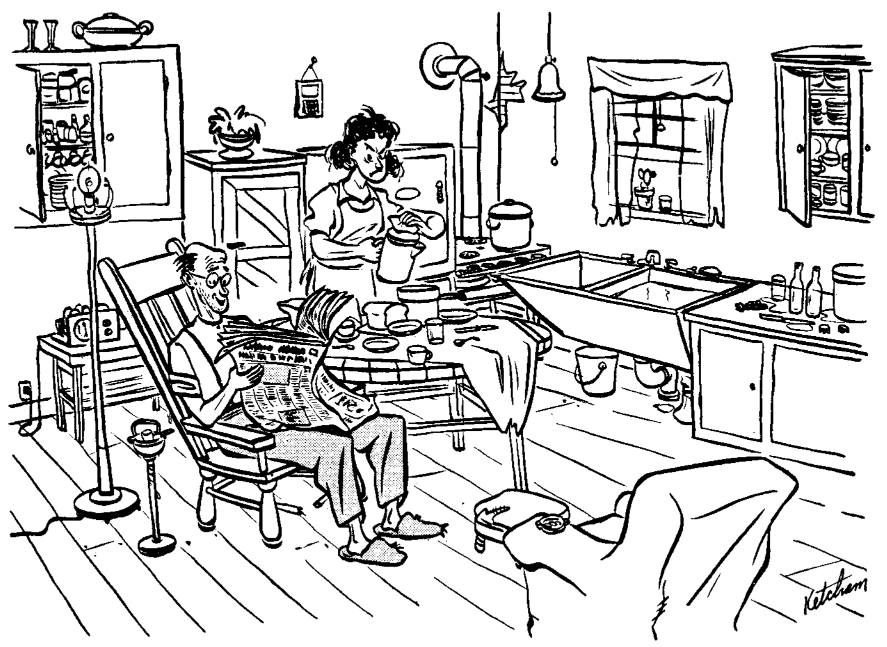
Men with masks on their faces and great bellowslike bags on their backs performed standard tasks. Analysis of the gas expired by their lungs and collected in the bag on their backs showed how much food had been burned into energy. It turned out that a 150-pound man carrying a gun and a 29-pound pack burned 410 calories per hour on road marches. Heavier men burn more, lighter men less. Corrections for weight had to be made on each man's record sheet.

A 150-pound man taking one turn around the obstacle course—where he scales walls, crawls through tunnels, swings across creeks on dangling ropes—used up 110 calories. Field rushes represented the highest rate of energy expenditure. In field rushes, a man runs five yards, then falls flat on his face. He gets up, runs another five yards. This continues as long as he can stand it. But if it were kept up for an hour, a man would consume 1,200 calories.

The experiment at Camp Lee was planned to approach battle-energy-expending conditions, where men expend energy at a rapid rate. They would burn an average of 4,200 calories a day. Since Sunday was a day off, this meant that on some weekdays, calorie output would climb at high as 5,500. This is close to the energy output of a lumberjack and exceeds that of a steelworker. An office worker burns less than half this amount.

This handled the energy-output end of the experiment. It was a simple matter to draw a task schedule which would total around 30,000 calories a week. The energy *in*put—eating—was a job for the dietitian. Exact charts were kept on every man. His food was weighed and measured. The National Research Council in Washington undertook the job of analyzing all food. Thus, doctors knew what went in in the form of food, what came out in the form of energy.

Take a sample day in the life of Joe Patterson, son of a North Carolina garage owner. The name isn't real, but Joe is.



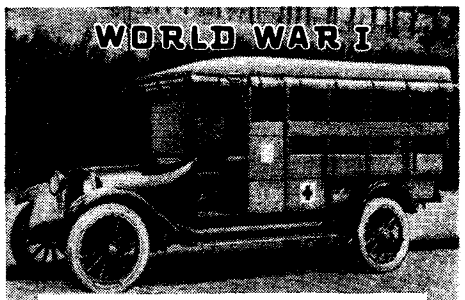
COLLIER'S

"I see here that the postwar kitchen will be entirely built-in and will double as a playroom"

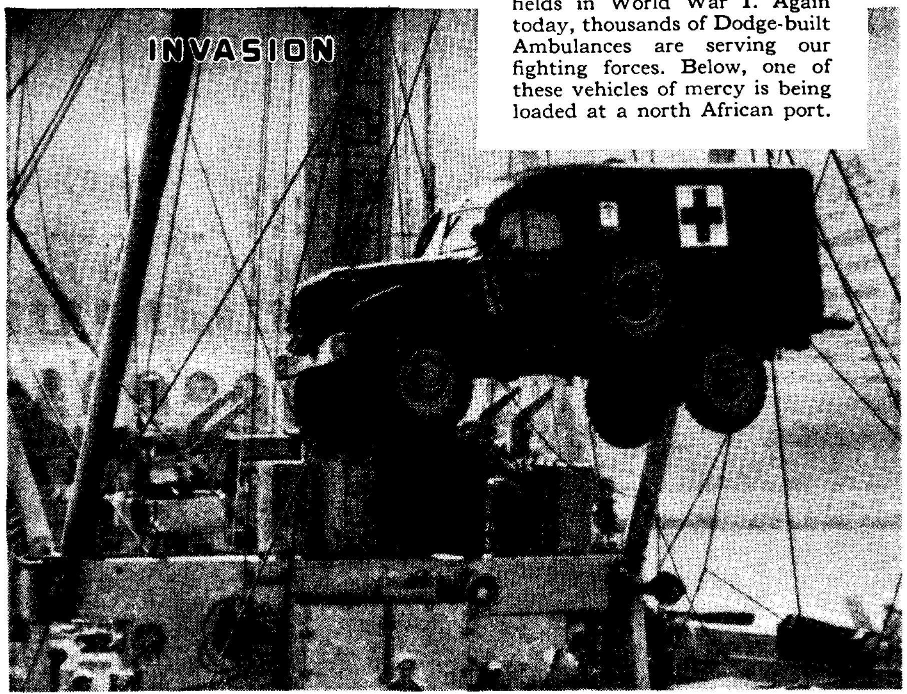
HANK KETCHAM

DODGE-BUILT TRUCK, affectionately christened "KATHLEEN," hauls war supplies on the Italian mainland between Salerno and Naples.

ON THE ROAD TO ROME



DODGE AMBULANCES (above) were a familiar sight on French battlefields in World War I. Again today, thousands of Dodge-built Ambulances are serving our fighting forces. Below, one of these vehicles of mercy is being loaded at a north African port.

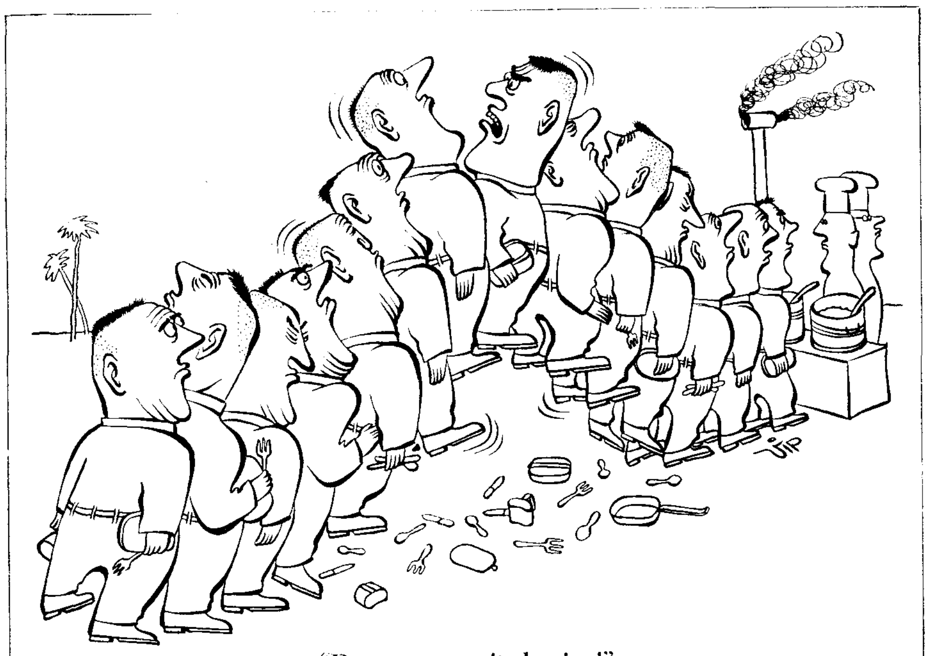


TUNE IN MAJOR BOWES, CBS, THURSDAY, 9 P. M. E.W.T.

DODGE Job-Rated TRUCKS remain a mighty force in America's great trucking industry, carrying essential commodities of commerce, industry and agriculture on the vital home front!

BUY WAR BONDS
HELPING TO WIN AT HOME TOO!

4,500,000 TRUCKS SERVE AMERICA'S VITAL HOME FRONT!



COLLIER'S "Darn you—quit shoving!" VIRGIL PARTCH

Joe weighs in before breakfast. Immediately after breakfast, the book is thrown at him. There are no lectures and no demonstrations where he can rest. The days starts with an hour of bayonet practice—250 calories. He burns up another 640 with two hours of crawling through underbrush and he winds up the morning with grueling field rushes.

At lunch—in the tar-paper mess hall—Joe gets a number badge. He gets a tray and mug bearing the same number. He lines up, and food is served cafeteria style. His tray is loaded with measured amounts of Vienna sausage, dehydrated potatoes, dehydrated onions, sliced peaches, canned butter and lemonade made from dried lemon powder.

The food tastes good enough; but after a month or so, Joe yearns for fresh milk, eggs, red meat. Ask Joe how the food is.

"All right," he says. "But you'll notice there's no dog hanging around the kitchen. We had one, but he left."

By the time he has eaten lunch and handed in his tray, half a dozen checkers have made notations on Joe's meal.

Burning Up the Calories

After lunch, he spends an hour digging foxholes—325 calories. Then comes the obstacle course—and a three-hour road march in full pack. If Joe shows any signs of weakening, a doctor is there to pull him out of line. If his face flushes, then goes pale and is covered with cold sweat, it's time to ease up. But Joe is in good shape and doesn't weaken.

By suppertime, he is dog-tired and hungry. The men line up for tinned willy (corned beef), dehydrated cabbage, dried lima beans, chocolate pudding and coffee.

After supper, Joe may go to a post movie—under escort, and sitting in a fenced-off section of the theater. Soldiers around him are eating peanuts and chocolate bars. This is tough. It is also tough if there are eating scenes in the picture.

When the movie is over, Joe falls into bed, in a tent—not in a barracks such as the other soldiers have. There have been no fights around the camp. "Everyone is too tired to fight," Joe explains.

At 2 A. M. he is awakened by a doctor who wants blood and urine specimens. Joe obliges, still half asleep. "Never thought I'd be doing this for my country," he mumbles.

The next day, it is the same hard, monotonous grind. He has no contact with the outside world whatsoever. He can write letters and can make telephone calls—several marriages have been arranged by telephone—and he can send to the Post Exchange for anything he wants, except the thing he wants most—which is food.

How do the men react? Some of them have lost weight, as would have been expected; but a few have gained. There has been no serious illness. To most it is drudgery. But they hang on, sensing that they are making an important contribution.

Your reporter has never seen better morale among troops anywhere. There hasn't been a single AWOL, and the men have done their own policing—to see that no one smuggled food and wrecked results of the test. The chief job that the guards around the camp have had is keeping the curious out—not keeping the experimental subjects in.

Conversation in most soldier messes revolves chiefly around strong whisky and weak women. Not at the S-44 mess. Conversation there runs to steak, French fries, pie, whisky, women—in that approximate order. If the meal is good—canned chicken and cherry cobbler is the favorite—talk gets back to normal channels.

In no food test in history has there been a comparable group of men so thoroughly charted and tested. Hundreds of thousands of individual records have been kept. Each man has been weighed three times a week; and there have been constant checks on vitamin levels.

Once every three weeks, every man had a series of color photographs made. These pictures were of tongue, eyes, lips, gums—and other places where vitamin deficiencies make their first outcroppings. The whole series of pictures of Joe's tongue can be flashed on the screen at one time. If there have been changes which indicate a deficiency of nicotinic acid (the pellagra vitamin), it becomes readily apparent.

What facts have turned up? It will take the statisticians about two months to analyze fully the mass of data collected. But once the job is finished, there will be no more guesswork about the food our men fight on. The Army will *know* exactly how much energy the ration provides.

The men who pioneered the work with the B ration didn't get medals. They got thanks of a more substantial sort. They got thirty-day furloughs. When the test ended some weeks ago, Colonel Wainer provided a banquet: steak, French fries, fresh tomatoes, lettuce, blackberry pie. There was a curious reason for the blackberry pie.

One of the hardest bumps the men had to get over during the tests came during creeping and crawling exercises. The country around Camp Lee abounds with blackberry patches. Seeing rich clusters of berries within arm's reach and not being able to eat them was a sore trial.

THE END

'TIL VICTORY IS COMPLETE...
CONSERVE TRANSPORTATION FACILITIES

PREVENT WINTER ENGINE TROUBLE

AMERICA NEEDS every possible mile of service that can be procured from its existing supply of trucks, buses, tractors and passenger cars. They represent an almost irreplaceable commodity. Help them to develop "peak" performance "at all times".

WINTER temperatures are "hard" on engines. Crankcase dilution develops gums, sludge and carbon formations. Hard starting runs down batteries and unnecessarily wears out starting motors.

"TUNE-UP" engines for the winter months. Eliminate sticking valves, restore lost compression and power. Facilitate quick, easy starting and give the engine immediate adequate lubrication.

RISLONE-KARBOUT "Tune-Up" treatments take only a few minutes and will remove gum and carbon formations on valve stems, pistons and rings, and assure a quieter, smoother running engine. The RISLONE-KARBOUT "Tune-Up" facilitates easy starting, reduces gas and oil consumption and prolongs engine life.

The only product of its kind regularly used by car factory and engine builders. Ask your car dealer, electrical service station or repair man about the RISLONE-KARBOUT treatment today! THE SHALER COMPANY, Waupun, Wisc. and Toronto, Ontario, Can.

TUNE UP WITH
RISLONE and KARBOUT

SHALER

KARBOUT
AND
RISLONE

Made by the makers of World Famous "HOT PATCHES" the safest tube repairs known.

PRIORITIES are not required for SHALER products but the burden placed upon our facilities to supply materials required *NOW* for combat zones is so heavy that only limited supplies are available for general use.

Our Unsung Admiral

Continued from page 17

The admiral, incidentally, detests personal publicity. When this correspondent first put in a bid for an interview, the reaction here at Pearl Harbor was one of alarm.

"What? Interview *him?* Don't you know how he feels about publicity and the press? Why, he eats correspondents—chews them up fine and spits out the pieces!"

So, waiting in his office for the admiral to arrive was about as comforting as Daniel's date with those lions. The Fleet Public Relations officer, Commander Waldo Drake, was there, too, to help me tremble. When Admiral Spruance came in, he asked us to be seated, then started to talk. Some two hours later, he was still talking—and making sense—while your correspondent was wondering when he has ever met a nicer guy. The admiral proved to be as formidable as an old shoe.

"This job we have to do out here in the Pacific," he said, "can't be handled by any one branch of service. It requires complete co-ordination of surface and air forces, troops and submarines. The whole plan of action may seem complicated but, boiled down to its essentials, all you need is teamwork and proper use of the weapons at hand.

"Are we ready to strike? Well, as Admiral Nimitz says, 'No one is ever ready. You just have to set a date and go ahead, hoping the breaks are with you.' The Japs got that sort of break on December 7, 1941. There's one thing you have to remember about making war—the breaks, good and bad. Take the Doolittle raid on Tokyo as another example. Our carrier force was picked up early one morning by a Jap patrol vessel and, to play safe, the bombers were launched ahead of schedule. That meant that they had to fly several hundred more miles to their target than we expected and, as you know, most of them made crash landings. Just a bad break for us.

"That's what I mean when I say that luck plays an important part in any of these operations. You can go with the utmost secrecy to attack an enemy base. All your plans have been carefully made to avoid being seen. Then an enemy patrol plane or a ship or sub may pick you up and spoil the whole show. So we can't depend entirely upon the element of surprise. We just have to go on the theory that we *won't* catch them off guard. Then, if we do, and get away with it, we are that much to the good."

The Japs Were Caught Napping

In the invasion of Guadalcanal and Tulagi in August of last year, the admiral pointed out that Madame Luck was playing first base on our team. For that occasion, we had the largest force we had ever assembled, and it seemed impossible that such a mass of ships could be moved into the Solomons area without being caught flatfooted by a Jap patrol. That time, we did get away with it. Before the enemy had the sleep out of his eyes, our Marines had landed, and the first American offensive in the Pacific war was under way.

You couldn't call Spruance a swivel-chair admiral. He has a desk but seldom uses it. In fact, he seldom sits down at all. During our two-hour interview, he stood or walked about all the time—not restlessly, but slowly and deliberately. At first glance, you might mistake him for the late Will Rogers. He's a man of medium build, with a rugged face, well weathered by years of sea duty, and his coarse brown hair is flecked with gray. A pair of steel-blue eyes bore you like needles, and the set of his mouth and chin hint that he isn't a person to be fooled with.

We got around to an inevitable question—the turning point in the Pacific war. "Looking back now, we can see several turning points," he remarked. "But the high-water mark was reached, I believe, in November, 1942, when the Japs were making their big push to recapture Guadalcanal. You remember that was the time they sent a huge convoy down through the slot, and an air group from one of our carriers slaughtered them. Admiral Halsey sent up everything he had for that show, and the enemy losses were terrific. This setback was particularly important because it put the enemy strategically on the defensive.

"Our latest successes in New Guinea, the Solomons and the Aleutians have had another salient effect upon the enemy. For the first time, the Jap found out that he can be licked. He had been brought up to believe in his invincibility, and once a Jap soldier or sailor finds he has been beaten, he loses confidence. This is one of the most important psychological effects we have achieved in our campaign against Japan."

An Analysis of Airpower

Admiral Spruance is not an aviator. Most of his sea duty prior to the war was aboard destroyers, battleships, and cruisers, but his current appraisal of airpower is backed up by the authority of a wartime task-force commander who has used carrier planes expertly to turn back a superior enemy force.

"The carrier," he said, "is a highly mobile, extremely vulnerable airfield from which you can operate short-range aircraft and do much more accurate bombing than long-range bombers from land bases can do. On the other hand, the big four-engine planes are able to make long reconnaissance trips, while our carrier-based planes are limited in their scouting range. It's the same old story: No one branch of the service can do the same job that the other can. They must all work together. Midway proved something about combat between carriers. It is just like the old Western gunplay. The guy who first gets the draw stays alive. We got the first draw there, and they lost.

"I don't believe in crying down the enemy. Jap ships and planes and the men fighting them are good, as we have found out on several occasions—the hard way. But I think ours are better, particularly our planes and pilots. Apparently, Japan's basic aviation industry today is not able to turn out new designs in quantity, and they probably also have a shortage of pilot material. Don't forget one thing about the Jap, though: He will always fight; you don't have to urge him. No one can win a war without fighting, but of course you have to fight intelligently."

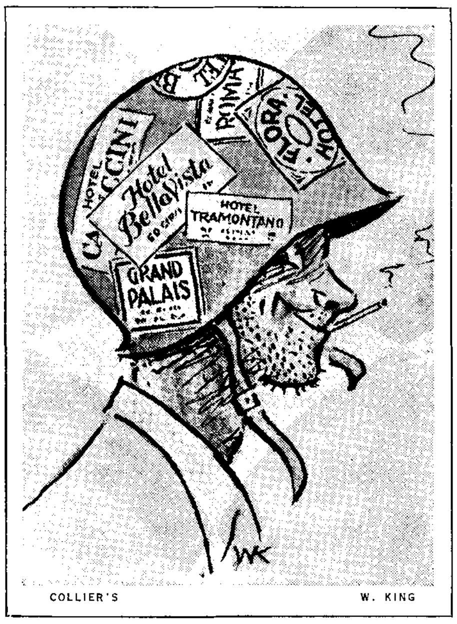
For a man with fifty-seven years behind him Admiral Spruance appears youthful. When he was graduated from Annapolis in 1906 he stood 26th in his class, the largest class ever graduated up to that time. At the Academy, he didn't go in heavily for athletics, but he did play some tennis and he did hike.

He was born in Baltimore and spent part of his early life in New Jersey. When a boy in his teens, he was taken by his father on a visit to West Point. Spruance, Sr., had picked a day when the cadets were to put on a dress parade, and all through it he watched his son's reactions. The father had hopes it might inspire the boy to try for the Military Academy, but he was disappointed. Young Ray had other ideas. A short time later, at seventeen, Ray got an appointment to the Naval Academy and passed the entrance exams.

A two-year cruise around the world on the old battleship Minnesota followed graduation, and he was officially commissioned ensign in 1908. Then he had a tour of shore duty, taking a postgraduate course in electrical engineering in Schenectady before he was ordered to the China station. His first command out there was the U.S.S. Bainbridge. That was the time the Navy first started numbering its destroyers, and the Bainbridge proudly bore a Number 1 on its bows.

Back in the States, a few years later, he helped build the battleship Pennsylvania and went to sea in her when she was commissioned in 1916.

"I was shanghaied ashore in November of the next year to take over as electrical superintendent at the New York Navy Yard. I finally wangled two months at sea in 1918, before the war was over. The following year, they made me executive officer of the transport Agamemnon, bringing troops home from France. It was interesting work, but I wouldn't want to do it for a living."



COLLIER'S W. KING

Admiral Spruance has spent six years in the Naval War College at Newport, one while taking the senior course and the rest as a member of the staff. His naval career also has been rounded out by tours of duty in the Bureau of Engineering and in Naval Intelligence. The last ship he commanded was the battleship Mississippi before he became a rear admiral in 1940 and was appointed commander of the Tenth Naval District in the Caribbean. The following year, he commanded a division of cruisers in the Pacific and held down that job until Admiral Nimitz sent him out to do that chore at Midway.

On the second day of that battle, one of our submarines on reconnaissance sent a message reporting a large Jap invasion force ninety miles away and heading for Midway. The submarine that flashed that warning had as one of its officers a Lieutenant Edward D. Spruance, the admiral's son. The younger Spruance was awarded the Silver Star later in the war for his work in submarines in the Southwest Pacific.

The rest of the admiral's family—his wife, and daughter Margaret—live in Monrovia, California. There was another member of the household, but mention of him brings a wistful look to the Spruance face. It seems the admiral has another passion that is a rival to his hiking, namely schnauzer dogs. He once had a schnauzer named Peter that was his pride and delight. But Peter had an unfortunate habit of getting tough with every other dog he met, and Mrs. Spruance rebelled. The admiral isn't much of a hand at retreating. However, he agreed to keep his warrior tied up.

We were talking about mistakes that had been made during the war. "Sure, we've made mistakes," he remarked. "And we have learned from them. The Japs have made mistakes, too. The biggest one they ever made was not military, but political. That was the attack on Pearl Harbor. The people of Japan didn't want war, but the militarists were in the saddle then, and the people had nothing to say about it.

"Many people think our letting the Japs evacuate Kiska undetected was a mistake. Well, in my opinion, if we can make the enemy get out of any of their bases under any circumstances, it is better to let them go and carry the word back home, 'We're damn' well licked!' As a matter of fact, we knew all the time that Kiska would be a very tough place to take directly, so we jumped over it, took Attu and then turned the heat back on Kiska until the Japs had to evacuate. We had cut off their supply line."

His fellow officers, senior and junior, think Spruance is quite a guy. Vice-Admiral William L. Calhoun told me: "I don't have to do any apple-polishing for Spruance because I am senior to him, but I have known him for forty-two years and I consider him one of the most competent men I have ever met. Unless I miss my guess, he is going to climb higher. On top of all this, he is a cold-blooded fighting fool. If he possesses one fault, it is that he believes too much in work and doesn't get enough play. That really is a just criticism."

High Praise from His Chief

The big boss, Admiral Nimitz, made a brief, sincere comment: "I have the highest regard for Admiral Spruance, and the highest expectations. He is a fine man, a sterling character and a great leader. He took over when Admiral Fletcher's flagship (the Yorktown) was immobilized at Midway and did a remarkable job. Nothing you can say about him would be praise enough."

Nimitz and Spruance lived in bachelor austerity in a house at Makalapa, overlooking Pearl Harbor until Spruance recently moved on board his flagship. They hike and swim together and entertain occasionally by giving small dinner parties. Admiral Spruance doesn't smoke. He is practically abstemious, too, but is one of the best drink mixers on Oahu. A sample sip of the cocktails he mixes for his guests (to see if they are up to standard), is the limit of his alcoholic fling.

He loves good music. Whenever he is worried by a problem so great that it persists after office hours, he will go to his quarters, put a symphony recording on a phonograph and close his mind to everything but the music. This treatment usually works. The next time he tackles the problem, it isn't nearly so hopeless of solution.

Too shrewd to predict even in a general way the date the war will end, Admiral Spruance nevertheless is optimistic about its outcome.

"When Germany collapses," he said, "the war out here in the Pacific will enter an entirely new phase. Instead of wondering where we can get the proper weapons to fight with, we shall face the problem of where to use the abundance of weapons we will then have placed in our hands."

THE END

Rendezvous

Continued from page 25

Fleet oilers and the men who man them. It is dangerous work that they do, and there is small enough honor or glory about it in the eyes of the public.

"We're starting oiling now," said the first lieutenant.

The warrant bosun went up to the spray-swept forecastle. It was still too dark for anything to be seen, on either side, but right ahead, by straining his eyes, he could just make out the tiniest glimmer of a light; ahead of them, a battleship was showing that light directly astern, shaded so that any prowling Japanese submarine could take no advantage of it. It is hard for a submarine to stalk her prey from anywhere except forward of the beam.

The light grew gradually closer, and the warrant bosun knew that on the bridge the captain was steering the Fleet oiler so as to pass as close to the light as possible. Then the light disappeared from the warrant bosun's gaze, as the nearing of the two ships took him out of the beam. Peering through the spray and balancing himself on the plunging forecastle, he could at last make out the huge bulk of the battleship, an immense deep shadow in the surrounding dark. A dead weight of forty thousand tons, driving through the sea as fast as any whale, it was bound to set up fantastic eddies and suction currents all around it.

The warrant bosun knew enough about those conditions to appreciate the skill and nerve of the Fleet oiler's captain, who was having to steer his ship through those eddies close enough to the battleship for a line to be thrown across the gap, and yet not so close as to touch. Forty thousand tons dead weight, heaving and plunging in a rough sea, will deal a blow that would crush in the side of a stouter vessel than a floating oil tank.

Slowly the Fleet oiler overtook the huge black shadow. Bow overlapped stern, and the warrant bosun could now see the battleship in vague profile, the immense turrets and the colossal guns, the staggered upper works, and then the unmistakable profile of the bow. The two ships were in such close proximity to each other that the sound of the waves leaping and crashing in the narrow space between them was clearly audible over the wind.

"LET'S have it!" said the warrant bosun to the shadowy men at his side; and he did not say "it;" he substituted a dirty noun for the pronoun, as unnecessarily as ever. He took the heaving line in his hands, deftly seized half a dozen coils in his right hand while his left loosely held the remainder, and whirled the weight with the full strength of his arm. The weight soared off into the darkness, and the line ran smoothly out from his left hand.

Had it been daylight, the warrant bosun would have fired a line out of a gun, but in darkness that would mean a revealing flash. Human muscle and skill had to take the place of a gun, and if the line were badly thrown, if it fell short and had to be re-coiled and re-thrown, five minutes would be wasted, and, with many ships to fuel, a similar mistake at each would make a total of many minutes lost, and in so many minutes . . .

The warrant bosun did not know that Nelson had once said that at sea five minutes can make the difference between victory and defeat, but he felt that truth in his bones after twenty years in the Navy.

The weight shot off into the darkness, trailing the line behind it, and the warrant bosun uttered a grunt of morose satisfaction at feeling the line catch and hold. Someone on the battleship's forecastle had seized it. Megaphones shouted orders over the wind, and the heaving line ran steadily out to the battleship. There was a two-inch messenger line attached to the heaving line—the warrant bosun was responsible for the vital knot which joined them—and, by the time the two-inch line was being hauled into the battleship, the warrant bosun was ready to follow it with a 3½-inch line, and that was followed by a five-inch line, and that was strong enough to have entrusted to it the immense Manila towline on which the rest of the operation depended.

Tony Barlow

"He made so many wild promises this year that it finally got him down"

COLLIER'S TONY BARLOW

FROM other parts of the ship, other heaving lines had been thrown, other messengers passed, now that the two ships were riding together more or less comfortably harnessed together with the heavy Manila. The warrant bosun stood by the niggerhead, as the ships surged and plunged over the waves. It was up to him to ease the strain or take it up, keeping the ships at a constant distance apart without allowing the towline to break under the continual jerks to which the waves subjected it. If that line should part, everything else, including the precious hoses which the booms were beginning to swing out over the gap would be torn asunder.

On the bridges, the captains were fighting with screw and rudder against the other tendency of the ships to crash together, although the possible damage from that could be minimized now by the nests of fenders—clusters of three fenders together, each cluster weighing a quarter of a ton—which the warrant bosun had hung over the side at strategic points.

The warrant bosun left his place beside the towline long enough to hurry aft and supervise the swinging out of the booms which were pushing the hoses out toward the battleship. It was only a matter of faith that they were doing that; it was too dark to see them. A loftier wave than usual squeezed into the narrow passage between the ships, came slapping over the deck and soused the warrant bosun even more thoroughly than before, and he said the same words over again; it was not a very extensive vocabulary that he had. But with the booms functioning properly, he still had other matters to attend to. It was not merely oil which the battleship needed; the Fleet oiler was a sort of fairy godmother to the whole task force, which had only to express a Cinderella wish to find it instantly granted.

One of the first things the messenger lines had taken over to the battleship had been a telephone, and now eager officers in the battleship were pouring out their desires and their needs into the sympathetic ear of the supply officer. Mail, of course, was the most important thing in everyone's mind, and the Fleet oiler carried two weeks' mail for the two thousand men in the battleship—thirty thousand letters or so at a conservative estimate. The sacks of mail were all conveniently handy for transfer, but when it came to the other supplies demanded, it was a test of the foresight of the supply officer.

Fresh food, the battleship wanted; bread; cylinders of oxygen for the battleship's plane pilots; peanuts and candy; drums of lubricating oil; and all these miscellaneous stores had to be transferred to the battleship across an open space of tossing sea, and that was the warrant bosun's job. He had to supervise the whips secured to the king post. Two aerial ropeways were stretched across to the battleship, and running on each rope was a block, and suspended from the blocks were immense buckets of stout canvas.

From each bucket ran two ropes, one to the battleship and one to the oiler, and by pulling on one or the other, the bucket and its contents could be sent back and forth across the water. The men had to work fast, with the water swirling round their knees. All those stores must be transferred by the time the battleship was fueled. Five minutes might make the difference between victory and defeat, and already the quick-release valves had been clamped down upon the battleship's flanges, and the pumps were filling the thirsty tanks.

THE warrant bosun saw to it that his whips were properly rigged, manned and working, and then he hurried forward again to have another look at that precious Manila towline. Everything was all right there. An ignorant person might expect a breathing space for the warrant bosun now, but he would have to be a very ignorant person.

"When the hell is daylight coming?" said the warrant bosun to himself. For the first time, he had taken a false step and fallen headlong over a valve on the deck, the presence of which he had momentarily forgotten. He swore at the valve and he swore at himself, at the darkness of the night and at the roughness of the sea, as he plunged on round the decks like a squirrel in a cage. With every man and every rope in the ship hard at work, his attention was needed at all points at once.

Daylight was at hand, however. The sky to the east was growing pale, and the ships wallowing along, like drunken men hand in hand, were becoming more and more visible—the massive, solid beauty of the battleship and the grim, harsh ugliness of the Fleet oiler. Faces could be made out in one ship from the next, and friends could recognize one another. The task force had spent not days, but weeks at sea, plowing monotonously through the gray water in unceasing watch, and this brief interval spent alongside a new arrival was a blessed respite, a cupful of the water of variety in the thirsty desert of hateful monotony. On the battleship, there were men with leisure to enjoy it, men with time to stop and grin and wave their arms, but in the Fleet oiler every man was busy, and their recent life had not been monotonous.

The growing daylight revealed more and more of the task force, so that an observer could form some notion of the elaborate staff work needed for fueling at sea. It was a fighting formation, as it had to be, even while at the same time it was performing a peaceful evolution, and those precious minutes had to be saved. The moment one ship had completed her fueling, another had to be ready to take her place, leaving her fighting station in ample time while another ship filled the gap in the screen.

THE warrant bosun hurried across to look after the business of casting off, and the battleship drew slowly ahead under the impulse of the quickened beat of her propellers, her crew waving farewell. An aircraft carrier was awaiting attention, but the warrant bosun might at least have spared time for a friendly wave of the arm if his eye had not caught sight of the searchlight winking at the flagship's signal bridge. "Expedite," said those dots and dashes. The warrant bosun spelled them out for himself.

"Expedite!" said the warrant bosun. "Expedite . . ." He went on to say all the things he had said before, in practically the same order, dirt and blasphemy intermixed. Expedite, indeed!

The warrant bosun had not sat down since Bing Crosby's song had been interrupted yesterday, and he saw no possibility of sitting down until tomorrow. He was wet and hungry and weary but the Fleet oiler was moving up alongside the carrier, and the warrant bosun had to leave off swearing. Those messenger lines had to be passed, and he could save five minutes if he made quite sure that they went over at the first attempt.

Minutes are always of importance in war, and today they were of more importance than ever, although the warrant bosun did not know it. Away over the horizon were two factors that the warrant bosun knew nothing of: There was a storm approaching, and there was a Japanese force steaming across the task force's front.

To intercept and destroy that convoy, the task force must steam fast and far, and must be fully fueled. If that storm were to arrive in time to interrupt the fueling, the Japs would escape, and not merely escape, but would land their reinforcements on one of those dots on the map, the strategic importance of which has only become clear to us since 1941. Ultimate victory, the final triumph of the United Nations, perhaps did not hinge on destroying that convoy, but much depended on it, all the same: the lives of many Americans, the possible duration of the war, and, along with that, the future

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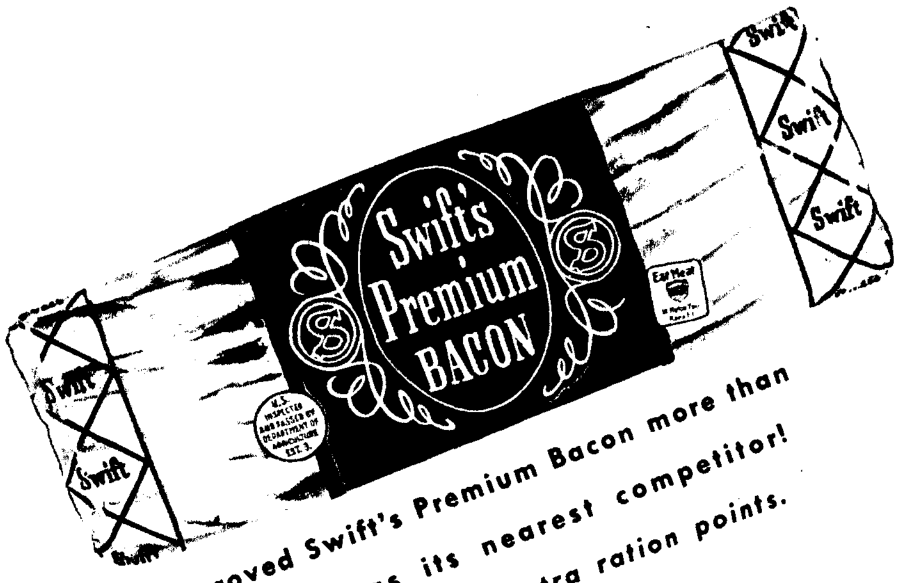
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of American citizens yet unborn. It was enough to justify the admiral's impatience when he hoisted the signal which made the warrant bosun swear.

The aircraft carrier needed gasoline as well as fuel oil, and as the boom swung the hose across the gap, the bosun's mates hurried through the Fleet oiler, shrilling on their pipes.

"The smoking lamp is out throughout the ship," they called, which is the way the Navy says "No smoking." The warrant bosun said his words over again, every one of them. He had not had time even to light a cigarette, and the order annoyed him just as much as did the admiral's "Expedite."

There were a couple of sick men to transfer, ratings with broken bones who were in need of the comfort of the Fleet oiler's big sick bay, the diagnosis possible with the Fleet oiler's X-ray apparatus, and the ultimate transfer to a hospital. The warrant bosun made it his special business to supervise the work—helpless men strapped into immobility on their wire stretchers but stolidly fatalistic during their dizzy passage along the rope. The sea was working up with the approaching storm; it needed nice judgment to get the men down onto the deck without a jar, and the warrant bosun only had just time to hand them over to the doctor before running forward again over the swirling decks to look after his towlines.

Battleships and destroyers and cruisers; one by one they came up alongside the Fleet oiler and drank thirstily from her hoses, like little pigs coming up to the mother sow, all through that long, weary day of wet and cold and increasing fatigue. It was twelve hours of hard work, but what the warrant bosun did not fully appreciate was the fact that it was also twelve hours of advance toward the enemy, twelve hours of movement to intercept that Japanese convoy. The ability to fuel at sea in any weather short of a gale extended the radius of action of the task force by hundreds—thousands—of miles, and that ability turned on how well the warrant bosun had kept his cordage in condition, how well he had maintained his gear and how well he handled it when the time came.

IT WAS the Fleet oiler and her warrant bosun that made victory possible. Those enormous battleships over there, imposing with their turrets and fire-control towers, were no whit more important than this homely oil tanker.

It might even be expressed more forcibly still: The admiral at the battleship's bridge, the admiral with the broad gold on his sleeve, irascibly signaling "Expedite," was at that particular moment a less important person than the warrant bosun, wet through, worn out, and yet still swinging out the boom and hose with all the accurate judgment of twenty years of experience.

The work had begun before daylight; and night was about to fall when the last line was cast off and faked down. The warrant bosun had intercepted the "Expedite" signal, but chance did not bring to his attention the "Well done" signal which the admiral sent over—the highest compliment which it was in the admiral's power to pay.

THE warrant bosun was too busy getting his gear secured, ready for the storm which was upon them. It did just pass through his mind that they had finished in the nick of time, that if the heaving lines had not been properly thrown, if a single line had parted at any time during the day, if an hour had been lost, whether in one single catastrophe or in dribs and drabs through the day, they would never have completed the fueling before the storm, but he did not know enough about the strategical situation to make any further deduction.

All he knew was that he was wet and tired, and the gear had to be secured, lines made up and stowed, and the axes put away, which all day long had lain ready on the deck to cut the ships free in the event of an attack. The Fleet had vanished into the unknown darkness, and the oiler was then heading for the bay again.

He finished his work; the gale was upon them now, the sea breaking green over the tank deck, and even over the catwalk, while the ship, her tanks empty, rolled fantastically over the heavy sea. The warrant bosun clawed his way aft through the roaring wet dark, guided by experience to the door into the after superstructure. He heaved himself over the coaming, and down the alleyway with its faint red light. He switched on the light in his cabin and stood there, the water streaming from his clothes onto the steel deck. The light shone on the photograph of his wife and the two nude pictures. It was twenty-eight hours since he had last laid his eyes on them.

"Hell!" said the warrant bosun to himself; that was the only word of the many which he said to himself which can be reproduced.

He began to peel off his wet clothes. This was a month with thirty-one days in it, so that his pay for a day amounted to ten dollars and six cents, with another dollar fifty-one for the extra four hours. So that, from the time of leaving his cabin to the time of re-entering it, he had earned $11.57, and, during that time, he had perhaps shortened by a couple of months a war costing ten million a day.

THE END

One World—One Market

Continued from page 13

costs in the world, can produce better cars more cheaply than their competitors in any other part of the globe. Take away the American domestic market, and mass production would no longer be feasible. Even with all his productive genius and an unlimited supply of cheap labor, Ford could not produce cars in Shanghai or Bombay as cheaply as he can in Detroit; and though his domestic market has always been larger than his foreign market, he could never have sold as cheaply to the American consumers if he had not also sold a substantial number of cars abroad.

During the war we have greatly enlarged our industrial capacity, particularly in machine tools and transport equipment, by virtue of our position as the "Arsenal of Democracy." This tremendous capacity can only be utilized efficiently in the postwar period if we continue to operate on a world-wide basis.

In addition to a greatly enlarged industrial capacity, the United States will emerge from the war with the largest fleet of merchant ships ever to fly the flag of one nation. Furthermore, we shall possess thousands of huge cargo-carrying planes and we shall have plants capable of turning out thousands more of these planes every year. We shall have tens of thousands of skilled pilots experienced in flying over oceans and jungles. Must we close the factories, tie up the ships, ground the planes and send the pilots back to the desk and workbench? Or does not the map suggest a way to use what we have for our profit and as a means of increasing living standards throughout the world?

Our early clipper ships sailed from

American ports with cargoes of American surplus products, chiefly hides and rum, and were under orders to proceed from port to port, buying and selling, until they were finally loaded with a cargo such as tea or spices which could be sold, at a substantial profit, in the United States.

The map shows that today, to an even greater extent than a century ago, each part of the world has its special products which it is anxious to trade for the products of other areas. By no means does all this potential trade lie on the main shipping lanes. Some of it must be carried halfway around the world before a suitable market is found; some of it could be disposed of at the next port. But if scores of ships were to start out after the end of the war, loaded with American products, and travel from port to port, buying and selling, they would find a tremendous accumulated demand for goods of all kinds and a corresponding accumulation of local products available for trade. Liberty ships would be ideal for this purpose.

Trade is a Two-Way Street

If we are to develop these vast potentialities for trade and shipping, we must constantly keep one fact in mind: Trade is a two-way street. The people of foreign countries cannot buy from us unless we provide them with dollars by buying from them. It took us a long time to learn this lesson after the last war and we had to learn it the hard way.

For some years after the armistice of 1918, new opportunities for international trade and shipping opened up, much as they promise to develop after the present conflict. Our total trade, measured in dollars, was four times as large in 1920 as it had been in 1910. It remained high throughout the 1920's. Then, with the beginning of the depression, practically every country in the world increased tariffs and adopted other measures designed to restrict international commerce.

The United States led the procession with the passage of the Smoot-Hawley tariff early in 1930. Within the next two years, seventy-six nations and colonies increased their customs duties. Of these, thirty-six carried through a general increase in their tariff schedules, while thirty-four set up import quotas, a government monopoly of imports, or other import restrictions. Thus throttled by obstructions of all kinds, world trade declined 60 per cent in value by the beginning of 1933, while American exports dropped 70 per cent.

Few persons will deny that tariffs frequently serve a useful purpose in aiding new industries to get established or in safeguarding industries essential for national defense. But even the most ardent protectionist will readily admit that the wave of competitive trade restrictions which followed the passage of the Smoot-Hawley tariff was harmful to all concerned. Moreover, by benefit of hindsight, we now realize that many of the tariff restrictions which were imposed at that time were without economic justification.

A Tariff Commission investigation showed, for example, that we had duties on more than a thousand different articles of which we imported less than five per cent of our domestic production. In dozens of instances, the imports were less than one per cent of our domestic output.

The reverse also was true in many instances. Industries were protected which at best could only contribute a small fraction of our needs. American olive-oil producers, for instance, were protected by a duty averaging over 75 per cent, although their production was only 2 per cent of our need. To protect this wholly uneconomic industry, American consumers paid more than $5,000,000 in duties a year—the equivalent of $17 for each gallon of olive oil produced in the United States.

A more significant illustration of a protected industry that has demonstrated its inability to stand on its own feet is that of sugar. Today, though sugar is rationed because of the shortage of shipping, and though sugar growers receive a substantial subsidy from the government, our beet-sugar output amounts to only about 18 per cent of our requirements. The domestic production of cane sugar is negligible. In peacetime our efforts to protect the sugar-beet industry, which has always paid notoriously low wages, cost the American consumer approximately $300,000,000 a year.

We would do well to admit that there are many commodities which, because of climate or specialized skills, can be produced in foreign countries more cheaply and more efficiently than in the United States.

On the other hand, there is a long list of products, both industrial and agricultural, in which the United States has an unquestioned advantage. Since we cannot sell unless we buy, it is clearly to our interest as a nation to specialize in the products which we can turn out most efficiently and most economically—particularly those in which we have the advantages of mass production—so that we may exchange these products of our high-paid labor for the products of low-paid foreign labor.

To take full advantage of the modern principles of specialization and mass production after the war, we shall have to take energetic steps to reduce the existing barriers to world trade. Already, substantial progress has been made in this direction through Secretary Hull's reciprocal trade program. This program, which has been endorsed by a majority of both Democrats and Republicans in Congress, has had as its primary purpose the stimulation of American exports by a bargaining process.

Our trade representatives get around the table with the representatives of a foreign country and offer to reduce certain of our tariffs by no more than 50 per cent in return for the removal of some of the obstacles to the sale of American goods. This bartering may go on for some time before an agreement can be reached, but the results speak for themselves. Agreements have been entered into with twenty-six foreign countries.

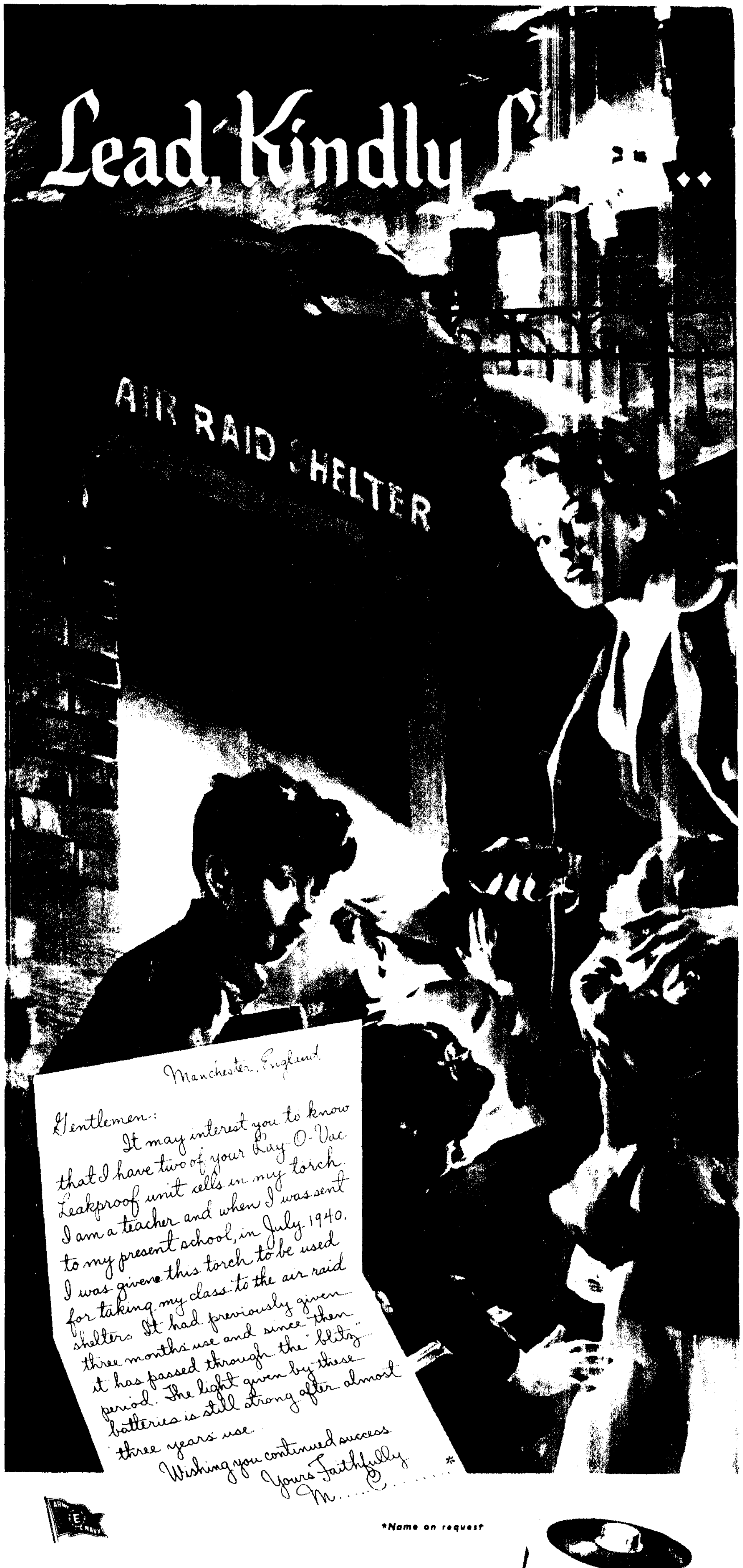
The Figures Tell the Story

By 1939-1940, our exports to the twenty-six countries with which we made agreements had increased by 87 per cent, while our exports to other countries rose only 32 per cent. Our imports from the countries covered by the agreements also were higher, but only to the extent of 38 per cent.

This is an encouraging record. It gives us the right to be optimistic about trade opportunities after the war. The potentialities of postwar trade seem boundless. Certainly it will not be limited by lack of immediate needs on the part of war-torn Europe and Asia. Nor will transport facilities be lacking. We shall have the ships and planes to move more cargoes than ever before in history; and there need be no shortage of cargoes. We shall have the capacity for greatly increased industrial production, and there are rich natural resources in all parts of the world waiting to be moved to where they are needed.

The one uncertain factor is the willingness of the leading nations to abandon economic nationalism and co-operate in opening the channels of trade, so that all may profit. It is to be hoped that the map of raw material sources, by dramatizing the vast possibilities of world trade, will help to overcome this final obstacle.

THE END



Manchester, England

Gentlemen:
It may interest you to know
that I have two of your Ray-O-Vac
Leakproof unit cells in my torch.
I am a teacher and when I was sent
to my present school, in July 1940,
I was given this torch to be used
for taking my class to the air raid
shelters It had previously given
three months use and since then
it has passed through the "blitz"
period. The light given by these
batteries is still strong after almost
three years use.
Wishing you continued success
Yours Faithfully
M...... C......*

*Name on request

This remarkable experience is possible because Ray-O-Vac's exclusive sealed-in-steel construction preserves battery power—*literally for years!*

Conserve the batteries you now have
Present production is vitally needed by our armed forces

BUY WAR BONDS

RAY-O-VAC

BUY WAR STAMPS

LEAK PROOF

Guaranteed
BATTERIES

RAY-O-VAC COMPANY • MADISON, WIS.

Hitler's Bombed-Outers

Continued from page 11

cash by the government after some delay. However, the lost property can only be bought on the black market at ten to twenty times the amount of the government payment and the normal price.

With cup in hand, the bombed-outer waits in the street for the army goulash truck to drive up and give him a feed. Sometimes he waits for as much as forty-eight hours. People who don't like or cannot get the army goulash build themselves a fire and cook the horses, dogs and cats that lie around the street. Handouts of twenty cigarettes, one quarter of a bottle of brandy and a bar of chocolate are donated by the Nazi Party. Food is rushed from other cities, where already rations are "too much to starve on and still too little on which to live."

Bombed-outers scatter through other areas of Germany, carrying their bad morale like an infectious disease. At first, they were greeted with patriotic speeches, flowers and bands. But now they have become too numerous and burdensome for these luxuries. With different customs, habits and dialects, the bombed-outers get on the nerves of their hosts. It is especially difficult, for instance, for Bavarians to stand Prussians, or for Austrians to stand the North Germans.

Every bombed-outer gets a little book containing rules of behavior. "Be brave among your hosts and help to protect the inner front of courageous hearts." "Do not demand advantages which other citizens cannot or do not have." "Complaints lead to quarrels."

Armed Against the Police

When Germans go out into the country to scrape up some food from the peasants, they take a pistol as defense against busybody police agents. A pistol is part of the air-raid-shelter equipment, to shoot hysterical *Volksgenossen* who might bar the way out.

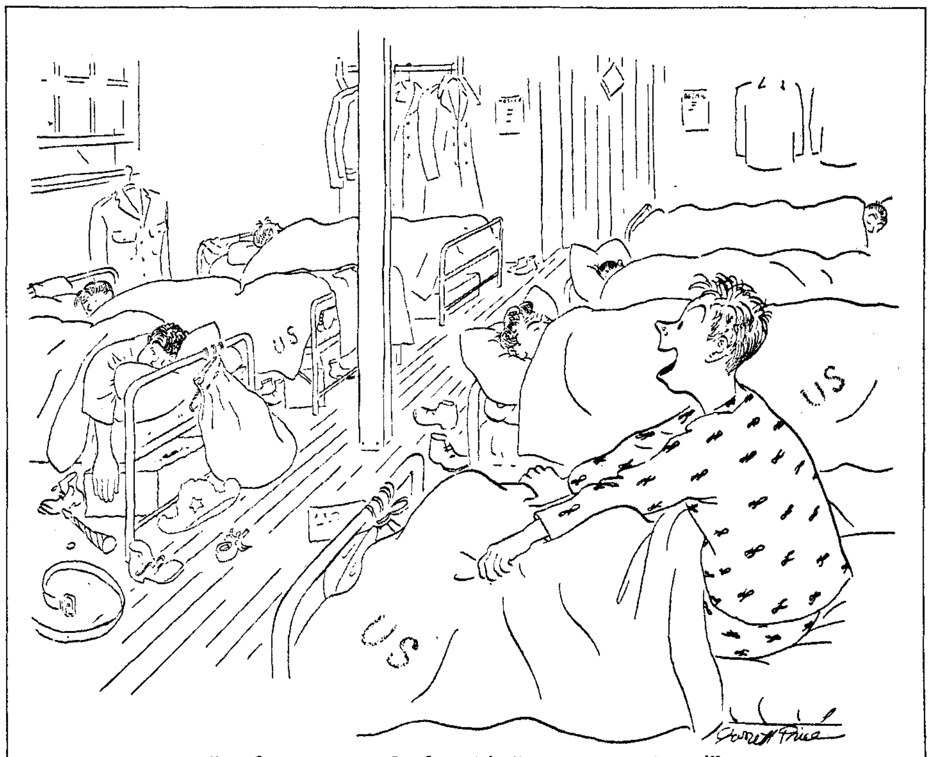
Soldiers give pistols to their wives, "just in case," before they go to the front. In Hannover, a grandmother was brought before the judge because she had stolen forty grenades, two pistols and a light machine gun from her grandson. In 1933, it was difficult for the diligent German police to check up on the millions of down-and-outers. It is practically impossible for them to check up on Hitler's bombed-outers today. Tens of thousands of people live "black"—that is, without signing up with the police, or with false passes.

This is especially favorable for foreigners who are escaping homeward, or to England, Spain or Switzerland. When they come into a bombed city, they can take their pick of passports and working papers from the corpses and get free food from the army canteen. If a German has a bad record with the police, he just takes a pass from one of his neighbors who has been killed. A Nuremberger, who escaped to Switzerland recently, heard that the authorities reported to his wife that he had been killed in a bombing in Cologne.

"He who plunders will be shot," is written on the remaining walls of bombed cities. Nonetheless, there are still two kinds of *Volksgenossen*—those who rescue the goods, and those who steal them when they reach the sidewalk. Jewels, money and other small valuables are put in special "bombing bags," which are easy to carry and easier to steal. More exciting booty than jewels and money is cigarettes. When a cigarette store is burning everyone goes in and helps himself—even the guard who is supposed to shoot the plunderers.

Bombing psychosis is a widespread plague in Germany. Its worst victims are called "panic idiots." A city which has not been bombed for some time is even more nervous than a recently bombed city, mainly because its inhabitants expect it to come every minute. Fear of death eats away morale. Some people don't want to work because there is no sense in creating something which will be smashed the next day.

Disease is rampant in bombed areas. One in every three bombed-outers has something wrong with him. The yellow flag was raised in Hamburg last summer, as cholera and typhus had their day. Brewers from all over Germany rushed their beer to the thirsty Hamburgers who could not drink the polluted water. The hospitals were overfilled. Out of ten cases of cholera, seven died. Practically all the doctors were at the front.



COLLIER'S "Wake up, everybody—it's Happy New Year!" GARRETT PRICE

The tales of horror told by the bombed-outers increased the fear of those Germans who have not yet suffered bombardment. In Hamburg, during a flaming raid, the tar in the streets melted. The people who were caught in this mess became blazing torches and were shot down by the SS out of mercy. The corpses of men no larger than little babies were found. Quantities of small-size coffins were ordered. Bombed-out women carried the charred bodies of their husbands in flower boxes.

Fear of the Holocaust

The phosphorus bomb is the weapon which fills the hearts of the Germans with the greatest dismay. The burning phosphorus splashes for hundreds of yards and cannot be put out.

In Hannover the draft created in the streets by the fire in the center of the city was so strong that only a strong man could walk against it.

Nazi propagandists are afraid that the disgruntled bombed-outers will entertain rumors dangerous to Nazi rule and hence they promise them revenge on large scales by means of secret weapons. Goebbels and even Hitler have spoken mysteriously of these secret weapons. Doctor Ley has dished it out in bucketfuls to his restless workers. Talk about the new secret weapon was common in the most expensive restaurants and in the cheapest inns throughout Germany.

Eyewitnesses described it. It was a huge aerial torpedo being built in Peenemünde, on the island of Usedom. The filling, a substance clear as crystal, was made in Clausthal-Zellerfeld, in a factory where the hair of workers changed to green. Most people expected the new weapon to be ready by August. Launched from the shores of France, this dangerous weapon would wipe out entire English cities at one shot, they said.

However, the British Secret Service was not sleeping. One night, Allied fliers pretended an attack on Berlin and swooped down instead on Peenemünde. The factories were laid in ruins, and a score of learned German death mixers, including General-Oberst Jezonek, were killed. However, talk of vengeance goes on, and the Nazis say that the work of the secret weapon is continuing in other parts of Germany.

Though occupied with talks of vengeance, the bombed-outers still have plenty of time for anti-Nazi thoughts.

A witness riding in Düsseldorf with a truck driver who had lost his wife and children saw him try to run down and kill an SA man who was standing in the street. In an air-raid shelter in Munich, one witness says a couple of Social Democrats were fanning the flames of anti-Nazi feeling among the thirty people taking shelter there. Quite openly, they said: "We once thought that only we were humans and the rest of mankind were animals. Now we know how it is to be bombed. We can thank our Fuehrer for this."

The patron saint of the bombed-outers and potential bombed-outers in the endangered regions is Goering. They remember his speech when his Luftwaffe was aces high, in which he said, "If a single Allied plane flies over Berlin, my name is Meyer." Now they call him Meyer, and they call the air-raid sirens Meyer's hunting horns.

On the night of the biggest raid on Berlin, Allied bombers roared over Hannover for one hour and fifty minutes in a flying column stretching from Holland to Berlin. The Hannoverians were afraid that they were going to be bombed. But when they saw the attack was for Berlin, they said: "Those are Meyer's night chasers. Those are not English planes. Isn't it wonderful that Meyer has so many night chasers?"

Asked why he did not shoot, a 16-year-old antiaircraft gunner said, "We're not crazy! They might have dropped one on us. We're glad they went on to Berlin."

In Würtemberg, the peasants refused to give the Berliners food, as they said the Berliners shouted approval when Goebbels declared total warfare. The Berliners deny this and claim the hall was packed with paid applause.

"Do you want fire bombs or high explosives?" Goebbels is said to have asked in that famous speech. And the paid applause shouted, "Both! Both!"

The down-and-outers hoisted Hitler into his seat of power, but the bombed-outers, cured of Naziism, find it not so easy to unseat him. The parliamentary system is gone. The only answer to their protests is the muzzles of the guns of the SS and SA. After a big bombing raid, the SS patrols the streets with rifles and machine guns and other armor. Large numbers of SS and SA are kept in Germany to guard the home front. This makes the people furious as they think these men should be out fighting.

In Cologne, the SS rode around in tanks and shot down disorderly elements. In Berlin recently, fifteen bombed-outers were "laid out" for too loudly demanding shelter for their families. After the last big raid on Hannover, Gauleiter Lauterbacher issued a statement that it is the duty of every German to report immediately defeatists, pessimists and critics to the police. On the first day 300 were reported; the second day the total reached 500.

Army morale is much better than home morale. The soldiers are better fed, less well informed, have less time for politics than the home people.

Softening Up the Army

However, gradually the Allied aerial bombings are beginning to eat away at army morale as well. The German soldiers do not mind looking at the ruins of Russian cities, which are a sight for sore eyes to them. But their eyes and their hearts get sore at the sight of ruined German cities. Hamburg is worse than Stalingrad, they say. Many a soldier has been glad when his leave was over, so that he could return to the front. Some come home on leave just in time to experience a bombing or to dig their family dead out of the ruins.

On the British radio, the bombed-outers have been especially interested in the repetitions of passages in Hitler's former promises, or exaggerated statements, or threats which now sound very foolish.

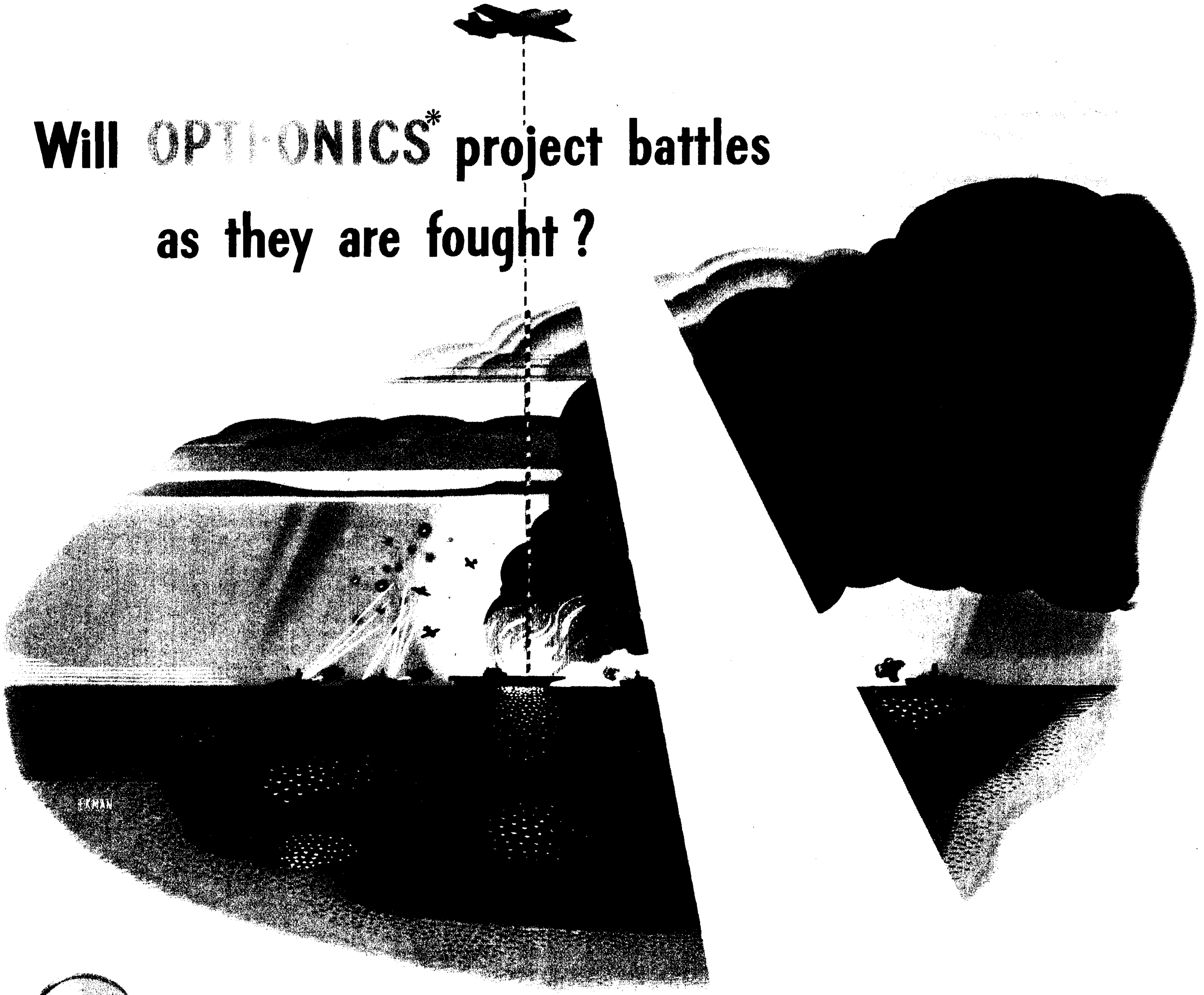
His promise to "wipe out" British cities, his references to the Allied generals and statesmen as "military idiots," to the "paralytic in the White House" and to the "old drunkard in London" have stuck in the minds of the bombed-outers.

They notice now that his voice breaks when he gets excited, and they say, "He thought himself equal to God." People know that he cannot control himself. Recent films showing the signing of the French armistice depict him pacing up and down, rubbing his hands in excited, childish glee. These pictures make a different impression now than after the fall of France, and the people associate them with the rumor of his madness, which even his speech referred to as a "nervous breakdown."

The bombed-outers are asking themselves what will be their fate when the turnover comes. Will they be down-and-outers again or will they be busy cleaning up the ruins of German cities? Or will they be carried off to Russia to clean up the Russian ruins?

THE END

Will OPTI-ONICS* project battles as they are fought?



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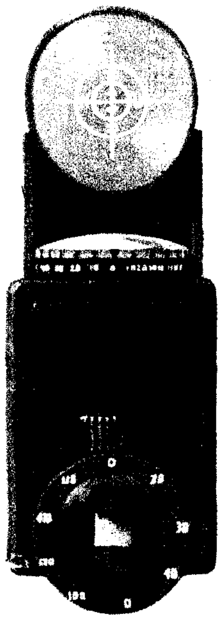

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ENSMINGER

Earl Blossom

The Week's Work

WELL, this department has interviewed both John McNulty, who wrote the short short story called Hash Mark (p. 22), and Earl Blossom, the artist who illustrated it, and we can tell you only one thing for sure: They would like to meet each other.

"This fellow McNulty now," says Blossom, "I like the way he writes and I'm very well acquainted in the saloon he writes about—Tim Costello's on Third Avenue —but I never meet him. Why is that?"

McNulty says, "I don't know of any artist who can do a neater barroom scene than Blossom. You can see he knows what he draws about. But every time I go to Costello's, he has just left. Would he be avoiding me?"

So The Week's Work Department is going into disguise as a Lonely Hearts Club and make these two acquainted.

When it comes to giving out biographical facts and the secrets of their success, our two Costello fans are on a par. McNulty typed out his history thus: "Although John McNulty is only 47 years old, he wrote Hash Mark without help from family or teacher. McNulty has been an inhabitant of saloons the major part of his life, save for brief periods of indulging in his hobby—doing rewrite for tabloid newspapers. So he naturally writes about saloons.

"McNulty has few distinctions. One of the few is that he is the only Irish-American on the North American continent who is descended from peasant stock. All the others are descended from Milesian kings, but McNulty never heard of Milesian kings until the year 1941, when he was looking in the dictionary for the meaning of the word 'minuscule,' and there among the Ms was some stuff about Milesian kings."

Now for Blossom: "I was born in Siloam Springs, Mo., but I spent my early youth in Chicago and soon was running a crap game. I had an assistant named Peter Paul Pentovich who was smarter than I was at running a crap game, so I let him do it, and I sat in a spot on the second floor where I could see the customers coming up the stairs. I had to recognize them by their backs, so I took to sketching their backs, and that is how I started sketching. Now, whenever 'Chess' (Collier's art editor, Wm. O. Chessman) needs somebody to draw somebody heaving a bottle at somebody, he thinks of me."

But Chessman urges you not to be deceived by Blossom's self-belittling words: "He's a masterful artist. You never have to tell him what to do. Just give him a good story and let him alone."

MARTHA SAWYERS, another favorite Collier's artist, agrees that it's easier to work on a story you like—and she likes everything Oriental (see her illustrations for The Lend-Lease Christmas, p. 21). She is a Texas girl who didn't get very far with her art until she went to live at Bali in the Dutch East Indies. There she defied the easygoing traditions of the Bali artists' colony, by working hard all day every day, even in the noonday sun.

"Sometimes I got into trouble because I won't flatter people. When women reach twenty-eight or thirty, they are old in the tropics. They had few mirrors in Bali, so when they saw the finished portraits, they'd often sit and weep at the revelation."

After a few years, Miss Sawyers moved on to Peking, where she worked until the war drove her out. Now she and her husband, William Reusswig, also a Collier's illustrator, do their work in two of the neatest studios in New York. "Neatness and strict hours," she explains, "were our defense against tropical languor, and they are our defense now against big-city laziness." . . . A. P.

Martha Sawyers

BLACKSTONE

John McNulty

Bomber's Moon

Continued from page 23

over to the wall table, just next to her own.

She saw the aviator stiffen a little, and then the big man was leaning over his table, his great, pudgy hand spread out flat on the cloth.

"Soldier, you look lonesome. I got some little girls in my party'd like to meet you."

The young man's voice was low, clipped, and yet also embarrassed. "That's—good of you, sir. But I'm about to leave."

The big man chuckled. "Now—now! You going to let a couple of pretty girls scare you off? What's the matter—bashful?"

"No—really. You must excuse me—"

The waiter laid the check on the table, and the fat man put his hand over it.

"Your money's no good here, soldier. Not while I'm around! Man runs this place is a friend of mine. We don't take money from soldiers. No, sir! You're the fellows that're doing the job for us, and we want you to know we're mighty grateful—"

Several people were watching the little scene now. A slow red was spreading up over the officer's thin, blond face, whether from anger or embarrassment, Lou couldn't tell. He looked grimly at the check, but the big man still held it out of his reach, waving it now as he spoke.

"There's nothing too good for you boys! Just say the word—just say the word! Now you come on over, and I'll introduce you to the sweetest—"

His big, prodding paw was on the officer's shoulder. Lou couldn't stand it. She picked up her check, rose, and said in a soft, angry voice, "Can't you see he doesn't want to come? If you're so grateful, why don't you have the decency to leave him alone?"

She didn't wait for an answer. She walked swiftly toward the door. But the cashier's desk was empty, and she had to wait. Without looking around, she knew that the aviator had come up behind her.

He said in a low, hurried voice, "That was good of you. I was just wondering how to say the same thing, without being rude."

Lou laughed. "And I didn't care! That's the advantage of not being an officer and a gentleman."

"Oh, say—I'm sorry. I always put a twist on things. Well, anyway—thanks."

SHE glanced at him in the wall mirror back of the cash register. He was half a head taller than herself, broad enough in the shoulders, but with rather delicate, patrician features. Yes—he was attractive. She looked unfamiliar beside him. She wore no hat, and the white flower she had pinned in her hair gave her a dark, lush, South Sea look beside his fairness.

She said, "You're a Canadian, aren't you?"

"Right. Are we that easy to spot?"

"Well, there's the insignia. Besides, I used to live just across the border in upper New York state, and we saw lots of Canadians."

The cashier appeared now, and made change for them, and the young man held open the door for her. It had grown colder outside, and they both buttoned up their coats.

He said thoughtfully, as though their conversation had been well established, "You know, it's odd why I should have reacted to the old boy as I did. Getting my back up, I mean. He meant nothing but kindness and hospitality. But—well —Canadians are different. They don't make a fuss—I mean all that gratitude bosh. They expect us to do our jobs, naturally. One does what one has to do. Why be sentimental about it?"

She said slyly, "Canadians expect one to pay one's own check?"

"Exactly. It was—a bit embarrassing."

"And then—besides—there are times when one wants to be by oneself."

"Now you're making fun of me." They were walking slowly, the fresh night wind on their cheeks, and white, spreading moonlight over everything.. Suddenly he stopped short and stared down at her.

"Good Lord—I deserve a prize. Complaining about the old boy this way, and then forcing myself on you. I suppose you do want me to take off? That's what you meant, wasn't it?"

She looked up at him. She liked the anxious undertone in the cool, clipped voice. A picture unrolled in her mind. They would walk to the corner and then separate. He would turn toward the dimmed-out city, and she would watch him walk away, shoulders hunched into the cold, growing smaller and smaller until he vanished forever.

And she would turn in the other direction to go home. There would be the faint scrape of her key in the door of her apartment house, and no other sound at all. She would walk into the silence of a room where nothing ever happened, and she would turn on the radio as quickly as possible.

She said abruptly, "No, I didn't mean that. I didn't mean anything. I'll give you a drink at my house, if you have nothing better to do. An evening that ends too early is so horribly flat, isn't it?"

HOME was not one of the places that meant Scotty, or ever had—she had moved into it after he left. Home was the top floor of a walk-up apartment house. It wasn't a very comfortable place—hot in summer, and cold in winter—but Lou liked it, mostly because of the balcony.

The balcony ran the length of the bed-sitting room and the kitchen, and although it was secluded by trees and high bushes from the street—from the rear where the ground sloped away it looked out grandly over the hooded lights of the city. It was a place where you could sit and think long thoughts. It would be too cold to sit out there tonight, which was a shame with a moon like this. There was nothing grand about the bed-sitting room.

The young Canadian's name was Alastair Kendall. He told her that while she was fitting her key into the lock. This was his first leave in a long time, and he was making the most of it.

"I'm Lou Douglas," she said over her shoulder. "Christened Louisa May."

And she thought: I won't announce starkly like a warning, like a keep-off sign, "I'm married!" I hate that. I'll say simply when we go into the room, "That's my husband—the photograph on the radio— the mustache is new, to celebrate a promotion."

Lou went up the stairs ahead, and reached the second floor first. The door of the second-floor apartment stood open, and voices and lively radio music spilled into the hall. A Mr. and Mrs. Corey lived here, a nearly middle-aged couple whom Lou knew slightly. The Coreys were a quiet pair—certainly not party material; nevertheless, tonight they were having a party.

Mrs. Corey, just inside the door, caught sight of her, and stepped into the hall.

"Oh, Mrs. Douglas! I was just up to your place. I was afraid you were out for the evening. We've run out of ice. Could you let us have a trayful?"

"Oh, of course. I'll bring it right down."

The blond head of the young Canadian

appeared on the landing, and Mrs. Corey's face broke into smiles.

"Oh, is this your soldier boy? I thought it was about time we got a peek at him. Captain Douglas—it *is* Captain now, isn't it? I don't suppose you want to waste a minute of your leave on parties—"

Lou said coldly, "This is Lieutenant Kendall—my neighbor, Mrs. Corey."

"How do you do?" said the lieutenant.

"Oh—I thought—I'm so sorry." Mrs. Corey's manner altered. She seemed confused. When she spoke, her voice was thinner and higher. "Well, I do hope you and your friend will drop in on our party. That is—if you haven't anything else planned."

"Thank you," Lou said. "Perhaps later. I'll bring the ice down right away."

THEY walked silently up to the third floor. Lou opened the door and snapped on the lights. The lieutenant lit a cigarette. His eyes moved around the cozy, stuffy, feminine little room; they stopped at the picture on the cabinet radio.

"That's the lucky fellow the old girl took me for, I suppose?"

Lou tried to smile, too. "She should have known better. She came up here one morning and looked me over pretty thoroughly, including the picture. The party must have gone to her head."

The lieutenant picked up the photograph and studied it, a dark-eyed, square-faced young man looking doggedly at nothing.

"Tell me about him," he said gently.

Lou didn't answer for a moment. She pulled the scarf from her coat collar, and stood there pleating it in her hands.

"What can I tell you?" she said at last. "It's been a year since I've seen him. I write, but his letters don't get through very frequently. He's stationed in England with the Eighth Air Force, as far as I know." She tossed the coat and scarf over the couch. "Even that picture doesn't look like him—not the Scotty I used to know. They've caught an unfamiliar angle of his face, and then the mustache—that's new."

She went out to the kitchen to the refrigerator. She felt hot and annoyed—almost like crying. What right had Mrs. Corey to make her feel guilty, when she had done nothing but make a friendly and hospitable gesture?

She went back into the other room with the ice cubes. He was looking at a book now. The picture was back on the radio, a little askew, as though he had set it down carelessly. When she came in, he tossed the book on the table. Lou thought: He's restless. He's not really interested in anything, except for a moment.

"Here—let me take that down for you," he offered.

"I wouldn't dare! I've learned about you. You have a fatal fascination for merrymakers. I'm afraid I wouldn't see you again all evening." She stopped at the head of the stairs. "Unless, you *want* to go, by any chance?"

"Oh, please—no. This looks so comfortable—and relaxed."

"Well, relax, then. I'll be back in two minutes."

She took the ice directly to the Coreys' kitchen, walking lightly and coolly through the strange faces. She didn't speak to anyone. She was glad she didn't see either of the Coreys. When she got back upstairs, the lieutenant was standing at the door that led out onto the balcony. He had pushed aside the long curtain, and was looking out.

"What's this—your private promenade?"

"That's my Juliet balcony. That's where I do my stargazing."

"You won't find any stars tonight. Nothing but moon. Turn off the light a minute."

She snapped it off. The moon made a white wedge across the floor from the balcony door to where she stood.

"You could read by it," the lieutenant murmured. "Not that I want to read."

"Would you like to go out? There are a couple of old deck chairs out there. But you'll need your coat."

"I was hoping you'd suggest that. A moon like that really shouldn't be wasted."

She picked up her coat again, and unlatched the door. The night air stirred against their faces like running water. They pulled the deck chairs into the moonlight, lighted cigarettes, and settled back, their feet propped on the low railing. Dance music from the Coreys' radio reached upward with a sweet insistence.

"Let me tell you something," said the lieutenant. "If you could look inside any soldier's head, you'd discover that he was hoping for a ticket to something like this, along with his furlough pass. Moonlight, music and a girl with a flower in her hair."

She stirred uneasily. "I promised you a drink, too. There's some beer on ice."

Reamer Keller

COLLIER'S "I'm glad we stuck to Manhattans all evening. I have enough cherries now to make a pie" REAMER KELLER

"My cup runneth over," said the lieutenant softly. "I couldn't ask for anything more—not even beer."

Neither of them moved. No, Lou thought, you couldn't ask for anything more, because you wouldn't know what to ask for. You couldn't even want it to last—a moment like this—because its very essence was impermanence. She tried to think about Scotty, to ask herself honestly if it would make him unhappy—bother him—if he could see her now.

SHE asked impulsively, "Why are you here—in Boston? I should have thought you'd spend your leave at home?"

The lieutenant put out his cigarette and flipped it over the railing. "My family's pretty much scattered now. There's no one at home but a sister, who's never been very close. Boston's new to me. I'm exploring. I have friends here—very pleasant people. I stay at their house—yet I'm free to come and go, as I like."

She said a little wistfully, "Then there's no one who—who hasn't seen you for a long time? No one that matters?"

"No one." The lieutenant leaned back, and his thin, long fingers lay loosely on the flat arms of the chair. "People who have no close personal ties can think of themselves in two ways. As cut off and pitiful and abandoned by everybody, or simply—as free. It makes all the difference. If you would think of yourself as free, you wouldn't mind it so much."

She said in surprise, "But I *have* close ties! I'm not free."

"Oh, I think you are. I probably see it more clearly than you do, because I'm unprejudiced." He sat forward now, twitching his chair around, to face her.

"Listen—I'm going to be very honest with you. When I walked into your room tonight, and saw that picture on the radio—my absent host, if you'll let me make a bad joke—I said to myself, 'Here's the end of the line, as far as you're concerned, Kendall. You have a quick beer, thank the young lady pleasantly, and go. That lad in the picture frame is four thousand miles away, and he's helpless to protect his interests. You've got to play fair.' You see? I was laboring under what you called a while back—my disadvantage of being an officer and a gentleman."

SHE said, very low, "But you didn't go, did you?"

"No." His voice thickened a little, became harsh and deliberate. "Because I began to see that this—this Scotty—didn't mean anything to you any more, marriage or not. When, and if, he comes back, you'll have to start all over, begin from the beginning. And maybe it will be with him, maybe with somebody else. Who knows? Maybe with me. That doesn't matter now. You're free. We both are."

Her fingertips, pressing against the chair arm, began to tingle, as though they had been asleep. "What are you going to do about it?"

"I'm going to make love to you."

She stood up quickly, her coat over her shoulders, and gripped the balcony rail. She said in a shaken voice, "Oh, no! No, you're not. This is what you've been thinking all along."

"That's what we've both been thinking."

She couldn't answer. Somebody in the Coreys' apartment opened a window. The music, smooth, persuasive, tireless, rose between them. The lieutenant got up. He began to sing softly under his breath, words to the music.

"Let's dance. I haven't danced with a girl for a long time. There's no music where I'm going."

He pulled her into the curve of his arm. The coat fell away from her shoulders, and lay limply across the rail. Moonlight made a glittering outline to his pure and accurate profile. Their feet moved soundlessly the length of the narrow, wooden floor, and she felt cut away from everything—past—future. This was a piece of time that had no edges to it.

"This is the way it should be. This is what should happen to people," he whispered against her ear.

She looked up. Their feet hesitated a little, stumbled, and stood still. When they kissed, there was no sound; the music was silenced for that moment, and the wind stopped moving.

She got away from him. She was shivering. The air was like ice against her face.

"Let's go in. I can't stay out here any longer. . . . I'm terribly cold. I hate a bright, white light, like this—nothing's real." She reached for her coat.

He was looking up. The moon rode just above them, round and glittering, and everything under it—trees, houses, the sleeping city—stood out clear, exposed.

"That's a bomber's moon," the lieutenant said softly. "About six hours ago it was over Germany."

Lou held the coat motionless. *About six hours ago it was over Germany.* Then Scotty would have been over Germany, too. Every clear night—nights like this—they went over.

"Why," she asked in a high, strangled voice, "why do you call it that—a bomber's moon? Does it help them? Does it protect the bombers?"

"In a way it does. It means they can fly high enough for precision bombing, out of reach of the antiaircraft. With no clouds between them and the targets, they can see everything at a great distance."

"Oh."

Every clear night it happened. The radio told about the raids. They were always successful. They always accomplished what they set out to do. And then at the very end, the announcer's voice would tighten a little. He would say in a tight, hurried voice, "Three of our planes failed to return. Three, or six, or sixteen—failed to return."

LOU looked up. The moon looked different—softer. It's Scotty's moon, she thought suddenly. It's to help Scotty. It means nothing now; it's just a leftover thing, wasting itself on a peaceful city. But six hours ago it was working for Scotty.

The lieutenant was moving toward her. He was humming again under his breath, but his eyes were intent. "You're cold," he murmured. "Your teeth are chattering. Let me warm you—"

She shook her head impatiently. "Don't," she whispered. "You're interrupting something important. I'm remembering something—"

"Oh, I don't doubt it for a minute," Scotty had said jauntily, "there'll be plenty of talent scouts around, with a girl as good-looking as you. But when it comes to the danger point, I'll be there, Baby—I'll be there! I'll be the face on the barroom floor; I'll be the man in the moon; I'll be that funny little buzz in your ear—

"Whatever the guy says to you—whether he plays it hot or sweet—the poor dope!—you'll remember me all the harder, because we've been everything, and had everything together—and you can't be separate any more—ever. You may not like it, but that's the way it will be, Baby."

And she heard the harsh sweetness of Scotty's voice, and she felt the warm grip of his hand on her shoulder. And his face and his grin were clear and real in her mind, like a picture coming into focus.

"Let's go in," the lieutenant said. "It will be warm inside. We can get the same music on your radio."

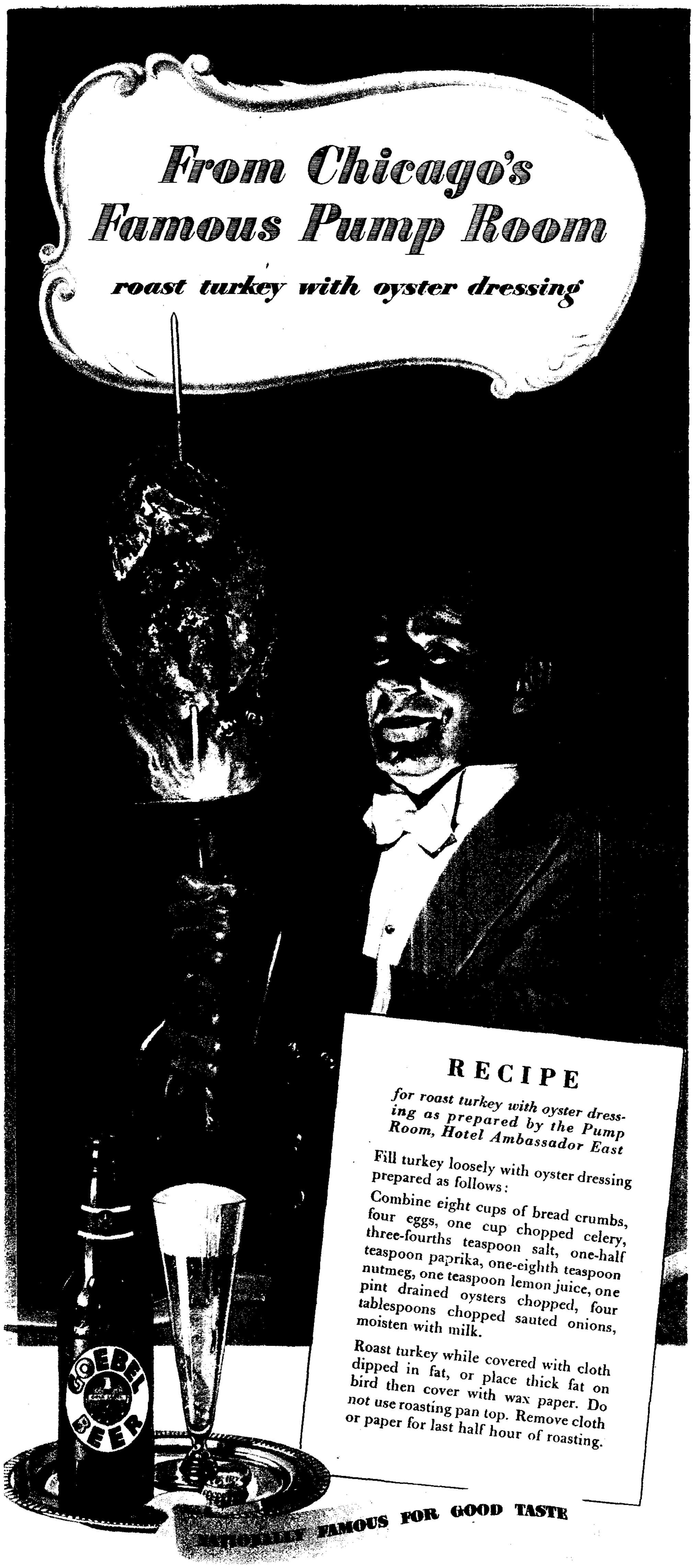
Lou unlatched the door. "You know what?" she said in a gentle, distant voice, "I think you're a party boy, after all, Lieutenant. Come on—let's crash the Coreys' party. I feel like dancing."

She reached out and turned on the table lamp. The lieutenant was looking at her, a faint, thoughtful line between his blond brows.

"Was it my mistake?" he asked courteously. "I'm very apt to put the wrong twist on things—"

Lou shook her head. "No mistake," she said. "Nothing to worry about. Everything's all right. I just found something that I thought I'd lost, and now I feel like dancing."

THE END


From Chicago's Famous Pump Room
roast turkey with oyster dressing
GOEBEL BEER
FAMOUS FOR GOOD TASTE

RECIPE

for roast turkey with oyster dressing as prepared by the Pump Room, Hotel Ambassador East

Fill turkey loosely with oyster dressing prepared as follows:

Combine eight cups of bread crumbs, four eggs, one cup chopped celery, three-fourths teaspoon salt, one-half teaspoon paprika, one-eighth teaspoon nutmeg, one teaspoon lemon juice, one pint drained oysters chopped, four tablespoons chopped sauted onions, moisten with milk.

Roast turkey while covered with cloth dipped in fat, or place thick fat on bird then cover with wax paper. Do not use roasting pan top. Remove cloth or paper for last half hour of roasting.

Roast turkey is just one of the wonderfully prepared dishes that combine with luxurious atmosphere to make any meal at the Pump Room a memorable experience.
There is another pleasant experience in store for you when you try Goebel Beer . . . a taste so good it has become famous from Maine to Louisiana. Wouldn't you like to try that nationally famous good taste? Ask for Goebel Beer soon.

GOEBEL BEER

THE GOEBEL BREWING CO., DETROIT 7, MICH.

The Lend-Lease Christmas Tree

Continued from page 21

It was not regret, exactly; it was just remembrance. As the cool Chinese dusk came down, he was thinking about the faded white clapboard house on May Street and the drugstore on the corner; bowls of chili at the Greek's, and hamburgers "with" at the Trading Post; juke boxes moaning with swing anguish behind their elaborately jeweled and lighted façades; filling stations with the national emblems on them, and possum hunts in the bottoms, with the hounds howling vibrantly and pawing at the tree bases; the august Representative Long (Horace J., People's Choice), shouting platitudes from the bandstand in Marine Park, while young lovers crept out into the shadows, away from the uplifted faces of the listening populace. . . .

Most of all, the seated man thought of young Dan Barclay, eleven months of twisting humanity, egg-headed and wispy-haired and given to crowing with monstrous delight, like an inarticulate cherub; and of his mother, dark and trim, smiling even as the leaving time grew near.

They ought to have a Purple Heart for civilians, thought Dan Barclay suddenly, nipping once more at his scant supply of Scotch.

He turned the dial on his radio to the conventional band and twisted past the angry shouts of the German stations, past the strong vibration of the Russian shoutings from Siberia, and settled finally on some music that had a swing to it. There was some rasping interference, but he could get the general effect. It was Pistol-Packin' Mama, and he listened to it somewhat grimly.

All of a sudden he didn't care whether school kept or not, whether the planes went through or not; it was Christmas Eve, and young Dan would be three years old. Barclay's eyes ached from memory and loneliness.

THE music stopped. Then it started again, in a slow whisper of melody. "I'm dreaming of a white Christmas," the music said. A bank of violins was quavering in the core of it. The trumpets were muted and golden. ". . . just like the ones . . . I used to know . . ."

It gets cold in western China after the sun goes down. Barclay got up and put on his leather jacket, but his loneliness was worse than ever. He wanted to see his son; touch his wife and hold her; to feel the pressure of her curled up along his back, just before sleep, as it had been; and insulting her sleepily until she got up to see what was the matter with young Dan, splitting his lungs in the other room; and lying there after the alarm clock rang, stealing those last few precious minutes, with the strong smell of coffee wreathing into the room.

The memories went through his head like a kaleidoscope, until he was almost physically sick with longing. He finished off the bottle, what there was left of it, in one drink.

HE WAS sitting there, bemused, when something stirred at his right. Trained to vigilance and kept tense for two years; he jumped and snatched his automatic from its holster. He was standing there, half crouched and gun drawn, when he saw the enemy.

The enemy was a tiny Chinese boy. He must have weighed at least forty pounds, and he stood there smiling before the drawn gun.

Barclay grunted with relief and holstered his pistol. "You could get shot that way," he said.

The little boy laughed, as though his being shot would be the funniest thing in the world. Barclay sank back in the wicker chair, and the boy came forward and leaned on his knees, looking upward. It was so dark that the tall man could not see him plainly, but his fingers went down and touched the boy's head, moved down to the warm ears.

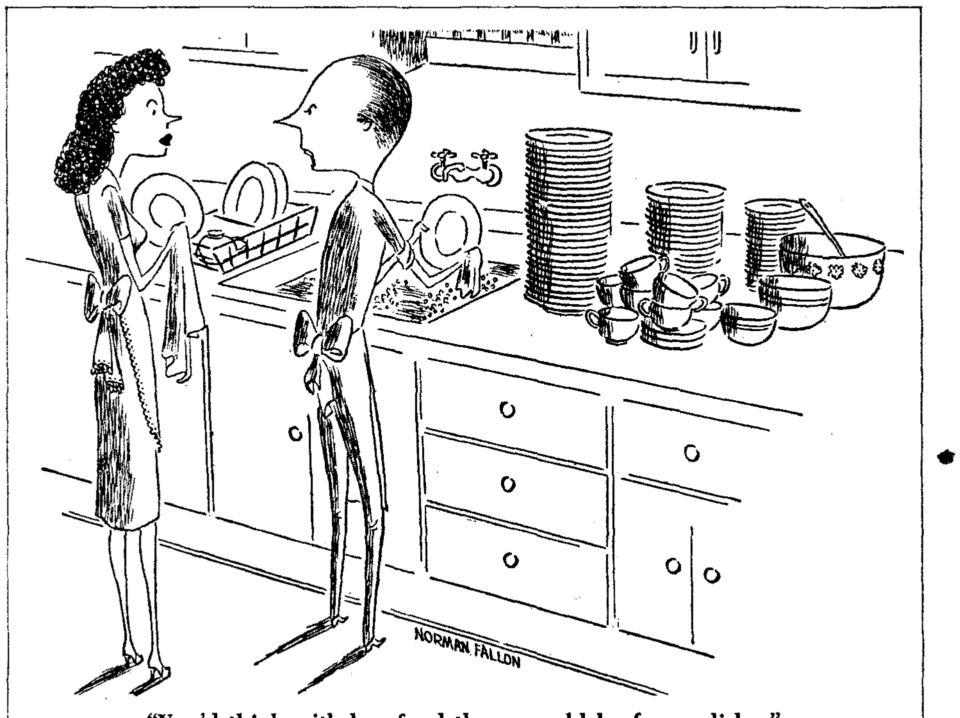
". . . like sleigh bells in the snow," said the music from the radio.

"No snow, Herschel," said Barclay, caressing the boy's head.

The boy said something, but it either was not Chinese or Barclay didn't know enough to understand it. It was a lisping business, hard to follow.

"Okay." Barclay got up and lighted his gas lantern. It hissed and flared on. The light from under the dimout shade fell across the smiling face of the tiny Chinese boy; he was looking up happily, like a small Oriental gremlin. His eyes were lustrous, pansy-black and oblique, almost closed with the effort of his smiling. He seemed immensely satisfied.

Barclay watched him for a minute, amusement growing. "What have you got to be so happy about?" he asked in an accusing tone.



COLLIER'S "You'd think with less food there would be fewer dishes" NORMAN FALLON

The boy continued to smile. The Texan plucked him from the ground and held him up. The legs jutting out from the little gown were sturdy enough.

"It's Christmas." Barclay swung the chortling gremlin to his lap and lighted a cigarette. "You know that, of course. You're no dope. You're bound to know that."

"Kissmus!" The little slant-eyed boy began to squeal until he was almost squeaking. "Kissmus!" he shouted.

"Yep." Barclay sucked deeply on his cigarette, leaned back and grinned. "But what have you got? No Junior Leaguers in fur coats to bring you good things, no Community Chest to barge in with used toys." He paused and shook his head. "You ain't got a thing, little jerk."

The jerk chortled again, and his small hands flailed. His head was thrown back, and his eyes were almost closed as he rocked wildly on the tall man's knees. He had started chattering again, in his own private version of Esperanto, when one of the coolies came silently into the circle of lamplight. He was clad in rags, and he bowed low and apologetically to Barclay. Then he gathered up the cackling black-eyed boy under one arm and went back out of sight.

BARCLAY sat very still for a minute, the warmth from the child's face lingering in his mind. The wind soughed faintly through the hidden ravines, and somewhere, out in the Chinese night, a bird was calling harshly. I wonder what Hirohito is doing, thought Dan Barclay savagely. I wonder what Hitler is doing on Christmas Eve? Is he raging in Berchtesgaden because people everywhere on the earth, of high and low degree, are celebrating a holiday based on the decency of one Jew? I wonder if Giraud and De Gaulle are having a drink together. I wonder, thought Dan Barclay, what my wife is doing on Christmas Eve.

Probably at the Daggetts', drinking eggnog. The memory slugged at him so hard that his face tightened, because they had done that together so many times. People laughing and singing together, and then trooping down to High Mass at St. Patrick's.

Barclay rubbed his chin and stared out into the impenetrable darkness as he remembered the swelling choir, all one mighty praising voice, and the blue figurines seeming to move in the soft radiance of the candles, and the priest chanting over the bowed heads. The Barclays were not Catholics, nor churchgoers of any sort, but every year he and Betty had turned up at Christmas Eve Mass.

"So what?" he said to himself. "I had a right to do that."

The lighter clicked up a small tongue of flame, and his lips tightened. He blew out a gray cloud of smoke. Conceivably, he thought, that is the answer to the whole thing. And this being the Eve of Christ, with conditions so unsettled everywhere, Santa Claus might even miss the war-desolated province of Kansu. He might miss the little jerk entirely.

With a lunge, Barclay came up out of his chair, picked up the lamp, and went into his hut. He was whistling softly and abstractedly.

It wasn't easy. First, he set up his camera tripod. Then, going outside, he stripped some leaves off the low trees and tied them all up and down the tripod legs. The twined greenery, with the little branches shooting off, nearly hid the nickel finish of the stand. He hung the lamp from the center, so that it was just off the floor.

That was a beginning. His dress studs, dug out of the alligator bag, caught flashes of fire among the leaves, and he put his cuff links at the bottom of the two forward legs. He got out all his letters (three of the envelopes had colored linings) and made rough stars from them. Stepping back, he observed that the project still had a very drab look, so he took out six .45 slugs and gashed their lead noses with his knife. That added some sparkle. His last flat fifty of cigarettes yielded a silver sheet, which made an admirable star for the top; it caught the lamplight in tinsel flashes.

Then, with the incredible nicety of a chef preparing an especially wonderful dish, the Texan carefully sprinkled the whole thing with a light layer of Epsom salts. Under the lamplight, the white crystals glinted. It was snow, as ever was; the Kansu Christmas tree was ready.

Ready for what? Barclay knew that he was going out to round up the coolies and bring them in to see the tree. All of them, especially the dark-eyed little jerk, but he also knew that bringing them in and giving something to everybody was not enough. Christmas is giving by everybody, and it worried him that the coolies might feel themselves inadequate to the situation. As he rummaged through his bags and pulled things out of his medical kit, he was thinking hard. Finally he straightened up, fastened a few leaves more securely, and ducked out of the doorway. In the center of the hut, the tree was bright.

Louis Priscilla

COLLIER'S "This is our first apartment with a fireplace. We didn't know how much two cords were" LOUIS PRISCILLA

HE HAD not known there were so many of them. When they all got crowded inside, there were twenty-nine. Fourteen, the parents, stood against the walls, nearly in the shadow. The center was ringed with fifteen children, their eyes big in dark faces as they stared at the gaudy tree. The jerk had the seat of honor: he was dressed in a holiday gown; and he swung his arms and crowed until he was out of breath. The unreadable eyes of the adult Chinese gleamed from where they stood against the wall. Dan Barclay kneeled down and pumped up the lantern, taking care not to jar the bedecked tripod. As he pushed at the handle, he was afraid he had made a bad mistake, because he was aware of the tremendous, silent politeness of the Chinese people. They think I'm nuts, I guess, he thought, as he got up from his knees.

"I come from a long distance," he said, aware of their intent regard, "but in my country this night is Christmas Eve, when people give gifts to each other and wish each other well. . . ."

They made no sound. Barclay stood there, tall and young and somewhat embarrassed; he had come three thousand miles, and he wanted to tell them something, but they only stared at him politely. He was sweating a little. Maybe they don't care about the Four Freedoms, he thought angrily. Maybe I ought not to have nicked up my bullets. The silence in the little hut was endless, and all their eyes watched him.

"We are all working for a Free China," he said and waited. Nothing happened. He was looking down at his boot toes, wondering how he could get them out, when the jerk crowed delightedly. He reached down, picked the little boy up, and put him on one shoulder.

"I've got one this size in Texas," he said half defiantly.

BACK against the wall, a murmur began. It was not loud, but Barclay knew that, for the first time, they were interpreting what he said. The women began to speak to each other, almost inaudibly.

"My boy is not so long as this one," he said, smiling. "But on days of rain, we change his cloth a thousand times. He is like the brook."

The voice in the back was louder and pitched higher. The women laughed out together, a pleasant sound, and the jerk snatched Barclay's garrison cap off and put it on, so that his own small head nearly disappeared. The hut began to fill with laughter and chattering. The Texan retrieved his hat and began to swing the jerk in long arcs before the watching eyes of the other children. Forgot my mathematics for a minute, said the Texan to himself. Clean forgot the common denominator.

That was all it took. The Chinese came forward, and Barclay began to give away gifts. Sulfa drugs, in the neat cellophane packs, needles and thread, a pencil half sharpened, a handful of American coins. To an old shriveled crone, he gave the wispy lace brassière that he had bought for his wife in Calcutta, and the whole company laughed as though with a seizure.

The old woman had no more breasts left than a gnarled branch, but she took the black lace and nodded in a toothless smile of complete happiness. The babies crowed and cried alternately, and the jerk tried feverishly to open his box of vitamin pills with one hand and then the other.

When Barclay was done, the Chinese shuffled forward and put down their largess. Well-handled rice cakes (some of them half eaten), bronze cups with patterns hammered in them, joss figures of darkened ivory, and hand-formed jugs filled with raw rice wine.

As they came forward and put their gifts down before the tree with a natural and tremendous dignity, Barclay was ashamed of having thought they might have nothing to give. He saw that their gifts far exceeded his in value—exquisitely carved chopsticks, boxes covered with patterned metals of several kinds, fabric house shoes shot with vivid silk. What moved Barclay most deeply was that all their presents were things that had been used.

They were all giving him something they needed, and their parade to the little Kansu tree stung at his eyes. Every time one of them would put down a gift, the Texan would bow, and the giver would bow back and retreat, and always the little boy laughed from the floor.

When the giving was done, Barclay got out his Gideon Bible. As he turned the pages, he remembered that he had not wanted to bring the book in with him from Calcutta, because of the weight. His listeners grew silent while he explained that he did not want them to take his God, because a people who had Confucius could well define their own God, but that since it was the birth of Christ they were celebrating on this particular rainy night, he would like to read them the story of that blessed birth.

THEY listened to the shepherds abiding in the fields by night and to the appearance of the angel. The children snatched at each other and rolled on the floor, shouting, and outside a slashing rain came down, but his voice was steady as he read the Western testament of faith. They moved angrily, as one of them who had more English than the others followed him, telling of Mary with no place to rest, finding refuge in a stable, and they followed the star that came over the little town of Bethlehem.

When he shut the book, he was aware of their intent regard. He was not sure how to wind it up, so he sang the best song he knew. His voice was vibrant, strong, and it rose above the rainfall outside.

"O come, all ye faithful," he intoned, in front of his ridiculous Christmas tree, and they hummed after him. He went slowly, because the interpreter had to have a few seconds.

The young Texan waited for them to come on, singing the phrases of *Adeste fideles* after him in Chinese, and then he sang the next line. The Chinese were not at the hut's walls now; they were close up, heads raised in singing, and they came almost shouting to the words "joyful and triumphant!" The rain poured on outside, but it went unnoticed.

Barclay put the boy on his shoulder again, and the lamplight from the Chinese Christmas tree struck across his face. The faces of the other singers seemed to be hung like masks, exhorting faith against the immemorial vicissitudes that had racked China on a wheel of pain. While they were singing, a stronger sound than the rain began. It was the sound of motors drumming through the night sky. The heads went up a little more, for it took only a second to recognize that sound. It was one of the transports bound into Chungking, another drop of blood for the heart of China.

"Oh, come let us adore Him . . ." rumbled young Dan Barclay, holding the little Oriental gremlin securely on his shoulder while the plane rammed on through the rain, the sound of its motors dwindling. It faded away as the little group sang on, more strongly than ever. The sound of their voices was like a defiant hymn of hope.

THE END

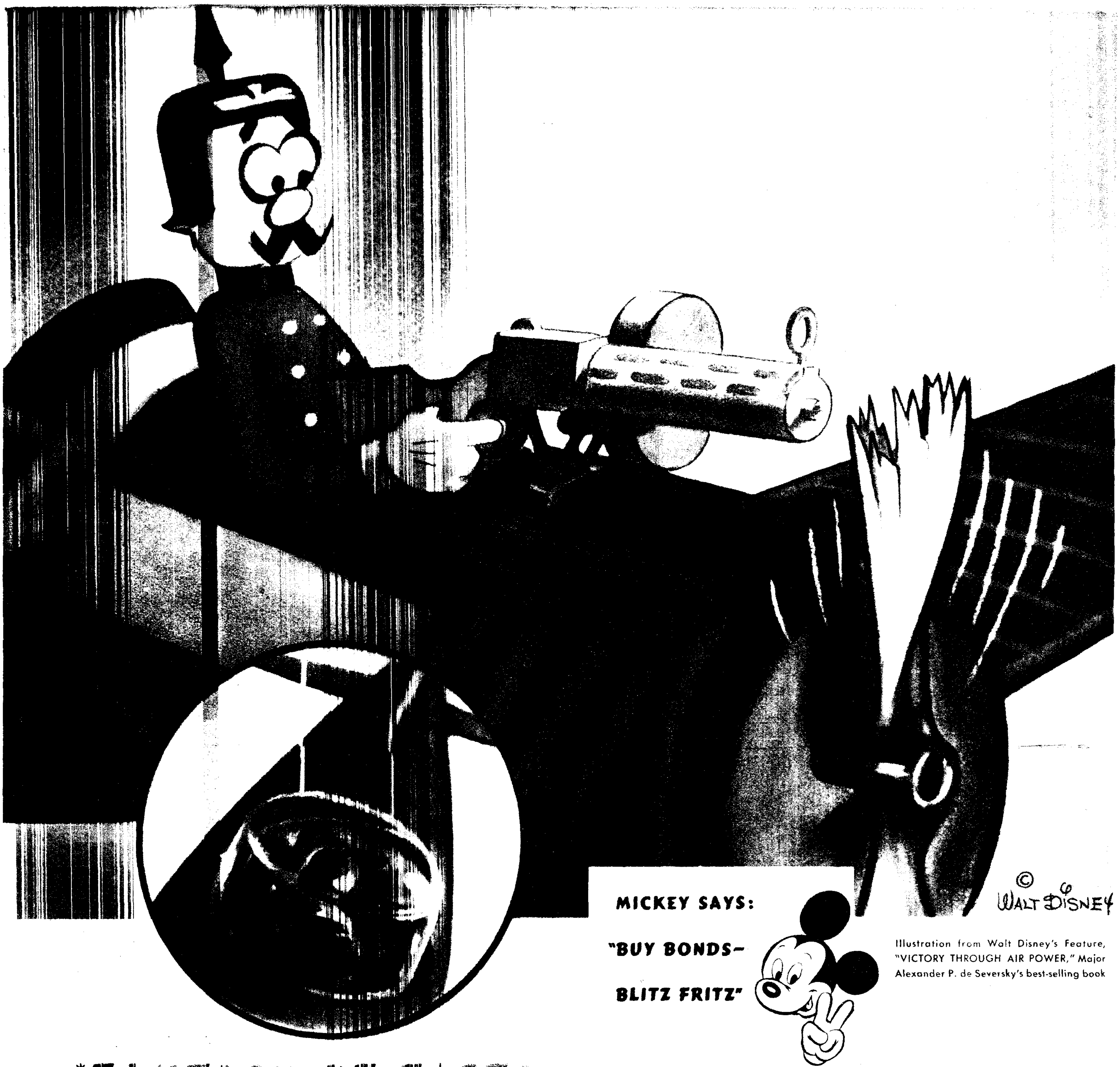


Illustration from Walt Disney's Feature, "VICTORY THROUGH AIR POWER," Major Alexander P. de Seversky's best-selling book

*FANTASY OF FACTS...

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Continued from page 18

business of air war. Lastly, it operates great base depots.

A statement of how many of these base depots General Knerr's Eighth Service Command has or where they are would be of greater interest to Germany than to you. Not until the coming of peace can the whole astounding pattern and achievement be revealed, and you'll realize then that, with a backlog of experience gained and young men and women (for the Wacs are involved) grown skilled, the United States can face the true beginning of the world's commercial air age with full assurance of leadership.

The civilian contractor of the base is Lockheed Overseas Corporation, a subsidiary of the Lockheed Aircraft Corporation of Burbank, California. It's the only base in the earth-wide net of the United States Army Air Forces at war in which civilians participate in true liaison between the home front and the combat front. This will have obvious advantages in the days of watchful peace to come. National defense will benefit from the scattering through our aviation industry of nuclei of keymen who have gained firsthand knowledge of fighting air-front psychology needs and problems, while our postwar commercial aviation will gain from the foreign contacts and experience of these same men. These factors, as well as others you will perceive, make this lone civilian undertaking, set down in the forward zone of the air war, one of the most unusual and picturesque of America's efforts.

The base, like most government emergency arrangements with civilian contractors, is operated "cost plus." It probably represents upward of $50,000,000—again exact figures are both difficult and unwise. The idea for it came before we got into the war—from Harry Hopkins, who felt that for proper maintenance of aircraft sold or lease-lent by the United States to Britain such a place was essential.

Johnnies-on-the-Spot

A month before Pearl Harbor, Lockheed executives Thomas H. Corpe and Reagan C. Stunkel were called to Washington for a consultation regarding the construction and operation of a large aircraft reassembly, modification, repair and overhaul base in North Ireland. In December they went to Dayton, Ohio, the technical heart of the Air Corps, with plans worked out. Before summer the first men were on the base site. General Frank, then head of the Eighth Service Command, landed the first plane, a C-47, there on September 18, 1942, and by November the base was doing its job.

The present daily net strength of the base should not be told. I can, however, suggest that it would use all the skilled and unskilled manpower of any good-sized industrial town in the States. The division between American employees from home, plus some picked up in the British Isles (practically all skilled), and locally hired Irish (mostly unskilled), is very close to 50-50. Compared with American workers the Irish are leisurely. Their frequent stops for "tay"—which each man keeps brewing constantly on the nearest stove in his private and villainously encrusted tin can—were at first a trial to the American foremen. So was their lack of time sense and also the frequent mix-ups in the cards for the time clocks, due to the inability of many of the Irish to read their own names. Political, social, and religious differences among the Irish—very important to them—lessened as potential trouble sources because of the complete indifference and disinterest of their American fellow workers.

Irish girls at the beginning were employed only for clerical, stenographic, switchboard, and laundry work. Now they're in the factories, chiefly for spark-plug inspection. The Americans say the colleens are bright and quick, less inhibited than their menfolk—a view that, I must warn you, may be more romantic than practical. Midnight-black hair and noon-blue eyes are a combination hard not to think well of when you're 6,000 miles from home. It's a fact that many of the girls have risen to responsible office jobs—also that the soft, rich brogues that ask, "Number, please?" or resound from the base's loud-speaker call system are a delight to lonely ears.

Colonel Junius Houghton is commanding officer of the base. Houghton is a wise, levelheaded Air Corps veteran who was graduated from West Point in 1916 and learned to fly with General Knerr at Rockwell Field, California, in 1917.

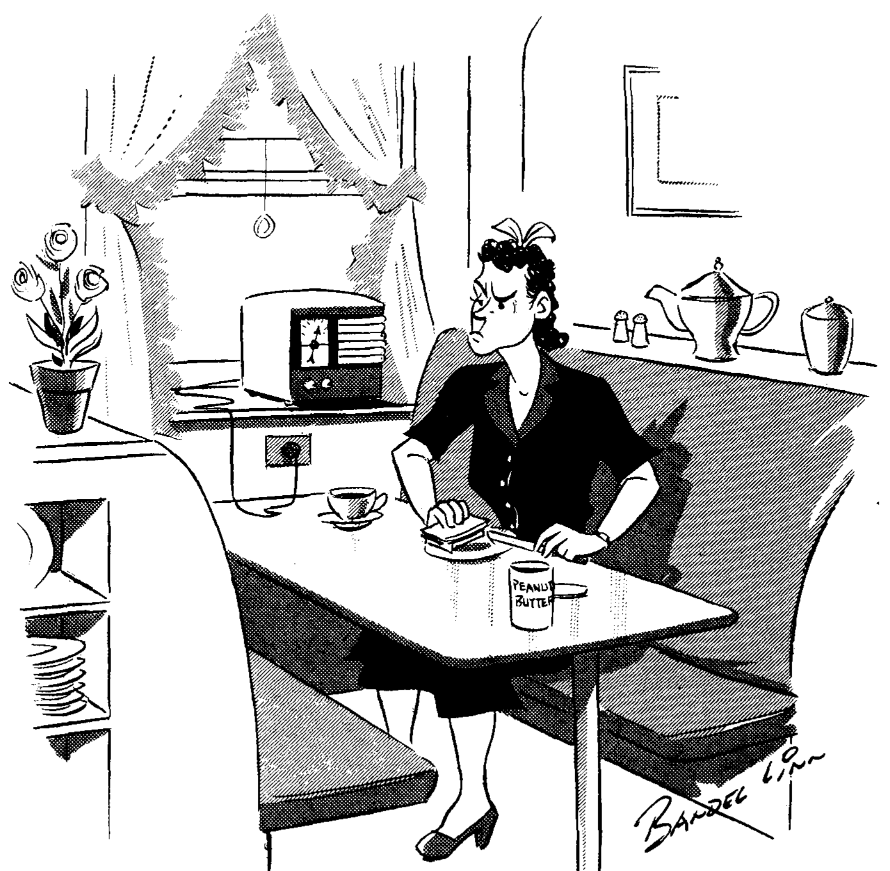
The fundamental pattern of the job here is the reassembly, overhaul, servicing, modification, repair, salvaging, rebuilding, and test flying of the products in all types used in this theater of all American plane, accessory, engine and instrument manufacturers. The base in practice does everything except build new airplanes, and in equipment and personnel it could be set up in a jiffy to do that also, if given the material.

Nothing is wasted. If a battle-veteran plane is condemned, its sound parts are salvaged, classified, toned up and put into spare reserves. Even its junk is utilized. With the magnificent effrontery of true mechanics, the men of the armaments shop have been known to make badly needed new-style turrets from bits picked out of the battle scrap pile.

Reassembly is the first and perhaps the easiest job. While it's true that many American fighting planes (including pursuits) are flown across, some come dismantled on surface vessels. Unloaded at a near-by port, these are assembled practically on the dockside by a field crew, then flown to the base proper for a check, tune-up and test flight. One important fact to remember about the advantage enjoyed by our Air Forces in the European Theater of Operations is that from this—the outermost of all the great service command bases in the United Kingdom—fighting planes ready to shoot and bomb can be flown in two hours or less to any Western front, continental invasion bridgehead.

Besides all makes of American planes and engines, accessories are handled at the base: propellers, machine guns and plane cannons and their mounts, radios, spark plugs, cameras, superchargers, compasses, bomb sights, plane and engine instruments, automatic pilots, landing gear, drift meters, gun sights, oxygen equipment, all manner of electrical equipment such as heated flying suits, and rubber gadgets such as deicers and extra (or "Tokyo") gas tanks to increase ranges.

Perhaps the most interesting development is a truly wonderful mobile X-ray unit. Trailer-mounted, it can be rolled alongside battle- or crash-damaged planes in the field, and the extra knowledge it affords in repair calculations is enormous. For instance, a piece of flak or a bullet goes through a wing section. The small ingress hole and the jagged egress hole are easily assayed and repaired; but what happened inside the wing? Was any internal part—cable or important spar—hit and weakened, perhaps in a way that might not show up until a critical moment in the air when the ship is back in combat? Without the portable X-ray the whole skin would have to be removed to trace the path of the flak—a tedious job, wasteful of time and man-hours. With it, the inspection of any part of the plane's covered skeleton is as easy as a chest examination is to a doctor with a fluoroscope.



NEWS

"Now it is entirely possible that civilians will be allowed more beef during the coming months, but that will be offset by the announcement that there will be a reduction in the amount of available milk. One high authority stated today that there will be a general reduction in beef quotas for the public, and he emphasized that there was no immediate milk shortage in prospect. This doesn't jibe with the statement of a leading meat packer in Chicago. He said yesterday that civilian beef consumption will shortly be greatly increased. He added that the milk problem was, quote, Out of my line, unquote. Army quotas are being rapidly filled. Will this leave any beef for the public? The Meat Packers Gazette editorialized this week: 'The beef situation is greatly improved, but let us not assume that this will mean more for the public' . . ."

COLLIER'S BANDEL LINN

Most of the general jobs performed here—salvage, overhaul and the like—will by their very names be obvious to you with the possible exception of "modifications." Why, you reasonably ask, should it be necessary, after they've reached battle zones, to change or modify airplanes that are already the best product of the home aviation industry's finest brains and workmanship?

Conditions of Global War

The answer is simple enough when considered. It falls into two parts: First, we are fighting a global war. Conditions of operation and flight, engine and metal temperatures, quality of enemy opposition in each far-flung theater, differ from those encountered in others. Second, war is an extremely fluid art, and the military truism that men, however painstaking has been their training, must be tempered, hardened and experienced in actual combat before they become good soldiers is even more true of the weapons of war.

The basic type of plane that comes off the home production line is as good as can be manufactured, all uses considered. Moreover, the line is kept as elastic as possible because fundamental changes are being constantly made—which, by the way, is a big headache for production engineers.

Modification centers for each theater of our world-wide fighting, therefore, have a double effect in taking up what otherwise would be the serious time lag between the home front and the combat front for adoption of improvements. First, they save interruptions in the factory's basic flow by making adaptations for their particular theater. For example, camouflaging is different in each theater, and fuel and carburetion problems in the heat and sandstorms of the desert are quite different from the low-altitude moisture of the European Theater of Operations. Moreover, German fighter opposition over Germany is the toughest our airmen have to face anywhere—making special demands upon armor and armaments.

Second, when battle experience in any theater has suggested the wisdom of basic changes in any plane type, war being what it is, the need for those changes is always urgent. Fighting crew morale, as well as battle success, is involved. With the best will, efficiency and speed of communication, much time is eaten up before the improvements data can reach the home factories six to ten thousand miles away and be engineered and incorporated into the production line. Meanwhile, the Service Command base must be putting the changes into both the planes already in the theater and those arriving from home before the new models begin to come through.

Naturally, most of the modifications born of knowledge won the hard way are vital military secrets. Here is, however, a harmless example. It was found that a release for the lifesaving dinghy on heavy

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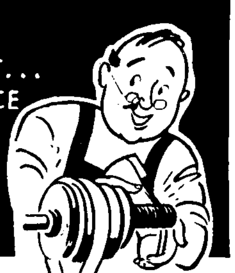
AT TIMES YOU CAN'T GET
Wedgewood
PANETELAS

Our production is limited and we satisfy the demand of the boys in service, first.

BUT if your cigar store happens to have them ... and if your taste runs to quality rather than size, you may find a new smoking thrill in WEDGEWOOD.

A GOOD 5c CIGAR

PENNSTATE CIGAR CORP.
ALLEGHENY AVE. & BOUDINOT ST., PHILA., PA.



JOHNNY SHOEMAKER SEZ..
ENJOY EXTRA FOOT COMFORT... LONGER SERVICE AND WEAR WITH HOOD RUBBER HEELS

SUPREX
ASK FOR HOOD RUBBER HEELS & SOLES

bombers for use when they're forced down at sea didn't work too well in the water conditions met in the English Channel. The Lockheed base, on short order, devised, engineered, and mass-produced a new type of release that was flown to all bomber stations for installation.

While modifications are usually engineered at bases, and officer experts are constantly flying on combat missions with the regular crews in search of "mod" ideas, time is saved whenever feasible by not returning all planes to the bases for their application Instead, the modification parts are manufactured, packaged and dispatched to the ground crews.

Here are some typical "mod kits," as they're called, made and sent from this base: pilots' seats, improved accessibility of radio, bulletproof windshields, gun mounts, a shift for the oxygen supply position, which had been found vulnerable, and flame dampers for heavy bomber exhausts. The latter are particularly useful in this theater at this time of year when darkness comprises two thirds of each day.

The Lockheed boys call their base "Los Angeles' fastest growing suburb." Here was, in effect, the transplanting of an integrated fragment of a community; not of random men unrelated in home life, interests or culture, merely drawn together by the war. There has been nothing like it since the Pilgrim Fathers went the other way. For, while there's a scattering of men from other states, the majority at the base are from southern California. Many of them worked together back in Burbank, knew one another and one another's wives and children. And greater contrast to the habits and conditions of life in sunny Burbank than the chill mists of Erin could not have been found unless the base were set down in the Arctic regions proper It is already discernible that the impact of this meeting of Burbank and Erin is leaving permanent marks upon both sides.

More than a year of Irish climate has stolen the California sun tans, but it has not lessened the persistence of the Hollywood influence Romance has flourished into nearly a hundred marriages, with more to come Bounteousness reared its lovely head crowned with ingenuity last Christmas The Lockheed men contributed to the "adoption" of more than a score of Irish orphans Led by Clyde Rockriver and Howard Roberts, one group completely gave up their own spare time for weeks, rummaged through piles of utterly worthless waste materials, such as broken fragments of packing cases, and with professional workmanship made from them thousands of small toys, which, gaily painted and quaintly movable, brightened the day for many poor kids.

Some Have Gone Native

While a theater and other recreational facilities provide all the usual amenities of an Army base, including nightly movies, USO shows and their own orchestra, The Jive Bombers, there's the normal urge that comes to encamped men to get away. So moved, the Lockheed boys journey in to fight the "Battle of Belfast"—the usual more or less harmless round of tawdry, gypping night clubs. Their home clothes having worn thin, many Lockheed men have already gone native—in derbies, tight coats and vests and the snug round-leg pants that reach only to their shoe tops.

The cold, persistent, searching rain is the chief gripe at the base. The men use the storied mountains of Mourne as a barometer. "When you can't see them, it's raining. When you can see them, it's going to rain." Step from hard road or pavement anywhere in this land any time of the year and you're in mud—a condition now largely overcome at the base through its fine self-built system of roads and walks. But the Lockheed men cherish their own theory of why Ireland has no snakes It wasn't St Patrick. It was the weather. They all either drowned or died of colic from eating wet hoptoads.

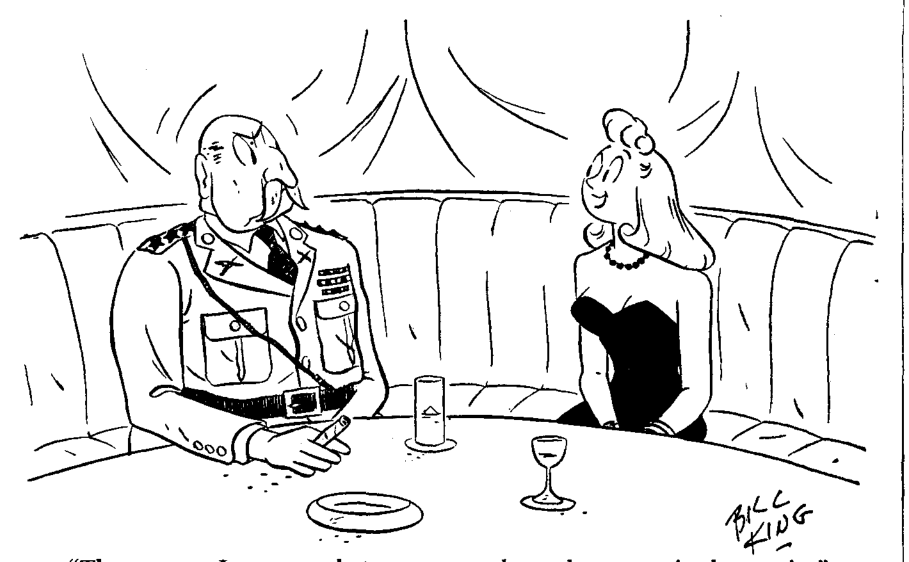
On the other hand, the excellence of its food is the smuggest boast of the base Robert Foehl, president of the famous San Marcos Hotel at Chandler, Arizona, heads their commissary department. With him he brought Matthias H. Gotwalt, former head chef at the Los Angeles Biltmore, Leon Duray, head chef of the Beverly Hills Brown Derby, and others

That's the base—some of its people, and the background they share with other Service Command bases in the air war against Germany But it was the remembrance of Mister Finlay and his keening about the wee folk that stayed with me the longest So I took up the matter with a sergeant-gunner friend of mine Had the combat stations any experience of the little people, who, according to Mister Finlay, are now riding in their temporary wartime homes, the bombers and fighters that have passed through North Ireland?

"Yes," he said gravely. "It is not given to all our Yanks to see them, although we know they're there and that they're different hombres from them gremlins the R.A.F boys talk about. I guess when some guys get away up in that substratosphere they can see things that ain't visible lower down That is, you understand, if they're sensitive. Well, I have seen them, all right, and that's no kidding—they run around in the old crate up there checking the bomb sights and the navigational instruments and the oxygen lines, catching Jerry's rockets and throwing 'em back at him, swatting down his machine-gun slugs like flies and sometimes breathing off a vapor that makes the plane invisible to flak gunners and searchlights alike."

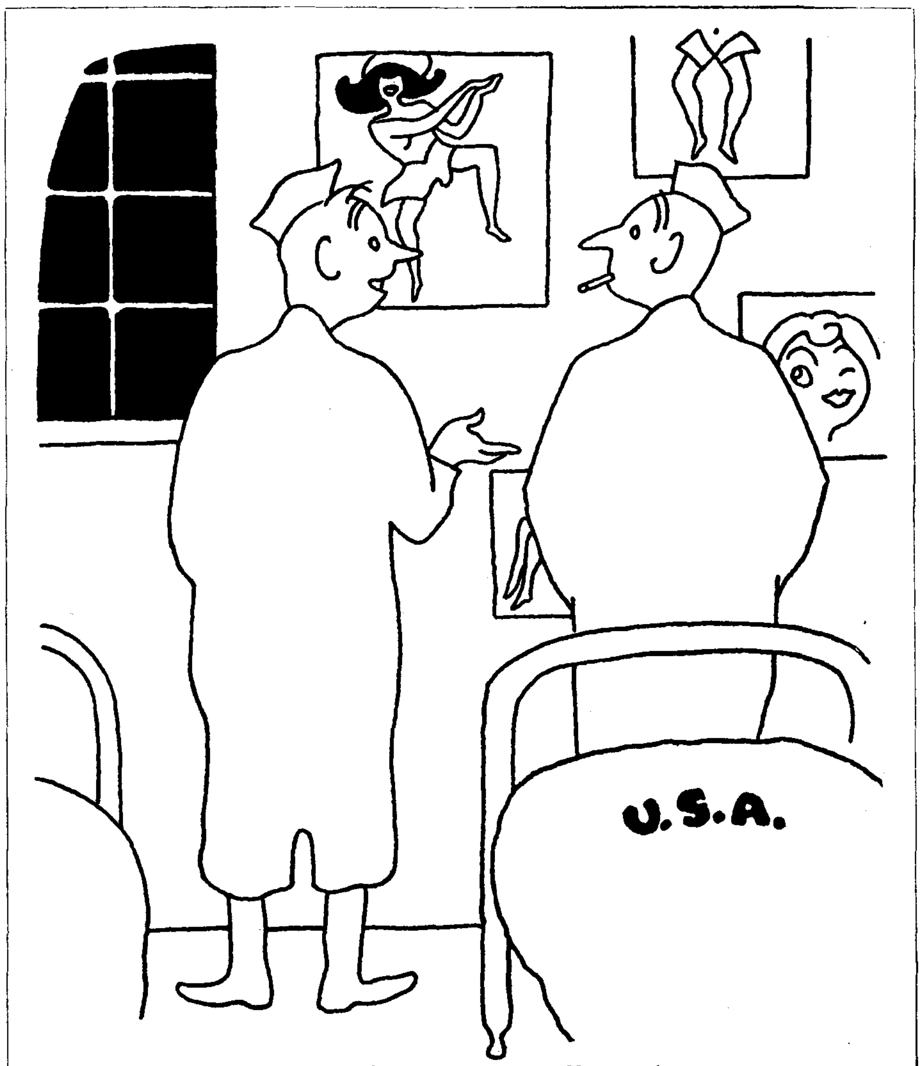
Not that he is superstitious, of course. Not Sergeant O'Toole.

THE END



"Three stars. I suppose that means you have three sons in the service"

COLLIER'S BILL KING



"I like the shy, demure type myself. You know, the kind you have to whistle at twice"

COLLIER'S GARDNER REA

Wing Talk

Continued from page 8

secrets that are few) is well hidden. These pilots look forward to flying an enemy plane and often draw lots to see who will get the honor; it is not an uncommon sight to see some of the Army's crack test pilots dogfighting it out at ten thousand feet—a lone Messerschmitt or Junkers in the midst of a swarm of Bell Airacobras, Curtiss Warhawks, Republic Thunderbolts or Lockheed Lightnings. Occasionally two or more of the Nazi planes will attack a big Fortress, and camera guns will click, as waist gunners test the big bomber's new defense positions against attack.

Engineers here have the utmost respect for Nazi design and developments, construction and performance. They have found German aircraft well built, of good material, fine workmanship—the product of carefully laid plans and ingenious ideas. In one case, they found that the Germans were using a liberal amount of magnesium and high-grade aluminum in building their planes. The construction of the Junkers 86 twin-engined high-altitude bomber revealed that approximately 600 pounds of magnesium castings were used—a process not common in U. S.-built aircraft.

Pertinent data gathered from captured German auxiliary equipment has revealed:

Nazi fliers in Africa carried with them in the airplane large aluminum containers for water, which were virtually vacuum bottles, to keep the liquid at a cool drinkable temperature despite the desert heat. Taken from a German fighter, the Mauser Mg-51 20-mm. cannon will shoot from 800 to 900 rounds per minute, faster than most guns of the same power that are going into our own aircraft. The piece is accredited as being one of the outstanding firearms used on aircraft in this war. German bomb sights taken from a Junkers have proved accurate. By comparison with our own they have been acclaimed equal to some of our sights, but not up to par with our automatic sights.

Regarding Japanese equipment, the story is different. Various Jap gadgets have been studied.

Guns of World War I Vintage

There are several types of Japanese machine guns. One shoots a 7.9-mm. shell which is a little smaller than the ordinary rifle bullet, and it is rated very poor. The British used guns from which this was copied in 1914. Fired against our armor plate it hardly dented the protecting metal and it had no effect on our latest armored glass. The Japs do have, however, an effective 20-mm. cannon.

Japanese radio equipment isn't fit to be compared with that of our most incapable amateurs. It lacks any range of real effectiveness. Reception in the plane is crackling and very poor, and it is cheaply made.

One thing did favor the Japs. They had a little gadget on their latest automatic pilot which our engineers liked. It worked a bit better than a similar piece we were using. Now it is being applied to our new types and is proving up very efficiently. Tojo never intended that.

DOUGLAS INGELLS

Any Week

Continued from page 4

NONE of the aforementioned postwar plans will be found in the pockets of the Honorable Clare E. Hoffman, Republican congressman from Michigan. Mr. Hoffman has no pockets. Many years ago when Mr. Hoffman was studying law at Northwestern University and practicing his jury manners before a mirror, he decided that it was very bad practice indeed for a lawyer to harangue the court with his hands in his pockets. Therefore, Mr. Hoffman has since appeared in public with no pockets into which to stuff his hands. He has several other characteristics, one of which is a keen distaste for Mr. Roosevelt. Anyway, he has no postwar plans in his pockets.

OUR latest note on transportation concerns the efforts of Mr. T. Spencer Shore, a most important rubber authority of Akron, Ohio. Mr. Shore presented himself at the railway station at Amarillo, Texas, and showed a ticket for Dallas. The stationmaster looked it over carefully, shook his head and said: "Mister, this is one for your book. That train don't run any more. When it did run it never had any car like this number on it. Anyway, your ticket is for the wrong day, and it never left at four-thirty and it didn't go to Dallas. I'm sorry." Ordinarily we'd be somewhat skeptical of stories like that but it comes from our own agent. Mr. Bill Mason, who, on the side, is also a rubber expert, specializing in synthetic stuff.

OF COURSE, you read that article, Massawa Miracle, in our issue for November 13th. Anyway, millions of your fellow readers did. Well, our hands were still tingling from the satisfaction rubbing we did before putting that piece in the book. And now we get the following letter from Captain Ellsberg:

EDITOR COLLIER'S WEEKLY

Dear Sir: In Collier's for November 13, 1943, your article The Massawa Miracle, by Dorcy and Kiesling, states that the success of the Eighth Army's campaign against Rommel hinged on the clearing of the entrance to Massawa Harbor by the American salvage tug Intent and her crew.

I was Officer in Charge of Salvage at Massawa during this period, and the Intent was under my command. Supplies for the Libyan desert campaign moved *past* Massawa up the Red Sea and were mainly unloaded at the Suez Canal, 1,000 miles from Massawa.

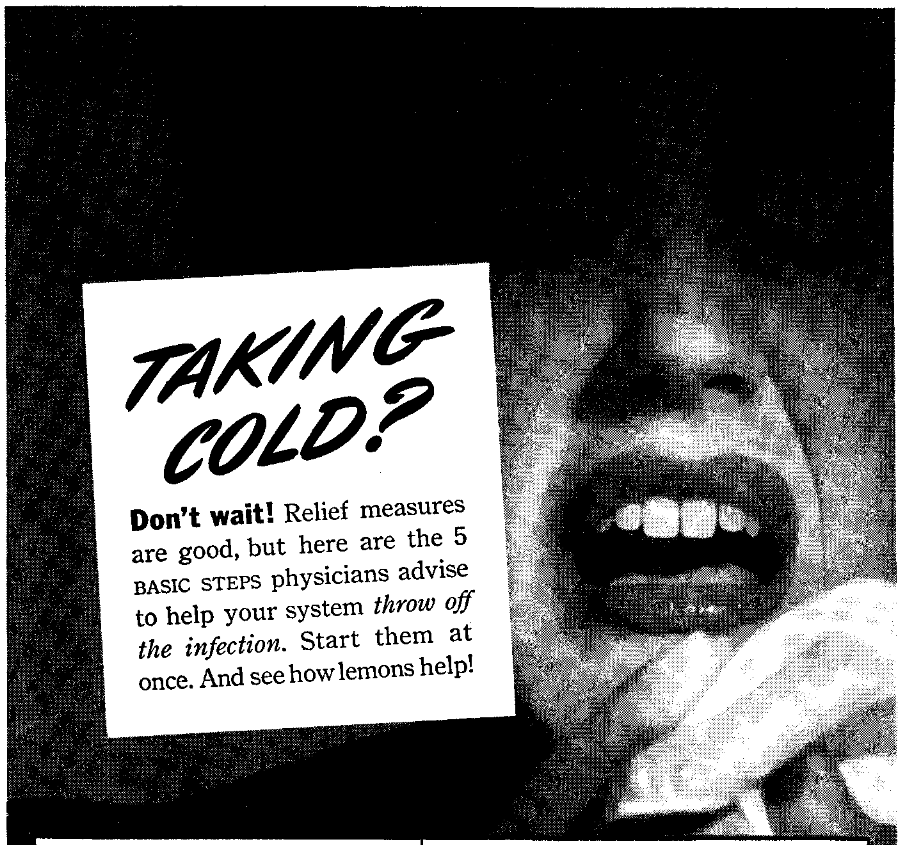
The Intent never cleared the entrance to Massawa Harbor; in fact, of the three ships which the Intent raised, under my orders, the nearest two, the Liebenfels and the Frauenfels, were sunk over two miles from the entrance to the commercial harbor and wharves, and the Tripolitania was sunk over twenty miles away.

The Italians and the Germans bungled their attempts to block the harbor entrance, and ships of all sizes were freely moving in and out of both the naval and the commercial harbors, and without hindrance anchoring in the southern anchorage harbor, before the Intent and her crew ever saw Massawa.

Some miracles were accomplished by the United States at Massawa, so our British friends generously assured us. But why exaggerate them? In justice to the British and American supply services, naval, military and maritime, which jointly delivered the goods to Suez which smashed Rommel, I trust you will publish a correction. Very truly yours,

EDWARD ELLSBERG, Captain, U.S.N.R.
Lately Officer in Charge, Salvage Forces, and Officer in Charge, U. S. Naval Repair Base, Massawa.

. . . W. D.



TAKING COLD?

Don't wait! Relief measures are good, but here are the 5 BASIC STEPS physicians advise to help your system *throw off the infection.* Start them at once. And see how lemons help!

5 BASIC STEPS advised by physicians	LEMONS HELP WITH ALL 5
1. **Get plenty of rest; overcome fatigue; build resistance.**	Fresh lemon juice is one of the richest known sources of vitamin C, which *combats fatigue.* It is also a primary *anti-infection* vitamin.
2. **Keep elimination regular.**	Lemon and soda (lemon juice with water and baking soda) is mildly laxative for most people. Gives gentle, natural aid.
3. **Alkalinize your system.**	Lemon and soda forms sodium citrate, excellent to offset acid condition which often accompanies a cold.
4. **Eat lightly. Take plenty of liquids, especially citrus juices.**	Lemon drinks are favorites.
5. **Keep warm; avoid further chill.**	Hot lemonade is almost universally prescribed.

If cold does not respond, see your doctor.

HOW TO USE LEMON AND SODA IN FIGHTING COLDS

First day, drink a glass of lemon and soda every 2 to 3 hours. If away from home, have nearest fountain mix one for you.

To induce perspiration . . . take a hot lemonade when you go to bed.

Then – continue with lemon and soda 3 to 4 times a day while cold lasts.

To make Lemon & Soda *pour juice of 1 lemon in a half glass of water. Add–slowly–half teaspoon baking soda (bicarbonate). Drink as foaming quiets.*

Lemon and Soda forms natural sodium citrate, plus vitamins. Gives all benefits of fresh lemon juice plus increased alkalinizing and laxative effects Consumed at once, soda does not appreciably reduce vitamin content.

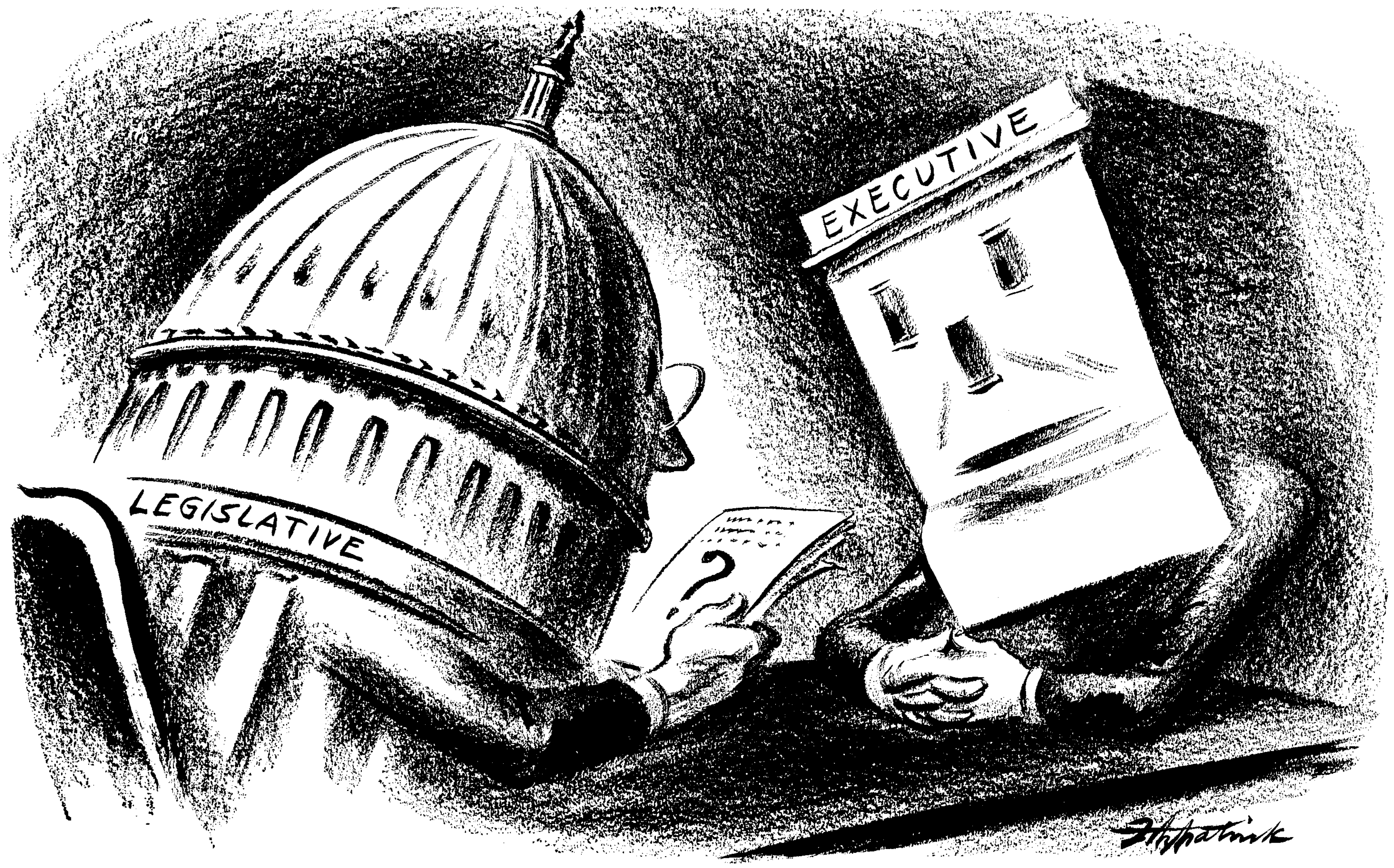
To avoid colds build your resistance! Lemons provide anti-infection vitamin C; they alkalinize; they aid elimination–3 factors that help you keep up to par. Join the millions who now drink lemon and water daily for health. Juice of 1 lemon, in glass of plain water, *first thing on arising.*

Copyright, 1943, California Fruit Growers Exchange

WHEN YOU TAKE COLD TAKE LEMONS

BUY MORE WAR BONDS AND STAMPS

California Sunkist Lemons



H. R. 327–BETTER PASS IT

A PROPOSAL that Congress and Capitol Hill let down their hair once in a while and talk things over as man to man has been introduced by Representative Estes Kefauver (D-Tenn.). The proposal goes by the prosaic title of House Resolution 327, but its content and purposes seem anything but prosaic to us.

H. R. 327 provides for a fairly frequent (once a week or once every two weeks) "question period" in the House of Representatives. At this ceremony, members of the President's Cabinet would be asked to appear and to answer questions fired at them by any congressmen who felt like firing such questions. Some questions would be presented in writing, others orally.

Various safeguards are set up to protect Cabinet members from being asked questions that are frivolous or in bad faith, and to keep the "question period" from being used to further some faction's or pressure group's private aims. Naturally, a Cabinet member would be entitled to refuse to answer any question that might involve a military secret, or an important facet of foreign policy, or something else against the public interest. Any Cabinet member could even refuse to appear for a "question period" when invited—though public opinion would most likely make such refusals infrequent.

Representative Kefauver, who evidently has given the matter much thought from all angles, insists that the "question period" idea is no new thing in United States government. It appears that President George Washington and various members of his Cabinet used to visit rather frequently with Congress to talk things over face to face. The reason why the custom was discontinued, in President Thomas Jefferson's administration, was that Mr. Jefferson had one very human and very widely distributed weakness: he could not express himself fluently before large crowds of people.

In adopting H. R. 327, then, the House would not be introducing some novelty unheard of outside the British House of Commons—where, incidentally, the "question period" is an ancient and successful institution. The House would merely be reviving an old custom, and, we think, a healthy one.

By this device, the Legislative and the Executive branches of the government would have closer contact with each other than they have now. Members of one branch wouldn't have to wait for the morning newspapers or some columnist's keyhole gleanings to find out how members of the other branch felt about some matter important to all of us. A lot of time ought to be saved, a lot of friction short-circuited, and a lot of frankness generated.

A good beginning along these lines was made recently when Secretary of State Cordell Hull reported direct to Congress, in a speech which made a profound impression all over the country, the results of his trip to Moscow.

It looks to us as if the House would be uncommonly well advised to adopt H. R. 327, especially at this rather yeasty time in the history of the United States.

YOUR DANGEROUS DOMICILE

YOUR own home, we learn from some statistics rounded up by the Metropolitan Life Insurance Company and the National Safety Council, is likely to be more dangerous to life and limb than the automobile. The American home, indeed, is one of the most prolific scenes of accidents resulting in death or injury in the entire American setup.

In 1942, there were 30,000 accidents causing death in American homes, and 4,550,000 nonfatal accidents, as against 28,200 motor-vehicle deaths and 1,000,000 nonfatal motor accidents. Other major causes trailed far behind these two leaders.

A partial breakdown of home accidents: Falls accounted for 15,950 of the fatal ones, burns for 5,300, poisons for 1,400, mechanical suffocation for 1,350, and firearms for 1,100. The bathtub, contrary to many people's belief, is by no means the most dangerous spot in the average home, since only about 2 per cent of all our home accidents, fatal or nonfatal, occur in that locale.

Altogether, U. S. home accidents in 1942 are estimated to have produced 120,000 permanent disabilities and 4,450,000 temporary ones, in addition to the 30,000 deaths; and these disabilities are estimated to have cost the nation a total of $550,000,000. The two age groups most subject to home accidents are the over-65 and the under-4 groups.

All of which is to say that you can hardly be too careful in moving about your own home, or too openhanded in budgeting for safety devices.

Paul Jones
A Blend of Straight Whiskies

"Tell cook to hold dinner for awhile..."

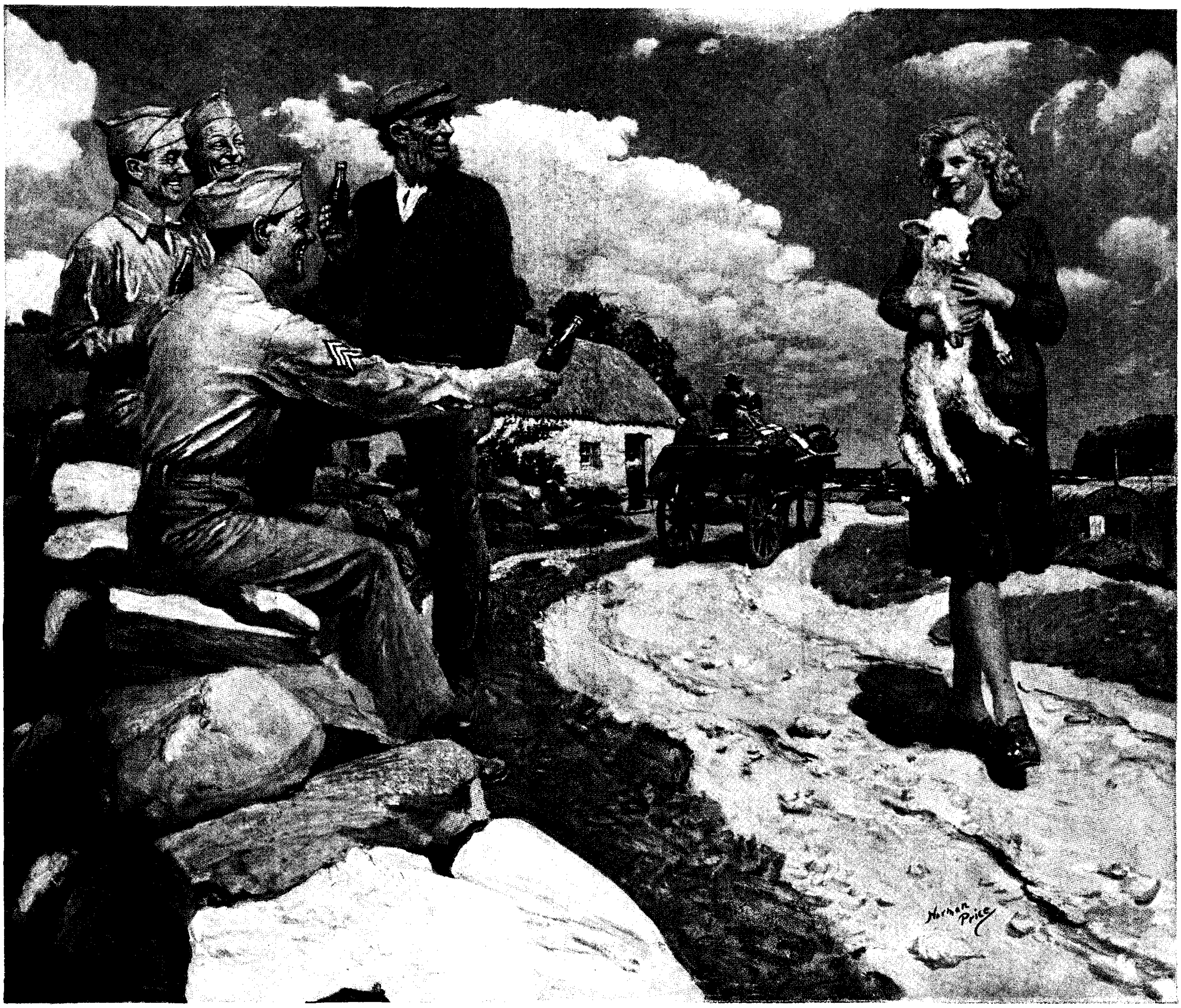
DRY Jones...a gentleman's whiskey since 1865

LIKE A FINE champagne, Paul Jones possesses the quality of dryness (lack of sweetness). In Paul Jones, this *dryness* serves to bring out *all* the fine flavor, the *full* measure of Paul Jones' mellowness and bouquet.

A blend of straight whiskies—90 proof. Frankfort Distilleries, Inc., Louisville & Baltimore

Have a "Coke" = Céad Míle Fáilte

(A HUNDRED THOUSAND WELCOMES)



...or how *Americans make friends in Ireland*

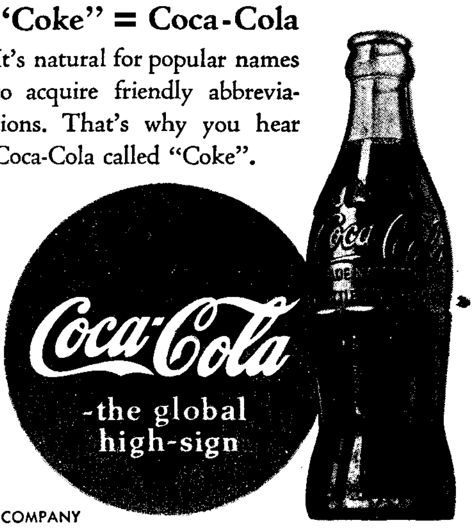
Céad Míle Fáilte—a hundred thousand welcomes —says the kindly Irishman when he meets a stranger. And it's got the same heart-warming friendliness as an Irish *Top o' the morning.* The American soldier says it another way. *Have a "Coke",* says he, and in three words he has said *Greetings, pal.* It's a phrase that works as well in Belfast as in Boston. Around the globe Coca-Cola stands for *the pause that refreshes,* —has become the high-sign between friendly-minded people.

* * *

Since 1886 Coca-Cola has spread around the world. Its refreshing goodness is welcomed by people around the globe. Despite the fact that many bottling plants are cut off in enemy-occupied lands, Coca-Cola is still being bottled in over 35 allied and neutral nations. So our fighting men can still enjoy it many places overseas.

"Coke" = Coca-Cola

It's natural for popular names to acquire friendly abbreviations. That's why you hear Coca-Cola called "Coke".



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